

Eng.^d by H.B. Hill & Sons, New York.

*Yours very truly,
W. C. Bryant.*

BRYANT,^{AND} HIS FRIENDS:
SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE
KNICKERBOCKER WRITERS.

*Me thinketh it accordaunt to resoun
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of eche of hem so as it semede me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eek in what arraie that they were inne.*

—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND"; "LIFE AND
LETTERS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK," ETC.



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When a man sits down to write a history, though it be but the history of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heel what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way.—LAURENCE STERNE.

That which a man saith well is not to be rejected because he hath some errors. No man, no book, is void of imperfections. And therefore, reprehend who will in God's name, that is, with sweetness and without reproach.—JOHN COWELL.

PREFACE.

THE present volume might perhaps properly be called "Some Literary Recollections," for it has been the writer's peculiar privilege to have enjoyed more or less intimacy with all the "Old Guard" of American authors mentioned in the following pages, excepting only Joseph Rodman Drake, and with most of those introduced in the concluding chapter on "Knickerbocker Literature." All but one of these have joined Cooper and Irving and Bryant, having deserted the ranks of those De Quincey described as "the not inconsiderable class of men who have not the advantage of being dead."

There is a natural tendency among biographers to contract what Lord Macaulay sneeringly designates "the disease of admiration." This the author has endeavored to avoid in the brief notices of Bryant and his brilliant Knickerbocker contemporaries.

Madame de Staël used to say that the highest happiness she had experienced was derived from her conversations and correspondence with great and gifted

men. The writer is fully disposed to share this belief, and he deems it among the happiest circumstances of his life, that he has had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship of so many literary men,

“On Fame’s eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled.”

If he has in any instance appeared to give too much prominence to himself, some apology may possibly be found in the fact that, relating occurrences or conversations in which he bore a part, it was unavoidable, and scarcely less so in making use of the epistles of his gifted correspondents. Should the well-read meet with many familiar facts in “Bryant and His Friends,” still, in the words of the old scholar, “the unlearned will thank me for informing, and the learned will forgive me for reminding them” of interesting matters they may have met with before.

To the brief biography of William Cullen Bryant, originally prepared for the Memorial Edition of his popular “Library of Poetry and Song,” a chapter has been added, and also an unpublished poem; while to the monograph on Drake an interesting anonymous communication has been appended since its first appearance in *Harper’s Magazine*. The papers on Paulding and Dana, originally contributed to *Scribner’s Monthly*, have been greatly extended by extracts culled from a goodly sheaf of letters, addressed among others to the author, by those literary pioneers.

For the use in this work of the fine steel portrait of James K. Paulding the writer desires on behalf of his publishers to return their thanks to his son and biographer, William Irving Paulding; and also to Eger-ton L. Winthrop for the loan of his private plate of Fitz-Greene Halleck, engraved for his father, the late Benjamin R. Winthrop. On his own behalf the author wishes to express his grateful acknowledgments to Miss Henry for kindly placing at his disposal the series of letters addressed to her father, the Rev. Dr. C. S. Henry, by Richard H. Dana, between the years 1832 and 1878; and to add, in conclusion, that very many communications and poems contained in the following pages now appear in print for the first time. Of these may be especially mentioned the lines on "Abélard and Héloïse," appearing in fac-simile of Drake's manuscript; while the writing of the venerable Dana is shown in his transcription of "The Little Beach Bird," copied for the author, as he says, "by a more willing than able old hand" in his ninetieth year.

LENOX HILL, NEW YORK,
September, 1885.

DEDICATED TO
MRS. ROBERT L. STUART,
BY HER FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

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These struggling tides of life that seem
in wayward aimless course to tend
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end

William Cullen Bryant

BRYANT AND HIS FRIENDS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CHAPTER I.

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

O charming youth ! in the first op'ning page:
So many graces in so green an age!

JOHN DRYDEN.

He had the wisdom of age in his youth, and the fire of youth in his age.—MARK HOPKINS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT relates that, when some one was mentioned as a "fine old man" to Dean Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing. "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago." In refutation of this theory, which it may be presumed has nothing to do with thews or stature, may be

cited Béranger and Brougham, Goethe and Guizot, Humboldt and Sir Henry Holland, Lyndhurst and Palmerston, Earl Russell and Field-Marshal Moltke, and among Americans, J. Q. Adams and Taney, Professors Henry and Hodge, Horace Binney and Richard Henry Dana, who passed ninety-one—the age at which Titian said that genius never grows old. But if we were asked for a bright and shining example of faculties, and faculties of a high order, remaining unimpaired in mind and body till long past the grand climacteric, we might name William Cullen Bryant, the beloved patriarch of American poetry, and “the most accomplished, the most distinguished, and the most universally honored citizen of the United States,” who, having lived under twenty Presidential administrations of our country, down to that of Garfield and Arthur, until the last week of May, 1878, completed his fourscore years and three, cheerful and full of conversation, and continued to the end to heartily enjoy what Dr. Johnson happily calls “the sunshine of life.”

No name in our contemporaneous literature, either in England or America, is crowned with more successful honours than that of William Cullen Bryant. Born among the granite hills of Massachusetts, at a period when our colonial literature, like our people, was but recently under the dominion of Great Britain, he lived to

see that literature expand from its infancy and take a proud place in the republic of letters, and he survived to see the Republic itself, after triumphantly crushing a giant rebellion, spring up to a giant power. Surrounded by such historic and heroic associations, men like Bryant, who survive, embody in their lives the annals of a people, and represent in their individuality the history of a nation.

Pursuing beyond the age of fourscore an energetic literary career, the poet was also an active co-labourer in all worthy movements to promote the advancement of the arts and literature. A liberal patron of art himself, he was always a judicious and eloquent advocate of the claims of artists. On the completion of the beautiful Venetian temple to art erected by the New York Academy of Design, Mr. Bryant delivered the address dedicating the building and consecrating it to its uses. Foremost in the literary circles of his adopted city, he was for many years the president of that time-honoured institution of New York, the Century Club, of which Gulian C. Verplanck and George Bancroft had previously been presidents, and which has always embraced among its members men of letters, prominent artists, and leading gentlemen of the liberal professions. Philanthropic in his nature, Bryant was ever the consistent promoter of all objects having for their tendency the elevation

of humanity and the furtherance of its interests. He might have echoed the remark of Victor Hugo, who had for half a century claimed that "all humanity was his family." Said the Rev. R. C. Waterston: "It was universally acknowledged that his integrity was as immovable as a mountain of adamant; and that, in all his efforts, he had no motive less elevated than the public good." Connected with the leading evening metropolitan journal, one of the oldest in the United States, he was enabled to bring the powerful influence of the press to bear with his own great literary renown and personal weight upon whatever measure he supported in the cause of philanthropy, letters, and the promotion of art.

William Cullen Bryant was born in a log-house at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794.* He was a descend-

* A general misapprehension exists as to Mr. Bryant's birthplace. He was born, as he told the writer, not in what is now known as the "Bryant Homestead," but in a small house constructed of square logs and long since removed. This fact is further confirmed by the following note from the poet to a friend, dated December 5, 1876: "Your uncle Eliphalet Packard was quite right in designating my birthplace. As the tradition of my family goes, I was born in a house which then stood at the north-west corner of a road leading north of the burying-ground on the hill, and directly opposite to the burying-ground. The house was afterwards removed and placed near that occupied then by Daniel Dawes. I suppose there is nothing left of it now."

ant of the English and Scotch families of Alden, Ames, Harris, Hayward, Howard, Keith, Mitchell, Packard, Snell, and Washburn, and through them from several of the Pilgrims who landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth, on the 22d of December, 1620—not a bad genealogy for an American citizen, nor unlike that of his brother-poet Halleck, who was descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, including John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. Bryant also had a worthy clerical ancestor in the person of James Keith, the first minister of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, who, after having preached from the same pulpit fifty-six years, died in that town in 1719.

Stephen Bryant, the first of the poet's American ancestors of his own name, who is known to have been at Plymouth, Massachusetts, as early as 1632, and who some time before 1650 married Abigail Shaw, had several children, one of whom was also named Stephen. He was the father of Ichabod Bryant, who moved from Raynham to West Bridgewater in 1745, bringing with him a certificate of dismissal from the church at Raynham, and a recommendation to that of his new place of residence. Philip, the eldest of his five sons, studied medicine and settled in North Bridgewater, now Brockton, where his house is still standing. Dr. Philip Bryant married Silence Howard, daughter of Dr. Abiel Howard, with whom he studied medicine. One of their

nine children, a son called Peter, born in the year 1767, studied his father's profession, and succeeded to his practice. At that time there lived in the same town a Revolutionary veteran, "stern and severe," named Ebenezer Snell, of whom, as a small boy of the period, but recently deceased, informed the writer, "all the boys of Bridgewater were dreadfully afraid," so austere and authoritative were his manners. The old soldier had a pretty daughter who won the susceptible young doctor's affections, so that when Squire Snell removed with his family to Cummington, and built what is now known as the "Bryant Homestead," Peter Bryant followed, establishing himself there as a physician and surgeon, and in 1792 was married to "sweet Sarah Snell," as she is called in one of the youthful doctor's poetic effusions. Five sons and two daughters were the fruit of this happy marriage, their second son being the subject of this sketch. Of these seven children, but one son survives, John Howard Bryant of Illinois, who, with his brother Arthur,* was present at the poet's funeral.

*Arthur Bryant was born at Cummington, November 28, 1803, and died at Princeton, Illinois, where he had resided for more than half a century, February 5, 1883. His brother John was born July 22, 1807. Writing to the author in March, 1884, of his elder brothers Austin, Cyrus, and Arthur, he says: "They lived and died on farms, and

Dr. Peter Bryant's bearing, I was told by an aged man who remembered him, was the very reverse of that of his gruff father-in-law. Although reserved, he was gentle in manner, with a low, soft voice, and always attired with scrupulous neatness. While not above the height of his gifted son, he was broad-shouldered, and would sometimes exhibit his great strength by lifting a barrel of cider from the ground over the wheel into a waggon. According to the account of another who knew him, he was "possessed of extensive literary and scientific acquirements, an unusually vigorous and well-disciplined mind, and an elegant and refined taste." He was for his son Cullen an able and skilful instructor, who chastened, improved, and encouraged the first rude efforts of his boyish genius. A personal friend of the poet wrote of him in 1840 that "his father, his guide in the first attempts at versification, taught him the value of correctness and compression, and enabled him to distinguish between true poetic enthusiasm and fustian."

The son in after-life commemorated the teachings and trainings of the father in a poem entitled "Hymn to Death," published in 1825, which has often been quoted for its beauty and pathos:

they were all intelligent, respected, and worthy citizens, of whom no one need be ashamed."

“ For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the end of life
Offered me the Muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely ! when the reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of nature’s silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And lost thy life.”

The poet’s great-grandfather, Dr. Abiel Howard, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1729, had an extensive library for those times, and in his youth wrote verses. Some of these were in Mr. Bryant’s possession, and, to quote his own words, “show no small power of poetic expression.” The inclination to express themselves in poetic form reappeared in Dr. Howard’s grandchildren. Dr. Bryant wrote many songs and love-stanzas in his younger days, and some satirical political poems in middle age. His sister Ruth Bryant, who died young, left several meritorious poems which her nephew had read in manuscript. When Mr. Bryant was studying law, the late Judge Daniel Howard asked him from whom he inherited his poetic gift; he promptly replied, from his great-grandfather Dr. Howard. The poet’s surviving brother recently said to the writer, “We were all addicted, more or less, to the unprofitable business of rhyming.”

It was the dream of Dr. Bryant’s life to educate a child for his own and his father’s loved

profession, and so it came to pass that his second son was named after one of the great Scottish medical lights of that era, William Cullen, an eminent Edinburgh physician. The child was frail, and his head was deemed too large for his body, which fact so disturbed the worthy doctor that, unable to find in the books any remedy for excessive cerebral development, he decided upon a remedy of his own, and directed that the child should be daily ducked in an adjoining spring of clear cold water. Two of Dr. Bryant's students were deputed to carry the child from his bed each morning and to immerse him and his immense head. The tradition is that the embryo-poet fought stoutly against this singular proceeding, of which the young mother did not approve, but which notwithstanding was continued till the discrepancy of proportion between the head and the body disappeared, and the father no longer deemed its continuance necessary.

As a child Bryant exhibited extraordinary precocity. He received instruction at home from his mother, whose school education, like that of most American women of her day, was limited to the ordinary English branches. He also was instructed by his father and an uncle, who taught him

“A little Latine and less Greeke.”

Bryant has happily told the story of his boyhood * in better and more entertaining style than it can by any possibility be narrated by another. It forms a charming chapter in an autobiography to which the venerable poet devoted an occasional hour during the closing years of his long career. Says Mr. Bryant:

“The boys of the generation to which I belonged—that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this—were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this necessary in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on the mother’s side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the stricter sort, and I can hardly find words to express the awe in which I stood of him—an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and certainly never thought of being severe beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

“The other boys in that part of the country, my schoolmates and playfellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at that time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much

* “The Boys of my Boyhood.” *St. Nicholas Magazine*, December, 1876.

easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favour was to be asked of my grandfather, it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

“One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail against the wall in the kitchen. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane that hung in the kitchen fireplace, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a fate similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow fledged with a feather from his own wing; in other words, the boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own castigation.

“The awe in which the boys of that time held their parents extended to all elderly persons, toward whom our behaviour was more than merely respectful, for we all observed a hushed and subdued demeanour in their presence. Toward the ministers of the Gospel this behaviour was particularly marked. At that time every township in Massachusetts, the State in which I lived, had its minister, who was settled there for life, and when he once came among his people was understood to have entered into a connection with them scarcely less lasting than the marriage-tie. The community in which he lived regarded him with great veneration, and the visits which from time to time he made to the district schools seemed to the boys important occasions, for which special preparation was made. When he came to visit the school which I attended, we all had on our Sunday clothes, and were ready for him with

a few answers to the questions in the 'Westminster Catechism.' He heard us recite our lessons, examined us in the catechism, and then began a little address, which I remember was the same on every occasion. He told us how much greater were the advantages of education which we enjoyed than those which had fallen to the lot of our parents, and exhorted us to make the best possible use of them, both for our own sakes and that of our parents, who were ready to make any sacrifice for us, even so far as to take the bread out of their own mouths to give us. I remember being disgusted with this illustration of parental kindness, which I was obliged to listen to twice at least in every year.

"The good man had, perhaps, less reason than he supposed to magnify the advantages of education enjoyed in the common-schools at that time. Reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic, with a little grammar and a little geography, were all that was taught, and these by persons much less qualified, for the most part, than those who now give instruction. Those, however, who wished to proceed further took lessons from graduates of the colleges, who were then much more numerous in proportion to the population than they now are.

"One of the entertainments of the boys of my time was what were called the 'raisings,' meaning the erection of the timber-frames of houses or barns, to which the boards were to be afterward nailed. Here the minister made a point of being present, and hither the able-bodied men of the neighbourhood, the young men especially, were summoned, and took part in the work with great alacrity. It was a spectacle for us next to

that of a performer on the tight-rope to see the young men walk steadily on the narrow footing of the beams at a great height from the ground, or as they stood to catch in their hands the wooden pins and the braces flung to them from below. They vied with each other in the dexterity and daring with which they went through with the work, and when the skeleton of the building was put together, some one among them generally capped the climax of fearless activity by standing on the ridgepole with his head downward and his heels in the air. At that time even the presence of the minister was no restraint upon the flow of milk-punch and grog, which, in some cases, was taken to excess. The practice of calling the neighbours to these 'raisings' is now discontinued in the rural neighborhoods; the carpenters provide their own workmen for the business of adjusting the timbers of the new building to each other, and there is no consumption of grog.

"Another of the entertainments of rustic life in the region of which I am speaking was the making of maple-sugar. This was a favorite frolic of the boys.

"In autumn, the task of stripping the husks from the ears of Indian corn was made the occasion of social meetings, in which the boys took a special part. A farmer would appoint what was called 'a husking,' to which he invited his neighbours. The ears of maize in the husk, sometimes along with part of the stalk, were heaped on the barn floor. In the evening lanterns were brought, and, seated on piles of dry husks, the men and boys stripped the ears of their covering, and, breaking them from the stem with a sudden jerk, threw them into baskets placed for the purpose. It

was often a merry time : the gossip of the neighbourhood was talked over, stories were told, jests went round, and at the proper hour the assembly adjourned to the dwelling-house, and were treated to pumpkin-pie and cider, which in that season had not been so long from the press as to have parted with its sweetness.

“Quite as cheerful were the ‘apple-parings,’ which on autumn evenings brought together the young people of both sexes in little circles. The fruit of the orchards was pared and quartered and the core extracted, and a supply of apples in this State provided for making what was called ‘apple-sauce,’ a kind of preserve of which every family laid in a large quantity every year.

“The cider-making season in autumn was, at the time of which I am speaking, somewhat correspondent to the vintage in the wine-countries of Europe. Large tracts of land in New England were overshadowed by rows of apple-trees, and in the month of May a journey through that region was a journey through a wilderness of bloom. In the month of October the whole population was busy gathering apples under the trees, from which they fell in heavy showers as the branches were shaken by the strong arms of the farmers. The creak of the cider-mill, turned by a horse moving in a circle, was heard in every neighbourhood as one of the most common of rural sounds. The freshly-pressed juice of the apples was most agreeable to boyish tastes, and the whole process of gathering the fruit and making the cider came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime. The time that

was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible. A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion, and the quantity swallowed by the men of that day led to the habits of intemperance which at length alarmed the more thoughtful part of the community, and gave occasion to the formation of temperance societies and the introduction of better habits.

"The streams which bickered through the narrow glens of the region in which I lived were much better stocked with trout in those days than now, for the country had been newly opened to settlement. The boys all were anglers. I confess to having felt a strong interest in that 'sport,' as I no longer call it. I have long since been weaned from the propensity of which I speak; but I have no doubt that the instinct which inclines so many to it, and some of them our grave divines, is a remnant of the original wild nature of man.

"I have not mentioned other sports and games of the boys of that day; that is to say, of seventy or eighty years since—such as wrestling, running, leaping, base-ball, and the like, for in these there was nothing to distinguish them from the same pastimes at the present day. There were no public lectures at that time on subjects of general interest; the profession of public lecturer was then unknown, and eminent men were not solicited, as they now are, to appear before audiences in distant parts of the country, and gratify the curiosity of strangers by letting them hear the sound of their voices. But the men of those days were far more given to attendance on public worship

than those who now occupy their place, and of course they took their boys with them.

“Every parish had its tithing-men, two in number generally, whose business it was to maintain order in the church during divine service, and who sat with a stern countenance through the sermon, keeping a vigilant eye on the boys in the distant pews and in the galleries. Sometimes, when he detected two of them communicating with each other, he went to one of them, took him by the button, and, leading him away, seated him beside himself. His power extended to other delinquencies. He was directed by law to see that the Sabbath was not profaned by people wandering in the fields and angling in the brooks. At that time a law, no longer in force, directed that any person who absented himself unnecessarily from public worship for a certain length of time should pay a fine into the treasury of the county. I remember several persons of whom it was said that they had been compelled to pay this fine, but I do not remember any of them who went to church afterwards.”

Bryant's education was continued under his uncle the Rev. Thomas Snell * of Brookfield, in whose family he lived and studied for one year; and by the Rev. Moses Hallock of Plainfield he was prepared for college. His brother Arthur

* Dr. Snell was pastor of the North Parish of Brookfield for sixty-four years. An instance that surpasses this is recorded of an English clergyman of ninety-six, who has held for seventy-two years the same living he now holds.

remembered that when the young poet came home on visits from his uncle Snell's or "Parson Hallock's," he was in the habit of playing at games with them, and of amusing them in various ways; that he excelled as a runner, and had many successful running contests with his college classmates; also that he was accustomed on his home visits to declaim, for the entertainment of the family-circle, some of his own compositions, both in prose and verse. He was at this time a small, delicate, and handsome youth, very shy and reserved, and a great reader, devouring every volume that he could meet with, and resembling the hero of *Waverley* in "driving through a sea of books like a vessel without pilot or rudder." He was, as I was informed by Dr. Hallock, who studied with him at that time,—now seventy-five years ago,—a natural scholar like his father, and, although but fifteen, he had already accumulated a vast stock of information. In a letter to the Rev. H. Seymour of Northampton, Massachusetts, published after Mr. Bryant's death, he speaks as follows of his early studies of Greek: "I began with the Greek alphabet, passed to the declensions and conjugations, which I committed to memory, and was put into the Gospel of St. John. In two calendar months from the time of beginning with the powers of the Greek alphabet I had read every book in the New Testament. I supposed, at the time, that I

had made pretty good progress, but do not even now know whether that was very extraordinary." He found more pleasure in books, and in silent rambles among the hills and valleys, than in the usual sports and pastimes of youth of that age.

In October, 1810, when in his sixteenth year, he entered the Sophomore class of Williams College. He continued his studies there during one winter with the same ardor as before, but not with the same enthusiasm or pleasure. He did not like his college life, some features of which were distasteful to his shy and sensitive nature; and so with his father's permission he obtained an honorable dismissal in May, 1811, and in due time received the degree as a member of the class of 1813, of which there were in June, 1878, but two survivors, the Rev. Elisha D. Barrett * of Missouri, and the Hon. Charles F. Sedgwick † of Connecticut. Dr. Calvin Durfee, the late historian of Williams College, said to me that Mr. Bryant "did not graduate in a regular course

* The Rev. Elisha Dow Barrett was born in Montgomery, Mass., January 19, 1790, and died at Sedalia, Mo., November 6, 1880, having almost attained to the great age of ninety-one.

† Charles Frederick Sedgwick, the Nestor of the bar of his native State of Connecticut, was born at Cromwell, September 1, 1795, and died at Sharon, March 9, 1882. He was the last survivor of his class, as he was certainly the largest, being, as Bryant told me, "about six feet four inches tall, and large in proportion."

with his class; still, years ago, by vote of the trustees of the college, he was restored to his place in the class, and has been enrolled among the alumni."

"Some of the students of Williams College," wrote Mr. Bryant in 1859, "were not satisfied with the degree of scholarship attained there and desired to join an institution where the sphere of instruction was more extended. One of these was my room-mate, John Avery of Conway, Mass., a most worthy man and a good scholar, who afterwards became a minister of the Episcopal Church, and settled in Maryland. At the end of his Sophomore year he obtained a dismissal, and was matriculated at Yale College, New Haven. I also, perhaps somewhat influenced by his example, sought and obtained, near the end of my Sophomore year, an honourable dismissal from Williams College, with the same intention. I passed some time afterwards in preparing myself for admission at Yale, but the pecuniary circumstances of my father prevented me from carrying my design into effect."

The late Rev. William A. Hallock, D.D., who studied for six months with Bryant when he was preparing for college under his father, the Rev. Moses Hallock, showed me a poem with the Greek title of "*Gurlianopolis*," beginning with the lines—

"Hemmed in with hills, whose heads aspire,
Abrupt and rude, and hung with woods,"

which Cullen, as he called him when his school-fellow, wrote on Williams College, and left behind in his room on his departure from the institution.* The rather severe and satirical production passed into the possession of Hallock, who entered Williams College in 1815, and was carefully preserved by him, certainly for more than threescore years, there being no other copy in existence. When I mentioned it to Mr. Bryant, and suggested that the poem should be printed, he said, "Oh no! it was one of my boy-

* Like Bryant, Lord Tennyson, in the following sonnet, first published in 1884, fails to exhibit much veneration for his *alma mater*. In a note the Poet-Laureate says: "I have a great affection for my old University, and can only regret that this spirit of undergraduate irritability against the Cambridge of that day ever found its way into print." The words of the sonnet are these:

"Therefore your Halls, your ancient Colleges,
Your portals statued with old kings and queens,
Your gardens, myriad-volumed libraries,
Wax-lighted chapels, and rich-carven screens,
Your doctors, and your proctors, and your deans
Shall not avail you, when the Day-beam sports
New-risen o'er awaken'd Albion—No!
Nor yet your solemn organ-pipes that blow
Melodious thunders thro' your vacant courts
At morn and eve—because your manner sorts
Not with this age wherefrom ye stand apart—
Because the lips of little children preach
Against you, you that do profess to teach
And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart."

ish pranks. I have no copy of the lines, nor do I remember much about them. At the time, I believe, I did not like the dark rooms, the low-lying land, and the rigid college regulations, and I suppose I so expressed myself in the verses Dr. Hallock showed you." My recollection is that the poem consisted of six, or perhaps seven, stanzas of six lines each.

Judge Sedgwick, under date Sharon, July 3, 1878, wrote to the author:

"I have your favor of the 1st instant, asking me to give you some of my recollections of the college life of my classmate W. C. Bryant. It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request, so far as I am able; but the short time during which he remained a member of the college could not be productive of many events of very great interest. Since his decease, many incorrect statements in relation to this portion of his history have gone forth, most of them intimating that he was a member of the college for two years. The truth is that, having entered the Sophomore class in October, 1810, and then having continued his membership for two terms, he took a dismissal in May, 1811, intending to complete his collegiate education at Yale College. As stated above, he entered our class at the commencement of the Sophomore year. His room-mate was John Avery of Conway, Mass., who was some eight years his senior in age. Bryant had not then attained to the physical dimensions which he afterwards reached, but his bodily structure was remarkably regular and systematic. He had a prolific growth of dark-brown

hair, and I do not remember ever to have known a person in whom the progress of years made so great a difference in personal appearance as it did in the case of Mr. Bryant. I met him twice near the close of his life at Williams College Commencements, and if I had not seen pictures of him as he appeared in old age, I would hardly have been persuaded of his identity with the Bryant I knew in early life.

“When he entered college, it was known that he was the reputed author of two or three short poems which had recently been published, and which indicated decidedly promising talent on the part of their author. When spoken to in relation to these poetical effusions he was reticent and modest, and in fact his modesty in everything was a peculiar trait of his character. It was very difficult to obtain from him any specimens of his talent as a poet. One exercise demanded of the students was the occasional writing of a composition, to be read to the tutor in presence of the class, and once Bryant, in fulfilling this requirement, read a short poem which received the decided approval of the tutor, and once he translated one of the Odes of Horace, which he showed to a few personal friends. Those were the only examples of his poetry that I now remember of his furnishing during his college life. It may be stated here that the tutor who instructed Mr. Bryant in college was the Rev. Orange Lyman, who was afterwards the Presbyterian clergyman at Vernon, Oneida County, N. Y.

“Bryant, during all his college experience, was remarkably quiet, pleasant, and unobtrusive in his manners, and studious in the literary course. His lessons were all well mastered, and not a single event

occurred during his residence which received the least disapproval of the Faculty.

"Your letter reminds me of the fact that there are but very few persons left who knew Mr. Bryant in college. 'The Flood of Years' has swept them all away, except the Rev. Herman Halsey,* of the class of 1811, who yet survives in Western New York; the Rev. Dr. Dewey† of Sheffield, Mass., of the class of 1814; and my classmate, the Rev. E. D. Barrett of Missouri; and myself, of the class of 1813. If I live to see the first day of September, I shall have completed eighty-three years of life."

The Rev. E. D. Barrett, from Sedalia, Missouri, July 9, 1878, wrote to me:

"I well remember Bryant's first appearance at college in my Sophomore year. Many of the class were assembled in one of our rooms when he presented himself. A friendly greeting passed round the circle, and all seemed to enjoy the arrival of the young stranger and poet. News of Mr. Bryant's precocious intellect, his poetical genius, and his literary taste had preceded his arrival. He was looked up to with great respect, and regarded as an honour to the class of which he had

* The Rev. Herman Halsey, born July 16, 1793, writes to me under date of March, 1884: "Health comfortable, but am conscious of the infirmities of age." He is the last survivor among the students who were in college with the poet.

† Orville Dewey, the eloquent Unitarian divine, Bryant's life-long friend and correspondent, died at Sheffield, Mass., his native place, March 21, 1882, aged eighty-eight.

become a member, and to the college which had now received him as his *alma mater*. I was the poet's senior by more than four years, having been born in January, 1790, and am, with the single exception of Charles F. Sedgwick, the sole survivor of the Williams College class of 1813."

No American poet has equalled Bryant in early poetic development. In that particular he surpassed Pope and Cowley and Byron.* At the age of nine we find him composing tolerably clever verses, and four years later writing "The Embargo," a political as well as poetical satire upon the Jeffersonian Party of that day. The poem is also remarkable as having manifested at that early age a political order of mind, which continued to develop in an equal ratio with his poetical nature through life. That mind, indeed, taking higher range, was not active in the turmoils and schemes of politicians; but it investigated the great questions of political economy, and grappled with principles of the gravest moment to society and humanity.

* The *Saturday Review* of June 22 says: "The death of Bryant does not indeed deprive America of her oldest poet,—for the venerable Dana still survives,—but even Mr. Dana can hardly have published verses earlier than the 'Infantalia' of Mr. Bryant. He lisped in numbers which were duly printed when he was but ten years of age, and in his early lines, published in 1804, shows a precocity as great as that of the late Bishop of St. David's—Dr. Connop Thirlwall."

"The Embargo; or, Sketch of the Times: a Satire," we could easily imagine had been written in 1885, instead of seventy-eight years ago, when, our fathers tell us, demagogism was unknown:

"E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Mislead with falsehood, and with zeal inflame;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride!
She blows her brazen trump, and at the sound
A motley throng obedient flock around:
A mist of changing hue around she flings,
And darkness perches on her dragon wings."

This poem, printed in Boston, attracted the public attention, and the edition was soon sold. To the second edition, containing "The Spanish Revolution" and several other juvenile pieces,* was prefixed this curious advertisement, dated February, 1809:

"A doubt having been intimated in the *Monthly Anthology* of June last whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem, in justice to his merits, the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise that they

* Mr. Bryant, in a note to the writer, says, "The first edition of my poem called 'The Embargo' did not contain any other poems. They were added in the second edition."

do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony: they would prefer that he should be judged by his works without favour or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it; after which they leave him a candidate for favour in common with other literary adventurers. They therefore assure the public that Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice. And if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence."

In September, 1817, appeared in the *North American Review* the poem entitled "Thanatopsis," which Professor Wilson said was "alone sufficient to establish the author's claims to the honors of genius." It was written in a few weeks, in his eighteenth year,* and but slightly

* In a letter to the writer, dated March 15, 1869, Mr. Bryant says: "I return your article, the great fault of which is too kind an appreciation of its subject. . . . I am not certain that the poem entitled 'Thanatopsis' was not written a year earlier than you have made it; indeed, I am much inclined to think it was in my eighteenth year. I was not a college student at the time, though I was pursu-

retouched during the time that elapsed between its composition and its first appearance in print. The poem created a marked sensation at the time of its appearance, not unlike that caused by the publication of Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," a few years later. Richard H. Dana was then a member of the committee which conducted the *Review*, and received the manuscript poems "Thanatopsis" and the "Inscription on the Entrance to a Wood." The former was understood to have been written by Dr. Bryant and the latter by his son. When Dana learned the name, and heard that the author of "Thanatopsis" was a member of the State Legislature, he proceeded to the Senate Chamber to observe the new poet. He saw there a man of dark complexion, with iron-gray hair, thick eyebrows, well-developed forehead, with an intellectual expression in which, however, he failed to find

"The vision and the faculty divine."

He went away puzzled and mortified at his lack of discernment. When Bryant in 1821 delivered at Harvard University his didactic poem entitled "The Ages"—a comprehensive poetical essay reviewing the world's progress in a panoramic view of the ages, and glowing with a

ing college studies with a view of entering Yale College, having taken a dismission from Williams College for the purpose, which, however, was never accomplished."

prophetic vision of the future of America—Dana alluded in complimentary terms to Dr. Bryant's "Thanatopsis,"* and then learned for the first time that the son was the author of both poems.

It is related that when the father showed a copy of "Thanatopsis" in manuscript, before its publication, to a lady well qualified to judge of its merits, simply saying, "Here are some lines that our Cullen has been writing," she read the poem, raised her eyes to the father's face, and burst into tears, in which Dr. Bryant, a somewhat reserved and silent man, was not ashamed to join. "And no wonder," continues the writer; "it must have seemed a mystery that in the bosom of eighteen had grown up thoughts that even in boyhood shaped themselves into solemn

* "Not long ago," says a New York paper, "a hotel proprietor called into his private office the steward and chef, with whom he wished to consult regarding a private dinner to be given at the hotel a subsequent evening. The menu was partially arranged, when all were puzzled for the name of an entrée. 'Let us call it à la Thanatopsis,' said the steward, who had heard but knew nothing of the word or of Bryant's poem. 'Thanatopsis?' said the Boniface; 'who was he?' 'Oh,' said the steward, 'he was some big French General in the Revolution.' 'Yes,' chimed in the equally ignorant chef, 'zat is so—I heard 'bout zat grande sheneral offen times.' So the menu was printed 'Ris de Veau à la Thanatopsis.' To any as possibly ignorant as the trio it may be added that Thanatopsis is a compound Greek word meaning a *view of death*, or as some translate it, *reflections on death*!"

harmonies, majestic as the diapason of ocean, fit for a temple-service beneath the vault of heaven."

Mr. Bryant continued his classical and mathematical studies at home with a view to entering Yale College; but, abandoning this purpose, he became a law-student in the office of Judge Howe of Worthington, afterwards completing his course of legal study with William Baylies, of West Bridgewater. He was admitted to the bar at Plymouth in 1815, and began practice at Plainfield, where he remained one year and then removed to Great Barrington (all these towns being in the State of Massachusetts). At Great Barrington he made the acquaintance of the author Catherine M. Sedgwick, who afterwards dedicated to him her novel "Redwood," and of Miss Frances Fairchild. The lovely qualities of this latter lady the young lawyer celebrated in verses which, for simple purity and delicate imagery, are most characteristic of our poet's genius. It may be of interest to read them here, in connection with the incidents of their origin:

" Oh, fairest of the rural maids !
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

" Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

“ The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

“ Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

“ The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.”

Miss Fairchild became Mr. Bryant's wife in 1821, and for more than two-score years was the “good angel of his life.” The substantial house in which they were married sixty-four years ago is still standing. When the poet and his daughter visited the place, after Mrs. Bryant's death, he remarked, his eyes filling with tears, “There is not a blade of grass that her foot has not touched.” She is mentioned in many of the poet's stanzas. “The Future Life” is addressed to her. “It was written,” says Mr. Bryant, in a note to me, “during the lifetime of my wife and some twenty years after our marriage—that is to say, about 1840, or possibly two or three years after.” “The Life that Is” was also inspired by Mrs. Bryant, the poet having written it on the occasion of her recovery from a serious illness in Italy, in 1858. It is of so personal a character

that the poet hesitated about publishing it. Two of the stanzas are as follows:

- “Twice wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime.
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.
- “And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain
When we had watched, and feared, and trembled long.”

A few months after the young poet's marriage a small volume of forty-four dingy pages was published by Hilliard & Metcalf of Cambridge, Mass., entitled “Poems by William Cullen Bryant.” A copy is now lying before me. It contains “The Ages,” “To a Water-fowl,” “Translation of a Fragment of Simonides,” “Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood,” “The Yellow Violet,” “Song,” “Green River,” and “Thanatopsis.” In this rare little volume the first and last paragraphs of the latter poem appear as they now stand, the version originally published in the *North American Review* having commenced with the lines,

“Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course;”

and ended with the words,

“And make their bed with thee.”

In the winter of 1877-78, the writer met Mr. Bryant in a Broadway bookstore, and showed him a copy of this early edition of his poetical writings, which the dealer in literary wares had just sold for ten dollars. He laughingly remarked, "Well, that's more than I received for its contents."

CHAPTER II.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler lives, and nobler cares,—
The Poets ! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

This little life-boat of an earth, with its noisy crew of a mankind, and their troubled history, will one day have vanished ; faded like a cloud-speck from the azure of the all ! What, then, is man ? He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet, in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of time ; that triumphs over time, and is, will be, when time shall be no more.—
THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN the year 1824 Mr. Bryant's picturesque poem, "A Forest Hymn," "The Old Man's Funeral," "The Murdered Traveller," and other poetical compositions appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette*, a weekly journal issued in Boston. The same year, at the suggestion of the Sedgwick family, he made his first visit to New York City, where, through their influence, he was introduced to many of the leading literary men of the metropolis.

From the first Bryant was averse to the dull and distasteful routine of the profession in which he was—

“ Forced to drudge for the dregs of men
And scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen.”

He could not like it, and his aversion for it daily increased. With *Slender* he could say, “If there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance.” His visit to New York decided his destiny. Abandoning the law, in which he had met with a fair measure of success, having enjoyed for nine years a reasonable share of the local practice of Great Barrington, he determined upon pursuing the career of a man of letters, so well described by Carlyle, the “Censor of the Age,” as “an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely ærial and ill-conditioned profession;” and he accordingly, in 1825, removed to New York, which continued to be his place of residence for more than half a century. Here he passed from earnest youth to venerable age—from thirty-one to eighty-four—in one unbroken path of honour and success.

Establishing himself as a literary man in New York, the poet entered upon the editorship of a monthly magazine, to which he contributed “The Death of the Flowers” and many other popular poems, as well as numerous articles on art and kindred subjects. This position soon

introduced Bryant into a very charming circle, composed of Chancellor Kent; Cooper, just achieving popularity by his American novels; the young poets Halleck, Hillhouse, and Percival; the painters Dunlap, Durand, Inman, and Morse; the scholars Charles King and Verplanck, and many other choice spirits, all except Durand and Weir, long since passed away.

A few days after the poet's arrival in New York he met Cooper, to whom he had been previously introduced, who said :

"Come and dine with me to-morrow; I live at No. 345 Greenwich Street."

"Please put that down for me," said Bryant, "or I shall forget the place."

"Can't you remember three-four-five?" replied Cooper bluntly.

Bryant did "remember three-four-five," not only for the day, but ever afterwards. He dined with the novelist according to appointment, meeting at the table, besides Cooper's immediate family, the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck. The warm friendship of these three gifted men was severed only by death.

It was chiefly through the influence of the brothers Robert and Henry D. Sedgwick that Mr. Bryant was induced to abandon the uncongenial pursuit of the law; and it was through the influence of the same gentlemen that, during the year 1826, he became connected with the

Evening Post. Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, who was among the first to appreciate the genius of young Bryant, was a brother of Miss Sedgwick, the author, and at the time of his death in 1831 he was among the most prominent lawyers and political writers of that day. To the *Evening Post* Mr. Bryant brought much literary experience, taste, and learning, and even at that time a literary reputation. Halleck at that period paid in *The Recorder* a richly-deserved compliment to his brother bard when he wrote :

“Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart—its teachers and its joy—
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring’s lovelier flowers for many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way ;
Beings of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb ;
But those that graced his own Green River
And wreathed the lattice of his home,
Charmed by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever.” *

The *Evening Post* was founded by William

* In a MS. letter before us, dated Philadelphia, April 7, 1830, Willis Gaylord Clarke writes to William Jerden, the editor of the London *Literary Gazette*: “Bryant, who stands foremost among American poets, and Halleck and Percival, who stand next.” He also mentions Whittier “as a young poet-editor of great promise.”

Coleman, a lawyer of Massachusetts, its first number being issued on the 16th of November, 1801. Mr. Coleman dying in 1826, the well-remembered William Leggett became its assistant-editor, and continued such for ten years. Mr. Bryant, soon after his return from Europe in 1836, upon the retirement of Mr. Leggett, assumed the sole editorial charge of the paper, conducting it, with intervals of absence, till the 29th day of May, 1878, when he sat at his desk for the last time. To the *Post*, originally a Federal journal, Mr. Bryant early gave a strongly Democratic tone, taking decided ground against all class legislation, and strongly advocating freedom of trade. When his party at a later day passed under the yoke of slavery, the poet followed his principles out of the party, becoming before the Civil War a strong Republican. In its management he was for a long time assisted by his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, and John Bigelow, late United States minister to France. Besides these able coadjutors, the *Post* has had the benefit of many eminent writers of prose and verse. To its columns Drake and Halleck contributed those sprightly and sparkling *jeux d'esprit*, "The Croakers," which, after nearly seventy years, are still read with pleasure. At the close of the *Post's* first half-century, Mr. Bryant prepared a history of the veteran journal, in which his versatile pen and well-stored mind had ample

range and material, in men and incidents, to do justice to the very interesting and eventful period through which the paper had passed.

The following terse and just characterization of Mr. Bryant as a political journalist, taken from an article which appeared in the editorial column of the *Post* after his death, gives an admirable summary of the man's life and work:

"Mr. Bryant's political life was so closely associated with his journalistic life that they must necessarily be considered together. He never sought public office; he repeatedly refused to hold it. He made no effort either to secure or to use influence in politics except through his newspaper and by his silent, individual vote at the polls. The same methods marked his political and his journalistic life. He could be a stout party-man upon occasion, but only when the party promoted what he believed to be right principles. When the party with which he was accustomed to act did what according to his judgment was wrong, he would denounce and oppose it as readily and as heartily as he would the other party. . . .

"He used the newspaper conscientiously to advocate views of political and social subjects which he believed to be correct. He set before himself principles whose prevalence he regarded as beneficial to the country or to the world, and his constant purpose was to promote their prevalence. He looked upon the journal which he conducted as a conscientious statesman looks upon the official trust which has been committed to him, or the work which he has undertaken—not with a view to do what is to be done to-day in

the easiest or most brilliant way, but so to do it that it may tell upon what is to be done to-morrow, and all other days, until the worthiest object of ambition is achieved. This is the most useful journalism; and, first and last, it is the most effective and influential."

The lines with which Dr. Johnson concluded a memoir of James Thomson may with equal truth be applied to the writings of William Cullen Bryant: "The highest praise which he has received ought not to be suppressed: it is said by Lord Lyttleton, in the Prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Though actively and constantly connected with a daily paper, the poet found ample time to devote to verse and other literary pursuits. In 1827 and the two following years Mr. Bryant was associated with Verplanck and Robert C. Sands in an annual publication called "The Talisman," consisting of miscellanies in prose and verse written almost exclusively by the trio of literary partners, in Sands's library at Hoboken. Mr. Verplanck had a curious habit of balancing himself on the back legs of a chair with his feet placed on two others, and occupying this novel position he dictated his portion of the three volumes to Bryant and Sands, who alternately acted as his scribe. In 1832 the poet was again associated with Sands in a brace of

volumes entitled "Tales of the Glauber Spa," to which Paulding, Leggett, and Miss Sedgwick were also contributors. In 1839 Mr. Bryant made a most admirable selection from the American poets, which was published by the Harpers in two volumes during the following year. At the same time they brought out a similar collection from the British poets, edited by Mr. Halleck.

So far back as 1827, Washington Irving writes from Spain to his friend Henry Brevoort of the growing fame of Bryant and Halleck. He says, "I have been charmed with what I have seen of the writings of Bryant and Halleck. Are you acquainted with them? I should like to know something of them personally. Their vein of thinking is quite above that of ordinary men and ordinary poets, and they are masters of the magic of poetical language." Four years later, Mr. Bryant, in a letter to Irving, informs him of the publication, in New York, of a volume comprising all his poems which he thought worth printing, and expresses a desire for their republication by a respectable English house. In order to anticipate their reproduction by any other, he requested Mr. Irving's kind aid in securing their publication. They appeared, with an introduction by Irving, in London in 1832. Professor Wilson said, in a periodical distinguished for its contempt of mediocrity: "Bryant's poetry overflows with natural religion—

with what Wordsworth calls 'the religion of the gods.' The reverential awe of the irresistible pervades the verses entitled 'Thanatopsis' and 'Forest Hymn,' imparting to them a sweet solemnity, which must affect all thinking hearts." Another British periodical, very chary of its praise of anything American, remarked: "The verses of Mr. Bryant come as assuredly from the 'well of English undefiled' as the finer compositions of Wordsworth; indeed the resemblance between the two living authors might justify a much more invidious comparison."

Irving drew the following picture of the poetry of this distinguished American whom his own country delighted to honour: "Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shore of the lovely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes but splendid in all its vicissitudes." Dana has expressed his opinion of Bryant's poetry in equally admiring terms, and Halleck said to the writer, after repeating the whole of one of Bryant's later poems, "The Planting of the Apple Tree,"* "His genius is almost the

* "I was most agreeably surprised, as well as flattered, the other day to receive from General Wilson, who has collected the poetical writings of Halleck, and is engaged in

only instance of a high order of thought becoming popular; not that the people do not prize literary worth, but because they are unable to comprehend obscure poetry. Bryant's pieces seem to be fragments of one and the same poem, and require only a common plot to constitute a unique epic."

Since the appearance of the first English edition of Bryant's poems, many others, mostly unauthorized, have been published in Great Britain, with but slight, if any, pecuniary advantage to their author. With one of these, which I bought at an English railway-stand for a shilling, and brought back with me to present to the poet in October, 1855, he appeared much amused, as it contained a villainous portrait of himself which looked, he said, "more like Jack Ketch than a respectable poet." Many American editions of his poetical writings have appeared, from which Mr. Bryant derived a considerable amount of copyright, notwithstanding the remark he once made to the writer: "I should have starved if I had been obliged to depend upon my poetry for a living;" and at

preparing his *Life and Letters* for the press, a copy in the poet's handwriting of some verses of mine entitled "The Planting of the Apple Tree," which he had taken the pains to transcribe, and which General Wilson had heard him repeat from memory in his own fine manner."—*Bryant's Address on Halleck*, 1869.

the same time quoted the words of Goldsmith, "Could a man live by poetry, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet." Of one of these editions, known as the Red-line, five thousand copies were sold in 1870, the year in which it appeared ; and another beautiful illustrated edition, issued in 1877, was exhausted in the course of a few months. Since Bryant's death, a complete edition of all his poetical and prose writings has appeared in four handsome octavo volumes.

Intensely American in his feelings, the love of home and of his native land being among his most cherished sentiments, Mr. Bryant, like all truly cultivated and liberal minds, possessed an enlarged appreciation of the poetical associations of other lands. The inspirations of the East, the romantic history of Spain, the lofty and picturesque mountains of Mexico, the balmy breezes and sunshine of the island of Cuba—all had an enchantment and charm for his most appreciative genius. The range of his poetic gift embraced with comprehensive sympathy the progress and struggles of humanity, seeking its vindication in a universal and enlightened liberty,—the beauties and harmonies of nature in her many forms, and the inspirations of art in its truthfulness to nature ; and all these find their legitimate expression in productions of his muse.

In his botanical knowledge of plants and trees as displayed in his poetical writings, and in his habit of dissecting wild-flowers gathered in his walks, Bryant surpassed all poets of whom the writer has any knowledge, with the single exception of Sir Walter Scott. I recall at this distant day the surprise with which I saw him noting down the peculiar little wild-flowers and herbs that were growing round a rocky spot we passed during a spring-day ramble together in Central Park, also his familiarity with the various trees—native and foreign. I think Bryant is fairly entitled to be called the poet of the woods and fields.

Between the years 1834 and 1867 Mr. Bryant made six visits to the Old World.* In 1872 still another long journey was undertaken by him—a second voyage to Cuba, his tour being extended to the city of Mexico. The poet was fond of travel, and seemed as unwilling as that ancient worthy, Ulysses, whose wanderings he not long ago put in such pleasing English verse,

* In a letter to the writer Mr. Bryant says, "I went six times to Europe. In 1834 with my wife and family, returning in 1836; in 1845; but I did not visit the Shetland Islands till four years later, in 1849. My fourth visit was in 1852, when I went to the Holy Land. In 1857 I made a fifth voyage to Europe with my wife and younger daughter. In 1867 I went over the sixth time. In both these last voyages I visited Spain."

to let his faculties rest in idleness. His letters to the *Evening Post*, embracing his observations and opinions of Cuba and the Old World, were collected and published after his third visit to Europe in 1849, and were entitled "The Letters of a Traveller." A few years later, after recrossing the Atlantic for the fifth time, he put forth in book form his letters from Spain and the East. These charming volumes, "born from his travelling thigh," as Ben Jonson quaintly expressed it, are written in a style of English prose distinguished for its purity and directness. The genial love of nature and the lurking tendency to humor which they everywhere betray prevent their severe simplicity from running into hardness, and give them a freshness and occasional glow in spite of their prevailing propriety and reserve. The reception which Mr. Bryant always met with among literary men of distinction, especially in Great Britain, was a direct testimony to his fine qualities. The poets Wordsworth and Rogers particularly paid to him most cordial and friendly attention.

Bryant's sympathy with painting and poetry was reciprocated by their votaries—though happily not in a posthumous form—in a novel and most beautiful manner, by a tribute paid to the poet on the anniversary of his seventieth birthday. I refer to the offering of paintings and poems made to Mr. Bryant on the evening of

November 5, 1864,—which was selected for the festival,—by the painters and poets of America, who cherished a love and veneration for one standing as a high-priest at the altar of nature, singing its praises in most harmonious numbers, and encouraging art in all its growing forms. An appropriate place for the offering was the Century Club of New York, of which but four of the one hundred founders are now living. On the occasion of the festival—a memorable one not only in the annals of the society itself, but in the history of American art and letters, Bancroft delivered the congratulatory address in most touching and eloquent words, and was followed by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and William M. Evarts, in equally felicitous addresses. Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sherwood, the elder Dana, Edward Everett, Halleck, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Willis, and others who were unable to be present, sent poems and epistles of affectionate greeting. Mr. Everett wrote: “I congratulate the Century Club on the opportunity of paying this richly-earned tribute of respect and admiration to their veteran, and him on the well-deserved honour. Happy the community that has the discernment to appreciate its gifted sons; happy the poet, the artist, the scholar, who is permitted to enjoy, in this way, a foretaste of posthumous commemoration and fame!” Halleck, from a sick-cham-

ber, sent these words : " Though far off in body, I shall be near him in spirit, repeating the homage which, with heart, voice, and pen, I have, during more than forty years of his threescore and ten, delighted to pay him." Longfellow in his letter said : " I assure you nothing would give me greater pleasure than to do honour to Bryant at all times and in all ways, both as a poet and a man. He has written noble verse and led a noble life, and we are all proud of him." Whittier in felicitous stanzas, written, be it remembered, in the third year of the war, exclaims :

" I praise not here the poet's art,
The rounded fitness of his song :
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

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" When Freedom hath her own again,
Let happy lips his songs rehearse ;
His life is now his noblest strain,
His manhood better than his verse.

.
" Thank God ! his hand on nature's keys
Its cunning keeps at life's full span ;
But dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,
The poet seems beside the Man."

Other poetical tributes were addressed to Mr. Bryant by Boker, Buchanan Read, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Sigourney, Holmes, Street, Tuckerman, and Bayard Taylor ; but the feature of the festival

was the presentation to the venerable poet, in an eloquent address by the President of the National Academy, of upward of two-score oil-paintings—gifts of the artist-members of the Century Club, including Church, Darley, Durand, Gifford, Huntington, and Eastman Johnson.

Shelley, in his "Defence of Poetry," asserts that "No living poet ever arrived at the fullness of his fame: the jury which sits in judgement upon a poet, belonging, as he does, to all time, must be composed of his peers, it must be empannelled by Time from the selectest of the wise of many generations." Does not the continual sale of the beloved Bryant's poems, on which criticism and panegyric are alike unneeded, and on which the American world has pronounced a judgement of unanimous admiration, prove him to be an exception to the rule laid down by the *dictum* of the gifted Shelley?

As promised in his "Inscription for the Entrance of a Wood," that to him who shall enter and "view the haunts of Nature" "the calm shade shall bring a kindred calm," so did he truly seem to have a quietude of spirit, a purity and elevation of thought, a "various language" of expression, which held him at once in subtle sympathy with nature and in ready communion with the minds of men. George William Curtis writes: "What Nature said to him was plainly spoken and clearly heard and perfectly repeated.

His art was exquisite. It was absolutely unsuspected ; but it served its truest purpose, for it removed every obstruction to full and complete delivery of his message."

To Bryant the English literary world has not assigned so lofty a position as a poet. The highest praise appeared at the period of his death in the *Academy* : "The sober dignity natural to Bryant was sustained by the consciousness that all his life he was one of the first poets of his age and country." Another authority said : "The marvellous boy grew up to be not marvellous, but a very melodious and accomplished man." The eminent jurist and scholar, who bears the honoured name, and not unworthily, of Coleridge, during his recent visit to the United States, in addressing the students of a Pennsylvania college, said : "You may be surprised at the name I shall select from your American poets when I tell you to learn Bryant. I do not say Longfellow, because, although he is a sweet and noble and delightful poet, he is not American—I mean that his poetry might just as well have been written in England, or Italy, or Germany, or France, as in America ; but Mr. Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country, as well as noble, natural, and invigorating."

In December, 1867, Mr. Bryant responded, in a beautiful letter, to an invitation of the alumni of Williams College to read a poem at their

next meeting. The brief letter of declination is poetical in its sympathy, and expresses, with pathos, not the decline of the powers of a mind yet vigorous, but a conscientious distrust of reaching that degree of excellence which his admirers might expect from his previous poems :

“ You ask me for a few lines of verse to be read at your annual festival of the alumni of Williams College. I am ever ill at occasional verses. Such as it is, my vein is not of that sort. I find it difficult to satisfy myself. Besides, it is the December of life with me ; I try to keep a few flowers in pots—mere remembrances of a more genial season which is now with the things of the past. If I have a carnation or two for Christmas, I think myself fortunate. You write as if I had nothing to do, in fulfilling your request, but to go out and gather under the hedges and by the brooks a bouquet of flowers that spring spontaneously, and throw upon your table. If I am to try, what would you say if it proved to be only a little bundle of devil-stalks and withered leaves, which my dim sight had mistaken for fresh, green sprays and blossoms? So I must excuse myself as well as I can, and content myself with wishing a very pleasant evening to the foster-children of old ‘ Williams ’ who meet on New Year’s Day, and all manner of prosperity and honour to the excellent institution of learning in which they were nurtured.”

On the evening of the 17th of May, 1870, Mr. Bryant delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, his subject being the “ Life and Writings of Gulian C. Verplanck.”

The venerable poet spoke of his friend, as in previous years he had spoken of their contemporaries, Thomas Cole, the painter, and the authors Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, and Fitz-Greene Halleck. These charming orations, together with various addresses, including those made at the unveiling of the Shakespeare, Scott, and Morse statues in the Central Park, were published in 1872 in a volume worthy of being possessed by all Bryant's admirers.

The literary life which began nearly seventy years ago was crowned by his translations of Homer. Dryden began his pleasing translation at sixty-seven, but the American singer was more than threescore and ten when he set himself to the formidable task of adding another to the many translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." The former poem occupied most of his leisure hours for three years, and the latter about two; being completed when Mr. Bryant was well advanced in his seventy-seventh year. The opinion has been pronounced by competent critics that these will hold their own with the translation by Pope, Chapman, Newman, and the late Earl Derby, of which latter Halleck said to the writer that "it was an admirable translation of the 'Iliad,' with the poetry omitted!"*

* Of Mr. Bryant's translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" the *Athenæum* remarks: "These translations are with Mr. Bryant, as with Lord Derby, the work of the

To the breakfast-table at Roslyn I remember that Mr. Bryant one day brought some pages in manuscript, being his morning's work on Homer; for, like Scott, he was always an early riser, and by that excellent habit he gained some hours each day. That Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and Longfellow should have, during the past two decades, simultaneously appeared as translators of Homer, Goethe, and Dante, and that their work should compare favorably with any previous renderings into English of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," of Faust and of the "Divina Commedia," is certainly a striking illustration of advancing literary culture in the New World.

During Longfellow's work on Dante he spoke to me about Bryant's having taken up the translating of Homer at seventy-two for occupation of mind, and remarked that he "found that translating was like floating with the tide." He agreed with what Bryant said to me, that old men should keep the mind occupied, to preserve it, and introduced the incident of the old horse

ripened scholarship and honorable leisure of age, and the impulse is natural to compare the products of the two minds. Mr. Bryant's translations seem less laboriously rounded and ornate, but perhaps even more forceful and vigorous, than Lord Derby's;" while the *London Times* expresses the judgement that "his performance fell flat on the ears of an educated audience, after the efforts of Lord Derby and others in the same direction."

who fell down the moment that he stopped! At another time, speaking of Coleridge's inkstand, —a little souvenir that I had been fortunate enough to secure for him,—Mr. Longfellow said : “ This memento of the poet recalls to my recollection that Theophilus Parsons, subsequently eminent in Massachusetts jurisprudence, paid me for a dozen of my early pieces, that appeared in his *United States Literary Gazette*, with a copy of Coleridge's poems, which I still have in my possession. Mr. Bryant contributed the ‘ Forest Hymn,’ ‘ The Old Man's Funeral,’ and many other poems, to the same periodical, and thought he was well paid by receiving *two dollars* apiece —a price, by the way, which he himself placed upon the poems, and at least double the amount of my honorarium. Truly, times have changed with us *littérateurs* during the last half-century.”

In 1873 Mr. Bryant's name appeared as the editor of “ Picturesque America,” a handsome illustrated quarto published by the Appletons. Another prose work with which he was associated is a “ History of the United States,” published by the Scribners, the second volume having been completed shortly before Mr. Bryant's death, the residue of the work, since completed, remaining in the hands of its associate author, Sidney Howard Gay. The poet's latest prose work was a new edition of Shakespeare, undertaken in 1875, and with which Mr. Duyckinck was

connected as an associate editor. It was completed by the literary partners, but as yet has not been published.

To the readers of this memoir a topic of especial interest will be Mr. Bryant's connection with the volume in connection with which it was originally prepared, in July, 1878,—“A Library of Poetry and Song.” This connection began in 1870, with the origination of the book, in its octavo form, and continued with constant interest, through the reconstruction and enlargement of the work in its more elaborate quarto form, until its completion in 1878. His own words best show how it happened that Bryant became the sponsor of this book, which in its various editions has already taken his name into more than a hundred thousand American homes. “At the request of the publishers,” he says, “I undertook to write an introduction to the present work, and in pursuance of this design I find that I have come into a somewhat closer personal relation with the book. In its progress it has passed entirely under my revision. . . . I have, as requested, exercised a free hand both in excluding and in adding matter according to my judgement of what was best adapted to the purposes of the enterprise.” Every poem took its place after passing under Mr. Bryant's clear eye. Many were dropped out by him ; more were suggested, found, often copied out by him for addition. In

the little notes accompanying his frequent forwarding of matter to the publishers, he casually included many interesting points and hints of criticism or opinion: "I send also some extracts from an American poet, who is one of our best—Richard H. Dana." "I would request that more of the poems of Jones Very be inserted. I think them quite remarkable." "Do not, I pray you, forget Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' the first canto of which is one of the most magnificent things in the language, and altogether free from the faults of style which deform his blank verse." "The lines are pretty enough, though there is a bad rhyme—*toes* and *clothes*; but I have seen a similar one in Dryden—*clothes* pronounced as *cloes*—and I think I have seen the same thing in Whittier."

Mr. Bryant was not a man given to humorous turns, yet he was not deficient in the sense of the comical. In forwarding some correction for an indexed name, he writes: "It is difficult always to get the names of authors right. Please read the inclosed, and see that Mrs. — be not put into a pair of breeches."

In specifying some additional poems of Stedman's for insertion, he says: "I think 'Alectryon' a very beautiful poem. It is rather long. . . . 'The Old Admiral' should go in—under the head of 'Patriotism,' I think; or better, under that of 'Personal.' 'The Door Step' is a poem

of 'Love;' but it is pretty enough for anywhere," etc. "I do not exactly like the poem 'To a Girl in her Thirteenth Year,' on account of the bad rhymes; nor am I quite pleased with Praed's 'I Remember, I Remember,' printed just after Hood's—it seems to me a little flippant, which is Praed's fault." The scrupulous care which Mr. Bryant exercised in keeping the compilation clean and pure was exemplified in his habitual name for it in correspondence and conversation—"The Family Book;" "The Family Library." He writes: "I have made more suggestions for the omission of poems in the humorous department than in any other; several of them being deficient in the requisite literary merit. As to the convivial poems, the more I think of it the more I am inclined to advise their total omission."

When the work appeared in 1870, it met with an instant and remarkable popular welcome, more than twenty thousand copies having been sold during the first six months, which, for a book costing five dollars in its least expensive style, was certainly unusual. In 1876 it was determined to give the work a thorough revision, although it had been from time to time benefiting by the amendments sent by Mr. Bryant or suggested by use. Mr. Bryant took a keen interest in this enlargement and reconstruction, and, as stated in the Publisher's

Preface to the quarto edition, it "entailed upon him much labour, in conscientious and thorough revision of all the material—cancelling, inserting, suggesting, even copying out with his own hand many poems not attainable save from his private library; in short, giving the work not only the sanction of his widely honoured name, but also the genuine influence of his fine poetic sense, his unquestioned taste, his broad and scholarly acquaintance with literature." Both the octavo and the quarto editions now contain his much-admired Introduction, in the form of an essay on "The Poets and Poetry of the English Language." Of this, Edmund Clarence Stedman, in an admirable paper on Bryant as "The Man of Letters," contributed to *The Evening Post* after the poet's death, says: "This is a model of expressive English prose, as simple as that of the *Spectator* essayists and far more to the purpose. Like all his productions, it ends when the writer's proper work is done. The essay, it may be added, contains in succinct language the poet's own views of the scope and method of song, a reflection of the instinct governing his entire poetical career."

Bryant's prose has always received high commendation. A little collection of extracts from his writings has been compiled for use in schools, as a model of style. The secret of it, so far as genius can communicate its secrets, may be

found in a letter addressed by Mr. Bryant to one of the editors of the *Christian Intelligencer*, in reply to some questions, and published in the issue of that journal, July 11, 1878:

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, July 6, 1863.

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“It seems to me that in style we ought first, and above all things, to aim at clearness of expression. An obscure style is, of course, a bad style. In writing we should always consider not only whether we have expressed the thought in a manner which meets our own comprehension, but whether it will be understood by readers in general.

“The quality of style next in importance is attractiveness. It should invite and agreeably detain the reader. To acquire such a style, I know of no other way than to contemplate good models and consider the observations of able critics. The Latin and Greek classics of which you speak are certainly important helps in forming a taste in respect to style, but to attain a good English style something more is necessary—the diligent study of good English authors. I would recur for this purpose to the elder worthies of our literature—to such writers as Jeremy Taylor and Barrow and Thomas Fuller—whose works are perfect treasures of the riches of our language. Many modern writers have great excellences of style, but few are without some deficiency. . . .

“I have but one more counsel to give in regard to the formation of a style in composition, and that is to read the poets—the nobler and grander ones of our language. In this way warmth and energy is com-

municated to the diction and a musical flow to the sentences.

"I have here treated the subject very briefly and meagrely, but I have given you my own method and the rules by which I have been guided through many years, mostly passed in literary labours and studies."

Quite recently the writer has seen a document which, in these days of international copyright agitation, is of some interest. It runs thus; "*The British and American Copyright League* is an association having for its object the passage of an International Copyright Law in America and in England, and in favor of such other countries as are willing to reciprocate, which shall secure to authors the same control over their own productions as is accorded to inventors, who, if they so elect, can patent their inventions in all the countries of Europe. This is the first organized attempt that has been made to bring about this very desirable result. As a preliminary step, it is proposed to get the approval of those immediately interested, and your signature to the inclosed circular is therefore respectfully requested." This is signed "William C. Bryant, Secretary of the British and American Copyright League." The "inclosed circular" is a brief declaration of approval of the efforts of the League to secure the passage of an international copyright law, and bears the signatures of Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Gar-

rison, Beecher, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott, Prof. Dana, Howells, Aldrich, and other well-known authors. This excellent beginning was made in 1873, but for some reason was not pushed to any practical outcome. It was, however, one of the signs of the change now becoming manifest.

From a letter written by Bryant as long ago as 1858, we take the following extract alluding to the same subject: "You ask my opinion concerning the protection of the property of authors and artists from pillage. Holding that this kind of property rests on as just a foundation as any other, I have ever detested the churlishness which refuses to protect it for a foreigner, and have thought that whatever other countries might do, our own country ought to protect it within its limits for all, without discrimination." Ten years later the poet writes: "Our National Legislature cannot refuse, if the subject is assiduously kept before them, to apply to literary property the same principle which just laws in every country apply to other property under like circumstances. Take the example of a whaling voyage and its products. An adventurer in this business goes into the deep sea, which is free and open to all mankind; he strikes with the harpoon whales which belong to all, and before they are caught are no man's property more than another's; he brings to the market a

cargo, of oil and spermaceti, and the law recognizes it as his property, whether he be an American or an Englishman, a Swede, a Dane, or a Hollander. Although the material of his cargo was in its original state the common property of mankind, his enterprise, skill, and labour have made it his—absolutely his by universal consent. An author finds the materials of his productions in the great treasury of ideas and words which are the common property of all. But when his genius, skill, and labour have given them a peculiar form in a literary work, the product is his as much as the whaler's cargo, and his right to it should be equally secured by law. There is not a fisherman who comes into our market who does not bring with him an illustration of the principle on which the rights of literary property are founded."

On Mr. Bryant's eightieth birthday he received a congratulatory letter with thousands of signatures, sent from every State and Territory of his native land, followed soon after by the presentation, in Chickering Hall, New York, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience, of a superb silver vase, the gift of many hundred admirers in various portions of the country. This exquisite and valuable specimen of American silver work is now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Standing before

it, the spectator may fitly recall those noble lines of Keats upon a Grecian urn :

“ When old age shall this generation waste
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to men : to whom thou sayest,
‘ Beauty is truth, truth beauty ; that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.’ ”

A few months later, the venerable poet presented to the citizens of Roslyn a new hall and public reading-room, having previously given one to his native town. It was the wish of his fellow-citizens that the handsome hall should be named in honor of Mr. Bryant ; but as he proposed that it should be known simply as “The Hall,” that title was bestowed upon it by popular acclamation.

The “Centennial Ode,” written by Bryant for the opening of the International Exposition at Philadelphia, is worthy of the great fame of its author. “The Flood of Years,” another of his later compositions, and one of his noblest, elicited from a prominent foreign journal the following mention : “The venerable American poet, who was born before Keats, and who has seen so many tides of influence sweep over the literature of his own country and of England, presents us here with a short but very noble and characteristic poem, which carries a singular weight with it as embodying the reflection of a very old man of genius on the mutability of all

things, and the hurrying tide of years that cover the past as with a flood of waters. In a vein that reminds us of 'Thanatopsis,' the grand symphonic blank verse of which was published no less than sixty-one years ago, Mr. Bryant reviews the mortal life of man as the ridge of a wave ever hurrying to oblivion the forms that appear on its surface for a moment." In this worthy companion to "Thanatopsis," written in his eighty-second year, the poet strikes the old familiar key-note that he took so successfully in his greatest poem in 1812, in "The Ages" in 1821, and again in "Among the Trees" in 1874.

A gentleman who had been recently bereaved was so struck by the unquestioning faith in immortality expressed in the concluding lines of this poem that he wrote to the poet, asking if they represented his own belief. Mr. Bryant answered him in the following note, dated Cumington, August 10, 1876: "Certainly I believe all that is said in the lines you have quoted. If I had not, I could not have written them. I believe in the everlasting life of the soul; and it seems to me that immortality would be but an imperfect gift without the recognition in the life to come of those who are dear to us here." The passage referred to is as follows:

"A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to come. The Flood of Years

Rolls toward it, nearer and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said: Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current on its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand."

If the harmony of the poet's career was sustained in his writings and his love of art, it was

further manifested in the taste and affection which governed him in the selection of his homes. Like the historian Prescott, Bryant had three residences—a town-house and two country homes. One of these is near the picturesque village of Roslyn, Long Island, and commands a view which in its varied aspect takes in a mingled scene of outspreading land and water. The mansion, embosomed in trees and vines, an ample dwelling-place situated at the top of the hills, was built by Richard Kirk in 1781. Mr. Bryant, who was ever mindful of the injunction given by the dying Scotch laird to his son, “Be aye sticking in a tree, Jock: it will be growing while ye are sleeping,” alternated recreations of tree planting and pruning and other rural occupations with his literary labour. Not extensive, but excellent in wide and judicious selections, was his library of several thousand volumes. The poet’s knowledge of ancient and living languages enabled him to add with advantage to his collection of books the works of the best French, German, Italian, and Spanish authors. Among his poems may be found admirable translations from these languages, as well as from the Greek and Latin.

The poet’s country-seat at Roslyn, called “Cedarmere,” was the resort of many men distinguished in art and literature, of travellers and statesmen, who went thither to pay their respects

to the sage, philosopher, and author. They were always welcomed, and enjoyed the purity of taste and simplicity of manner which presided over the mansion. Here the venerable host continued to the last to enjoy the society of his friends; and here much of his best literary work was done after his purchase of the place in 1845. He was accustomed to spend most of the time there from May to the end of November of each year, excepting the months of August and September, which for more than a decade were given to the old Homestead at Cummington.

Cedarmere is an extensive estate, and rich in a great variety of trees. As I was walking on a sunny October afternoon with the poet through his loved domain, he pointed out a Spanish chestnut-tree laden with fruit, and, springing lithely on a fence despite his seventy-six summers, caught an open burr hanging from one of the lower branches, opened it, and, jumping down with the agility of a youth, handed to his city guest the contents, consisting of two as large chestnuts as I ever saw in Spain. The Madeira and pecan nuts were also successfully cultivated by him at Cedarmere. During another walk, Mr. Bryant gave a jump and caught the branch of a tree with his hands, and, after swinging backward and forward several times with his feet raised, he swung himself over a fence without touching it.

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About a quarter of a mile from the mansion, he pointed out a black-walnut tree, which was planted by Adam Smith, and first made its appearance above ground in 1713. It had attained a girth of twenty-five feet and an immense breadth of branches. It was the comfortable home of a small army of squirrels, and every year strewed the ground around its gigantic stem with an abundance of "heavy fruit." The tree is alluded to in one of Mr. Bryant's poems :

"On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungathered;
Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside
them
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut tree."

The taste displayed by the poet in the selection and adornment of his residence at Roslyn was more than equalled by the affection and veneration which in 1864 prompted him to purchase the old Bryant Homestead and estate at Cummington, which had some thirty years previously passed out of the family into other hands. The mansion is situated among the Hampshire hills, and is a spot that nature has surrounded with scenes calculated to awaken the early dreams of the poet, and to fill his soul with purest inspiration. In the midst of such scenes the young singer received his earliest impressions, and in descriptions of them he has em-

bodied some of his most cherished and home-endearing poetry. To a friend who requested information about the home of his boyhood, Mr. Bryant in 1872 wrote as follows:

“I am afraid that I cannot say much that will interest you or anybody else. A hundred years since this broad highland region lying between the Housatonic and the Connecticut was principally forest, and bore the name of Pontoosuc. In a few places settlers had cleared away woodlands and cultivated the cleared spots. Bears, catamounts, and deer were not uncommon here. Wolves were sometimes seen, and the woods were dense and dark, without any natural openings or meadows. My grandfather on the mother’s side came up from Plymouth County, in Massachusetts, when a young man, in the year 1773, and chose a farm on a commanding site overlooking an extensive prospect, cut down the trees on a part of it, and built a house of square logs with a chimney as large as some kitchens, within which I remember to have sat on a bench in my childhood. About ten years afterward he purchased, of an original settler, the contiguous farm, now called the Bryant Homestead, and having built beside a little brook, not very far from a spring from which water was to be drawn in pipes, the house which is now mine, he removed to it with his family. The soil of this region was then exceedingly fertile, all the settlers prospered, and my grandfather among the rest. My father, a physician and surgeon, married his daughter, and after a while came to live with him on the homestead. He made some enlargements of the house, in one part of which he had his

office, and in this, during my boyhood, were generally two or three students of medicine, who sometimes accompanied my father in his visits to his patients, always on horseback, which was the mode of travelling at that time. To this place my father brought me in my early childhood, and I have scarce an early recollection which does not relate to it.

“On the farm beside the little brook, and at a short distance from the house, stood the district school-house, of which nothing now remains but a little hollow where was once a cellar. Here I received my earliest lessons in learning, except such as were given me by my mother, and here, when ten years old, I declaimed a copy of verses composed by me as a description of a district school. The little brook which runs by the house, on the site of the old district school-house, was in after years made the subject of a little poem, entitled ‘The Rivulet.’ To the south of the house is a wood of tall trees clothing a declivity, and touching with its outermost boughs the grass of a moist meadow at the foot of the hill, which suggested the poem entitled ‘An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.’

“In the year 1835 the place passed out of the family, and at the end of thirty years I repurchased it, and made various repairs of the house and additions to its size. A part of the building which my father had added, and which contained his office, had in the mean time been detached from it, and moved off down a steep hill to the side of the Westfield River. I supplied its place by a new wing with the same external form, though of less size, in which is now my library.

“The site of the house is uncommonly beautiful.

Before it, to the east, the ground descends, first gradually, and then rapidly, to the Westfield River flowing in a deep and narrow valley, from which is heard, after a copious rain, the roar of its swollen current, itself unseen. In the spring-time, when the frost-bound waters are loosened by a warm rain, the roar and crash are remarkably loud as the icy crust of the stream is broken, and the masses of ice are swept along by the flood over the stones with which the bed of the river is paved. Beyond the narrow valley of the Westfield the surface of the country rises again gradually, carrying the eye over a region of vast extent, interspersed with farm-houses, pasture-grounds, and wooded heights, where on a showery day you sometimes see two or three different showers, each watering its own separate district; and in winter-time two or three different snow-storms dimly moving from place to place."

"The soil of the whole of this highland region is disintegrated mica-slate, for the most part. It has its peculiar growth of trees, shrubs, and wild-flowers, differing considerably from those of the eastern part of the State. In autumn, the woods are peculiarly beautiful with their brightness and variety of hues. The higher farms of this region lie nearly two thousand feet above tide-water. The air is pure and healthful; the summer temperature is most agreeable; but the spring is coy in her approaches, and winter often comes before he is bidden. No venomous reptile inhabits any part of this region, as I think there is no tradition of a rattlesnake or copperhead having been seen here."

The serenity and dignity so manifest in Bryant's writings were notable also in his person. The poet was often depicted by pencil and pen. The phrenologists exhausted their skill upon his noble head, and the painters and engravers their art upon his face. The former believed him to approach the ideal of Spurzheim in his phrenological developments, and the latter deemed him to possess the fine artistic features of Titian and of the Greek poet whom he translated. It is a consolation to age, when protected by a wise and orderly regulated life, that its inherent dignity supplies the want, if not the place, of youth, and that the veneration and serenity which surround it more than compensate for the passions which turbulence renders dangerous. To such an honored age as this Bryant attained; calm, circumspect, and sedate, he passed the perilous portals of Parnassus with his crown of laurel untarnished and unwithered by the baser breath that sometimes lurks like a poison within its leaves. He more resembled Dante in the calm dignity of his nature, though happily not in the violent and oppressive affliction of his life, than any other poet in history.

Having passed, by more than three winters, what the Psalmist calls "the days of our years," and escaped the "labour and sorrow" that are foreboded to the strength that attains four-

score, Bryant continued to perform his daily editorial duties, to pursue his studies, and to give the world his much-prized utterances, without exhibiting any evidences of physical or mental decay, although for a good part of half a century he was under whip and spur, with the daily press for ever, as Scott expressed it, "clattering and thundering at his heels." On the evening of January 31, 1878, he walked out on the wildest night of the winter, when a blinding snow-storm kept many younger men at home, to address a meeting of the American Geographical Society, and to take part in the cordial welcome extended to the Earl of Dufferin, the accomplished Governor - General of Canada, When the president of the Society sent for a carriage and urged the aged poet, at the close of the meeting, to make use of it, he sturdily refused, saying that he preferred to walk home.

The following noble ode written for Washington's birthday, February 22, 1878, was, so far as I am aware, Mr. Bryant's latest poetical utterance (with the single exception of his brief poem on Cervantes, composed for the celebration by the Spanish residents of New York, in commemoration of the anniversary of that great author's death, 23d April, 1616). A manuscript copy of the stanzas lay on Mr. Bryant's library-table when I assisted him up-stairs after the sad accident on that sunny May afternoon :

-
- “Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.
- “Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the Summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods,
- “For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.
- “Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field
Broadening the lordly river goes.
- “The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face
Or slacken his majestic course.
- “Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honours to his name.”

Still later (May 15, 1878) Mr. Bryant wrote at Roslyn the following characteristic sentiment, contributed to a Decoration Day number of *The Recorder*.

“In expressing my regard for the memory of those who fell in the late civil war, I cannot

omit to say that, for one result of what they did and endured—namely, the extinction of slavery in this great republic—they deserve the imperishable gratitude of mankind. Their memory will survive many thousands of the generations of spring flowers which men will gather to-day on their graves. Nay, they will not be forgotten while the world has a written history."

CHAPTER III.

Poet, whose footsteps trod the mystic ways

That lead through common things to Nature's shrine;

Whose heart throbbed rhythmic to the heart divine

That bird, flower, forest, stream, and mountain sways;

We, whose rapt sense thy lyre's full fervours raise

From lowliest themes to absolute harmonies,

Mourn that its sturdier strain unechoed dies,

Quenched by the lute's sweet plaint and languorous lays.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM a portfolio of the poet's private notes, letters, and autograph poems, extending over a period of two decades,—the earliest is dated 1857, the latest 1878,—I select a few paragraphs. Writing in May, 1860, Mr. Bryant says: "You surprise me by the account of your visit to Irving and Paulding's 'Cockloft Hall,' near Newark. I was not aware that there was any such place, and always supposed it was a purely imaginary house. I now send you, as promised some days since, when we met at ———, my discourse on our friend Irving, delivered before the Historical Society last month." From Roslyn the poet writes in June, 1863: "It gave me pleasure to hear from you at Vicksburg, and to learn of your confidence in its speedy capture by General Grant.

From Mr. Halleck I heard of your promotion to the command of your cavalry regiment. I like the tribute to your predecessor, Colonel Stewart, which he showed me, and shall find a place for it in the *Post*. I send you a copy of the poem you desire for your loyal and fair Southern friend." In September, 1868, Mr. Bryant writes: "My daughter being absent, I venture to thank you in her name for the copy in Mr. Halleck's handwriting of my poem on the 'Planting of the Apple Tree.' It is valuable as an autograph of the poet; but to me, and my daughter also, it will have an added value as an evidence of the kind estimate put by him on those verses of mine. I am sure he would not take the trouble to copy what he did not particularly like, and what you say of his having repeated the whole poem from memory makes me still more certain of this. These two circumstances, taken together, constitute one of the very highest compliments which any verses of mine have ever received; nor will you wonder that I am highly as well as unexpectedly flattered by learning that one whose judgment in poetry I had regarded as almost infallible should have thought anything written by me worthy of being treasured in his memory."

In November (1868) the poet writes: "I thank you for the handsome copy of Halleck's poems. I have several editions, but this is the only complete collection of his writings that I possess.

. . . You are right in supposing that Mr. Halleck received no compensation for anything written for the *Evening Post*. I am quite sure that this is so, for it has never been the practice of the paper to pay anything for verses, which are generally furnished to an extent beyond the space that can be spared for them. Moreover, in Mr. Coleman's time the newspapers paid nothing for contributions of any sort. . . . The idea of erecting a bronze statue of Halleck in the Central Park is one which I approve with all my heart; but I am so little in town, and have so little time at my command, that I cannot consent to be the chairman of the executive committee appointed to carry the plan into effect, although I have no objection to being put on the committee. Mr. Verplanck should be the chairman. He was a special and life-long friend of Halleck, and a far better judge in matters connected with the fine arts than I can pretend to be." A month later Mr. Bryant writes: "I like the design of the Halleck monument, a photograph of which you have been so kind as to send me. It is in good taste, as I think; and I am glad that the place of the poet's rest is now marked by so fitting a memorial. But I must be excused from delivering any address on the occasion of its erection. I have consented to read a paper before the Historical Society on the writings of Halleck, and having done this, it appears to me

that I shall have fulfilled my duty to his memory, much as I cherished it. Some more eloquent speaker must perform the office of which you speak, at the burial-ground."

Writing December 4, Bryant says: "No account was published in the *Evening Post* of the dinner given to Halleck at the Century Club, at which I presided. Mr. George B. Butler was present, and a communication giving a brief account of the dinner, written, as I was told, by him, appeared in the *Journal of Commerce*. I recollect that in my introduction to the principal toast I spoke of him as occupying the same place in our literature that Horace does in Latin poetry, with the same gayety and grace in his satire and the 'curious felicity'—if that be a correct translation of *curiosa felicitas*—of his lyrical writings. Mr. Halleck claiming the privilege of sitting while he spoke, answered, I do not remember what: but I well remember how, and that was very happily, and in a manner which pleased us all. . . . I thank you for the likeness of Halleck at twenty-one. I see a slight resemblance in it to what he appeared afterwards, but a very slight one. When I first saw him in 1825, his physiognomy had matured into what it remained, essentially at least for the rest of his life." In May, 1870, the poet writes, in allusion to an ancient campaign document given to me by Mr. Verplanck: "I return the literary curiosity which you were so

obliging as to send me. It is a curious list of the Knickerbockers of the city, the genuine descendants of the original founders of New Amsterdam, and the article was probably written to stir up that class to give their votes for a candidate who bore a genuine Dutch name. I am glad to know that Mr. Verplanck was able to speak so well of my translation of Homer."

From Cummington the poet writes in September, 1871: "Your letter has been sent to me at this place, where I have passed the greater part of this summer, and where, finding myself left to pursue very quietly a literary task which I am desirous to see finished in season, I expect to remain for some time yet. I shall therefore be obliged to miss the pleasure of receiving your friend, as it is not consistent with my plans to be in Roslyn within the time you mention, and the day of my return to the neighbourhood of New York is quite uncertain." Three years later he writes from Roslyn: "I take this method of thanking you and Mrs. Wilson for the eightieth-birthday present which you have made me of a cactus plant brought from the tomb of Virgil at Naples. It has taken its place in the greenhouse here, where it will be tenderly cared for, on account of the old Roman poet."

In the summer of 1876, at my request, Mr. Bryant, who succeeded Prof. Morse as chairman of the Halleck Statue Committee, sent the follow-

ing letter to the Park Commissioners : "It is very much desired by the committee appointed to see to the erection of a statue of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, that it should not be placed in the Mall, where it would be scarcely observed among the more showy and imposing statues already there. Halleck was a New York poet in a special manner : his reputation was local, his poetry related mostly to local topics, and a place by itself would, it seems to me, agree better with such a reputation than one among the foreign celebrities, of which there is a considerable number on the Mall. It would also have a pleasant effect if the visitor to the Park should be surprised in some picturesque nook of the grounds with the statue of the poet of New York Social Life. I believe that under the present regulations the statue cannot be placed in any other part of the Central Park than the Mall. I would respectfully suggest that an exception be made by the Commissioners for this single statue, assured as they must be that the same reasons for such a disposition of it are not likely to be urged in any other case." A month later, in a note to the writer, the poet says : "I am sorry that the Park Commissioners do not see the propriety of allowing the statue of Halleck to be placed in some particular and characteristic nook of the Park. But their decision is made, and I suppose there is no contending against it."

From half a dozen "notelets" relating to the Halleck statue sent to me by Mr. Bryant in April and May, 1877, I take a few sentences : "Dear General, I send you a letter just received in answer to mine, which I hardly understand. If the matter is to be taken out of the hands of the committee I must resign. . . . The order of exercises which you have sent me seems to be the right thing. Only erase 'His Honour' from before 'the Mayor,' for Mayor is enough, just as President is enough without 'His Excellency.' . . . I made a great blunder thinking the appointment was for to-day. Shall I come to you, or you to me? . . . I believe the devil has a spite against the Halleck statue. Here is a note I have just received from —. You were hardly out of sight to-day when I opened it."

"It will not be possible," the poet wrote at Roslyn in July, 1877, "for us to avail ourselves of your obliging invitation to visit you in your beautiful retreat on the island which you and Mrs. Wilson have chosen for your summer home. I have been, as usual, very busy, and now we are packing up for a few weeks at Cummington. My daughter joins me in thanks." Four months later Mr. Bryant writes : "I have your obliging note of the 15th of this month. I am now, as you know, a very old man, and, as you may infer, cannot bear festivity as formerly. In the fulfilment of an engagement which dates back several

months, the Goethe Club is to give me what is called a reception on Tuesday evening (to-morrow). I have had my house in town put in order within a day or two, so that I can sleep there ; but old age is so sensitive that I cannot be out two nights together without feeling it unpleasantly, and I cannot afford to be unattentive to such admonitions. I must therefore trust to the indulgence of your committee to excuse me from being present at the banquet, though I consent that my name may appear in the list of those who pay this tribute to the genius of Mr. Story. I enclose a more formal letter of excuse to the committee."

Having occasion to deliver an address on Millard Fillmore, and doubtful of my own judgment on one of the most important acts of my friend's administration, I applied to the poet for his opinion, and received the following answer, dated December 27, 1877 :

"It is exceedingly probable that Mr. Fillmore, on succeeding to the functions of the President at General Taylor's death, acted by the advice of Mr. Webster in approving the fugitive-slave law. Mr. Webster had made a brief speech against the law, doubting its constitutionality, and suggesting that the return of fugitive slaves to their owners was not a matter for the Federal Government to meddle with, but a matter for the States to arrange among themselves. He, however, soon after came over to the support of the fugitive-

slave bill, and Mr. Ritchie, editor of the *Union* newspaper published at Washington, declared in its columns that there was no reward too high for a grateful country to bestow upon the man who had come forward so magnanimously in favour of that important measure. While General Taylor lived there was no chance for the enactment of the fugitive-slave law. He set his face firmly against it, and directed against it the influence of his administration. Mr. Clay, who brought it forward with two or three kindred projects, had become discouraged, and spoke of his discouragement. In the midst of the discussion on this measure, General Taylor, who had thought to settle the dispute respecting the immigration of the slave-holders to the Territories taking with them their slaves by admitting the Territories at once as States of the Union, died, and with him the great obstruction to the passage of the fugitive-slave law was removed. It was naturally to be governed by the wishes of such eminent leaders of the party as Clay and Webster, and accordingly the influence of the Federal Administration was used in its favour; the bill received the votes of a majority in each House of Congress, and was duly approved by the acting President. I write from memory, without consulting any record of the time to which I refer; but I believe that I am literally exact, for the events of that time made a strong impression upon me."

The last brief note which I received from Mr. Bryant was written on the same April day, 1878, that he sent a letter to Dana, the friend of his youth, thus closing a correspondence which the venerable survivor informed me in August had

been carried on uninterruptedly for more than fifty years. At the same time Mr. Dana said : "Bryant's literary career, if we assume it to have been begun at the date of his first publication of 'The Embargo' in 1808, extends over the unexampled period of threescore and ten years !" "You are fortunate," wrote the younger to the elder poet, "in your posterity, which are multiplying around you. As the old song goes, you go wooing and getting married in your grandchildren. . . The spring calls me to Roslyn. . . How beautiful the country is in this neighbourhood !—the bright green grass, the young leaves of the trees, the blossoms in the grass and on the shrubs ! I long to be among them. Yours faithfully and immemorially."

The following poem, which I understood was one of Mr. Bryant's youthful productions, is entitled "The Farewell," and is not to be found in any of the numerous editions of his poetical writings :

" O thou, whose cherished image seems
A portion of my heart,
Whose eyes of light make glad my dreams,
Farewell, for now we part.
The sail is swelling in the bay
That bears me on my distant way,
For years to rove the dreary sea—
For years—and think of only thee.

- “ Yet will that beauteous image make
The dreary sea less drear,
And thy remembered smile will wake
The hope that tramples fear,
When I shall face the tempest's wrath,
Or struggle through the dangerous path
Where the blue icebergs, vast and steep,
Drifting and dashing, crowd the deep.
- “ Then, too, when heaven with clouds is dark
And wild winds sweep the vale,
Wilt thou not think of him whose bark
Strives with the polar gale ?
Wilt thou not think, and softly pray
For the sea-wanderer far away,
That, all his toils and perils o'er,
His hand may clasp thy hand once more ?
- “ But shouldst thou hear no more of me,
Or hear that I have died
And sleep within that icy sea,
Or on its desert side,
Will not a pang thy bosom press,
Even in thy pride of loveliness—
A tear in thy sweet eyelids shine
For him whose latest thought was thine ?”

From memoranda made at the time, the readers of this volume may perhaps obtain some slight idea of Mr. Bryant's entertaining but not brilliant conversation, for in this respect he made no claim to be the equal of Halleck or Holmes. During a two-hours ramble at Roslyn, in October, 1869, when asked to prepare a poem for an army reunion, he remarked that he could not,

as was the case with Whittier, Sprague, and some other writers, compose to order for particular occasions, "but I must, like the Quakers, wait till the spirit moves me," concluding by quoting a verse from Wordsworth :

" The moving accident is not my trade ;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :
'Tis my delight alone in summer shade
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

Alluding to the work of translating Homer, on which he was at that time engaged, he said he believed that when he entered upon the task he was older than Dryden was at the time he began the same undertaking, and added that the fact of his feeling satisfied with his translation led him to think with Thorwaldsen, that he was failing mentally. "Thorwaldsen, you may remember, believed himself to have reached the climax of his powers in his famous statue of Christ, now at Copenhagen. 'I never was satisfied,' said the Dane, 'with any work of mine till I executed the Christ—and with that I am alarmed to find that I *am* satisfied: therefore, on the way to decay.'"

Something was said about Mr. Bryant's library: "I am not as great a collector as 'Catalogue Fraser,' and care little for rare or early editions, like yourself. What books I buy are for use. Of course a great many are sent to me, and I find it difficult sometimes to acknowledge them, partic-

ularly in the case of collections of poems concerning which I cannot say anything favorable. Sometimes," he said with a smile, "the handsome printing, the fine paper, or the tasteful binding or illustrations save me, and make the matter easier. I have more than once thought of adopting Sheridan's convenient formula for acknowledging all the new publications that were constantly sent to him: 'Dear Sir: I have received your acceptable volume, and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted *after* I have read it.' Edward Everett, I understand, had a somewhat similar method."

Alluding to some of his artist friends and their works, Mr. Bryant expressed admiration of Cole, Chapman, Durand, and Weir, and spoke of some of the few survivors of the Sketch Club, which met, I understood, very frequently in Sands's library at Hoboken, and included among its members one lady, who is—in June, 1885—still living. Two of Durand's pictures hung in the house at Roslyn, one an admirable portrait of the poet, painted, as the artist informed me, about 1856; the other a large and characteristic landscape representing a scene in the Catskills, in which Bryant and his friend Thomas Cole are seen standing together on a rocky ledge gazing on the rushing torrent below.

Spéaking of an instance of plagiarism that had been exposed in the *Post*, he remarked, "Chan-

cellor Somers wrote several pieces in verse, one of which was claimed by an impudent fellow. This person, happening to be presented to Lord Somers when Chancellor, was asked by him whether he knew who wrote the poem in question. "Yes, my Lord," he answered; "'tis a trifle I struck off at a sitting." At this Somers laughed most heartily, and the pretended poet withdrew in confusion."

Bryant referred with regret to the death of Sainte-Beuve, the distinguished writer, whom he had met in France, well known as the author of the "History of Port-Royal" and *Les Consolations*, and he commended most highly his charming *Causeries du Lundi*. "A judicious selection of them translated into good honest English would, I think, make an acceptable and popular volume. Why not do this, if your engagements permit?"* The poet then related a droll story of a duel between Sainte-Beuve and some one whose name I do not recall. "They arrived on the ground in the Bois de Boulogne amid a heavy rain, and the preliminaries having been arranged, the principals took their positions, Sainte-Beuve holding his pistol in one hand and his umbrella over him in another. When the seconds protested, he promptly replied, '*Je veux bien être tué* ;

* This has since been wisely and exceedingly well done by Prof. William Mathews, LL D., of Boston.

mais mouillé, non' (I am quite willing to be killed; but to get wet—no !)"

Bryant expressed surprise at the retirement of his friend John Bigelow from the editorship of the *New York Times*, "which has been exceedingly interesting while under his charge," alluding in the highest terms to his former partner's editorial and diplomatic abilities. In striking contrast to his warm commendation of Mr. Bigelow was his extremely severe criticism of a person at that time, as he said, "misrepresenting our country" at a European court.

Conversing on the subject of the *Spectator* and its author, the poet said on another occasion: "Addison has received two distinct characters from distinguished contemporaries. Lord Chesterfield, judging him in his stately home of Holland House and amidst his wife's grandeur, thought him 'the most timorous and awkward man he ever knew.' Alexander Pope, seeing him in the society of his intellectual equals, said he 'was perfect company with intimates, and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man.'"

On the following day when we returned to town together on the steamboat, Mr. Bryant was full of conversation, and told me of his frequent excursions in former days on the west bank of the Hudson, and that, at least on one occasion, he and Halleck extended their walk from Hoboken

to Fort Lee and back again, stopping by the way to see the famous duelling-ground at Weehawken, where Hamilton fell.

"One of the few authentic instances," continued the poet, "recorded of Washington being surprised into a hearty and uncontrollable fit of laughter occurred on the return of peace, when he was sailing on the Hudson with a party of friends, and was so overcome by the drollery of a story related by Major Fairlie of New York, of facetious memory, and father of the famous and witty Misses Fairlie,—Irving's and Halleck's great friends,—that he is said to have actually fallen back in the boat in a paroxysm of laughter. It was several minutes before the General succeeded in recovering his usual gravity of demeanour." Another pleasant Washington incident related by the poet was of some occasion when the American troops, poorly clad and armed, were in battle array in front of the disciplined veterans of England. "Washington passed along the lines," said the narrator, "and when he came before us, he stopped, and said, 'I place great confidence in this Rhode Island regiment.' And when I heard that," said the Revolutionary veteran, "I clasped my musket to my breast, and said, 'Damn 'em, let 'em come on!'"

Some time about 1830, or possibly 1835, being in delicate health, Mr. Bryant said he was strongly recommended to take gymnastic exer-

cise, and he accordingly joined an institution of that character situated on the former site of the St. Nicholas Hotel in Broadway, and presided over by a prize-fighter named Fuller. Whether the poet received any instruction from this worthy in the manly art of self-defence he did not say, but simply remarked that he attended for a time the gymnasium, and received very great benefit therefrom. Ever afterwards he continued his early morning athletic exercises with dumb-bells, horizontal bar, etc., an occupation that Mrs. Bryant once described to a young friend as his "monkey tricks." In a conversation with Mr. Bigelow but a few weeks before his death, the poet said that he still continued his usual amount of morning gymnastics. Mr. Bigelow, in his admirable address, adds, "I am warranted in saying that, until the distressing accident that ended his days, he was never disabled by sickness within the memory of any person now living.

'In years he seemed, but not impaired by years!''

Josiah Quincy at ninety-two attributed his good health and vigour chiefly to his habit of taking gymnastic exercise daily before dressing. His successor to the Presidency of Harvard College, Prof. Felton, said the same, and Dr. Dewey for thirty years took his morning gymnastic exercise and daily cold bath like his friend Bryant.

Soon after Mr. Bryant's return from his Southern tour we met on the Fifth Avenue near Fourteenth Street, and walked as far as the office of the *Post*, when we separated. Among other incidents of his visit to the city of Mexico, he said that being unsuccessful in his efforts to find a friend's house, he inquired in Spanish of a passer-by, who most politely insisted upon showing him the way. "I remonstrated, but without success," said the poet; "he would go with me; and after we separated I discovered that my polite friend had reimbursed himself for his time and trouble by taking my watch,—and a very good watch it was; and I then remembered that as we passed along the streets he several times accidentally ran against me. It was in this way I suppose that he secured it."

Having mentioned that an Oxford professor with whom I had recently conversed on the subject of the various English translations of Homer, had never heard of his, Bryant remarked, "Well, I do not know that we should be surprised at that, when I have seen within a week one of my best known verses misquoted in an English journal, and its authorship attributed to Charles Wesley. Such is fame!" Alluding to his habits of poetical composition, Mr. Bryant said that he had destroyed a great deal more verse than he had published, and remarked of a thinly attended but admirable discourse to which he had recently

listened, "The saying of Socrates occurred to me, when no one of his pupils but Plato came to hear, 'Few but fit.' Yes," he added, "perhaps this was running in Milton's mind when he said, 'Fit audience let me find, though few.'"

Something was said at his house one Sunday afternoon soon after this meeting, about Alphonse Karr's recently published volume, and Bryant quoted a remark that had pleased him greatly: "Some people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; but I always thank her for having put roses on thorns." Referring to a paper of some kind, possibly a poem, which he had mislaid, he said, "I lost my manuscript, which, as worthy Samuel Pepys would add, 'do trouble me mightily.'" In answer to some inquiries about several of his poems he replied, "'Thanatopsis,' it has always been said, was first published in 1816. It really appeared in Vol. V. of the *North American Review*, of 1817: I think in the month of September. 'The Painted Cup' * was composed during my first visit to Illi-

* Many years before his death Mr. Bryant made me a manuscript copy of this fine poem, to which, and also to his most famous composition, his surviving brother alludes in a letter to the author dated April, 1884. "I am," writes Mr. John H. Bryant, "quite sure 'The Painted Cup' was written in 1832. My brother first saw it while with me on a horseback ride from Jacksonville to Springfield, thence north on the wild prairies about one hundred miles, crossing the

nois, about 1832. 'The May Sun Sheds an Amber Light,' which you admire so much, owing probably to the beautiful music to which your father wedded the words, was first published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, but the verses were written several years earlier, and were suggested by the death of my mother." In answer to the inquiry as to which of all his poetical children he preferred, Mr. Bryant replied, "I cannot say that I have any particular favourite, but some of my friends are very partial to 'Thanatopsis,' which, I believe, is more copied in the Anthologies than any other. Some persons in whose opinions I have confidence tell me that 'The Past' is the best thing I have written, and perhaps it is."

Washington Irving said to the author at Sunnyside, that he preferred of all Bryant's poems "The Rivulet;" Dana deemed "The Past," if not

Sangamon River, where we saw the flower in great abundance. This was the only time he ever saw the savannahs of the Sangamon. It is true he visited Illinois in 1841, but a different part from that seen in 1832. I am not able to tell how many trips he made to the West, but he came several times to see us—the last time in 1872. . . . There is one remarkable thing about 'Thanatopsis,' as it seems to me, and that is, that the boy did not appear conscious that he had produced anything remarkable, else why did it lie unknown to any one but himself for nearly five years, hidden away in a pigeon-hole, and even then was given to the public without any agency or knowledge of the writer?"

his best, as good as anything that came from his pen; Halleck, as we have seen, was partial to "The Planting of the Apple Tree;" and Simms said, "O Mother of a Mighty Race" is a noble poem—perhaps his noblest." The poet Street thought Bryant has not produced anything finer than "A Forest Hymn;" the eloquent Orville Dewey preferred his lines "To a Waterfowl;" Robert C. Winthrop most admires "The Land of Dreams;" while Bishop Huntington pronounces "The Waning Moon" the best of all Bryant's poetical writings. Thus different poets and authorities are differently impressed.

When in November, 1884, it was proposed by a Commissioner of the New York Board of Education that leaflets of Bryant's poetry be added to those of Longfellow and Whittier, in use in the schools, another member of the Board said, "I have the greatest respect for William Cullen Bryant as a publicist and political economist. I was in favour of the Longfellow and Whittier leaflets, but when people read poetry they should have the best; not second-rate poetry"! The proposition was negatived by these literary Solomons.

One bright morning many years ago an elderly country couple rang the bell at the New York house of William Cullen Bryant, and asked if they could see Mr. Bryant. On being told it was impossible, they seemed much cast down, and the old lady said tearfully that they had come fifty

miles on purpose to see him. Their disappointment was so evident, and the fact that these simple children of Nature had made so long a pilgrimage to see the "poet of the woods" was so touching, they were told they might see his study. Here they were much interested, and their reverential, subdued manner confirmed the good impression they had already made. Finally they begged to be allowed "to look at Mr. Bryant just once."

"But Mr. Bryant is dressing. It is impossible."

"Dressing!" exclaimed the old couple in a breath. "Why, we came to see the corpse!"

Dan Bryant, "the minstrel," was dead, and the worthy people recognized but one form of minstrelsy—the burnt-cork variety.

To this little incident, which we find related in *Harper's Magazine* (Nov., 1884), we can only add, in Byron's satiric phrase,

"What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper."

CHAPTER IV.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long:
Even wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on three winters more;
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

JOHN DRYDEN.

IN accordance with the expressed wishes of Richard Henry Dana,* and many other personal

* The venerable poet writes, June 17, 1878: "When the news of the accident reached Boston, I was ill and on my bed. My friends, fearing the effect which making known to me the condition of my dear old friend might have upon me, said nothing about it till the morning before he passed away from us. The last of my early friends is taken from me, and has left me an old, feeble man; but not for long—I must soon follow him. Will you, my dear sir, write me what you can of the particulars? Every incident will be precious to me.

"My son and I thank you for writing him to come to your house on this mournful occasion. He had the hope for an hour or two that he might be with you, but it was not to be. I have written all that I have strength for. My poor head!"

[The son alluded to by Mr. Dana was the eminent lawyer, and the well-known author of "Two Years Before the Mast,"

friends of the patriarch of American poetry, who was so recently laid in his grave with many tears, and also remembering that posterity likes details in regard to the latest actions and utterances of eminent men, I have recorded, to the best of my recollection, some particulars of his conversation during the afternoon of Wednesday, May 29, his last hours of consciousness, and but a few days before

“ He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.”

Mr. Bryant was appointed to deliver an oration on the occasion of unveiling a bronze bust of Giuseppe Mazzini, the Italian revolutionist and statesman, in the Central Park. I met him in the Park about half an hour before the commencement of the ceremonies, conversing with him during that time, and again for a similar period after those ceremonials were concluded. While I was walking with the poet for the last time, he quoted an aphorism from his friend Sainte-Beuve, that “To know another man well, especially if he be a noted and illustrious character, is a great thing not to be despised.” It was my good fortune to have enjoyed for nearly or

who was prevented by urgent affairs in Boston from being present at Mr. Bryant's funeral to represent his aged father.
—THE AUTHOR.]

quite a quarter of a century the privilege and pleasure of Mr. Bryant's acquaintance, and in all that time I never met him in a more cheerful and conversational mood than on the above-mentioned afternoon, and never saw him exhibit on any other occasion an equal depth and tenderness of feeling, either in his public utterances or in his private talk.

At the proper time the poet took his seat on the platform—for he had been standing or seated under the welcome shade of adjoining elms—and presently he proceeded with the delivery of the last of a long series of scholarly addresses delivered in New York during the past thirty years. As I gazed on the majestic man, with his snow-white hair and flowing beard, his small, keen, but gentle blue eye, his light but firm, lithe figure, standing so erect and apparently with undiminished vigour, articulating with such distinctness, I thought of what Napoleon said of another great singer who, like our American poet, reached an advanced age to which but few attain: "Behold a man!"

The delivery of the oration, which affords most interesting evidence of the enthusiasm and mental energy of its aged author, it is to be feared drew too heavily on the poet's failing powers. It was uttered with an unusual depth of feeling, and for the first time in his public addresses, so far as I am aware, he hesitated, and showed some diffi-

culty in finding his place in the printed copy which was spread before him, and in proceeding with his remarks. During the delivery of his speech he was but slightly exposed to the hot sun, an umbrella being held over his

“Good gray head, which all men knew,”

till he reached his peroration, when he stepped from under its shelter, and, looking up at the bust, delivered with power and great emphasis, while standing in the sun, the concluding paragraph of his address :

“Image of the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty, cast in enduring bronze to typify the imperishable renown of thy original! Remain for ages yet to come where we place thee, in this resort of millions; remain till the day shall dawn—far distant though it may be—when the rights and duties of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind!”

At the conclusion, the orator was loudly applauded, and, resuming his seat on the platform, listened with interest to the address in Italian which followed his own. At the close of the ceremonies, and when Mr. Bryant was left almost alone on the platform, he took my offered arm to accompany me to my home, saying that he was perfectly able to walk there, or indeed to his own house in Sixteenth Street. Before proceeding, I again proposed that we should take a carriage, when he replied, in a determined manner, “I am

not tired, and prefer to walk." As we set off I raised my umbrella to protect him from the sun, when he said, in a most decided tone, "Don't hold that umbrella up on my account; I like the warmth of the sunshine." He was much interested in the fine flock of Southdown sheep, together with the shepherd and his intelligent Scotch collie, that he observed as we passed across the green.

Mr. Bryant alluded to the death of Lord John Russell the day before, and asked if I had ever met him or heard him speak in public, adding, "For a statesman, he devoted a good deal of time to literature, and he appears to have been a man of respectable talents; how old was he?" "Eighty-six." "Why, he was older than I am; but I expect to beat that, and to live as long as my friend Dana, who is ninety-one." "Have you any theory as to the cause of your good health?" "O, yes," he answered; "it is all summed up in one word—moderation. As you know, I am a moderate eater and drinker, moderate in my work, as well as in my pleasures, and I believe the best way to preserve the mental and physical faculties is to keep them employed. Don't allow them to rust." "But surely," I added, "there is no moderation in a man of eighty-three, after walking more than two miles, mounting eight or nine flights of stairs to his office." "O," he merrily replied, "I confess to the two or three miles down-town, but I

do not often mount the stairs; and if I do sometimes, when the elevator is not there, I do not see that it does me any harm. I can walk and work as well as ever, and have been at the office to-day as usual."

Some mention having been made of Lord Houghton's and Tupper's recent travels in this country, the poet asked, "Did I ever tell you of Lord Houghton's visit to Roslyn a few years ago? He was accompanied by his valet, who announced in my kitchen that 'his master was the greatest poet in England,' when one of my servants, not to be outdone, thereupon said, 'Our man is the greatest poet in America.'" The use of the words "master" and "man," I may remark, are worthy of notice, and appeared to amuse the poet when relating the incident.

Passing the Halleck statue, Mr. Bryant paused to speak of it, of other statues in similar sitting posture, and of Halleck himself and his genius. "I always," said Bryant, "thought it singular that Halleck should be my junior, as he was represented to have been born in 1795, till your memoir of him appeared. I suppose that he did not think it a matter of sufficient importance to notice, and so it passed into the books and biographies that he was my junior by one year. Besides," he added gaily, "as he was a bachelor, I presume he was warranted in allowing the world to believe that he was younger by five

years than would have appeared in the Halleck family Bible." I hazarded the remark that I thought the American poems which would be remembered and read a hundred years hence were his "Thanatopsis" and "The Flood of Years," and Halleck's glorious lines on the Greek patriot. "Perhaps you are right," he replied, adding, "The reading of 'Marco Bozaris' and some other of Halleck's best poems stirs up my blood like the sound of martial music or the blast of a trumpet."

Still continuing to lean on my arm, he asked my little daughter, whose hand he had held and continued to hold during our walk, if she knew the names of the robins and sparrows that attracted his attention, and also the names of some flowering shrubs that we passed. Her correct answers pleased him, and he then inquired if she had ever heard some little verses about the bobolink. She answered yes, and she also knew the poet who wrote them. This caused him much amusement, and he said, "I think I shall have to write them out for you. Mary, do you know the name of that tree with the pretty blue flowers?" he asked, and as she did not know, he told her that it was "called the *Paulownia imperialis*—a hard name for a little girl to remember; it was named in honor of a princess, and was brought from Japan."

Arriving at the Morse statue at the Seventy-

second Street gate, we stopped, and he said, "This recalls to my mind a curious circumstance. You remember Launt Thompson's bust of me which the Commissioners refused to admit in the Park, on the ground that I was living? Well, soon after, this statue of Morse was placed here, although he was alive, and [laughingly] I was asked to deliver the address on the occasion of its unveiling, which I did." "Do you like your bust?" "Yes, I think it is a good work of art, and the likeness is pleasing and satisfactory, I believe, to my friends."* "Which do you think your best portrait?" "Unlike Irving, I prefer the portraits made of me in my old age. Of the earlier pictures, I presume the best are Inman's and my friend Durand's, which you perhaps remember hangs in the parlor at Roslyn."

* The name of Reservoir Square, New York, was in 1884 changed to Bryant Park, and it is proposed to place in its centre a full-length bronze statue of the poet, or the noble bust which is to be seen in the Poets' Corner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The most important portraits of the poet, mentioned as nearly as possible in the order in which they were painted, are by Prof. S. F. B. Morse (1825); Henry Inman (1835); Henry Peters Gray, S. W. Cheney, Charles Martin (1851); Charles L. Elliott (1854); A. B. Durand, Samuel Lawrence (1856); Paul Duggan, C. G. Thompson, A. H. Wenzler (1861); Thomas Hicks (1863); F. L. Boyle (1869); Thomas Le Clear (1874); and Charles Fisher (1875). Of these I have engravings on steel now before me from Cheney's, In-

As we approached my house about four o'clock, Mr. Bryant was recalling the scenes of the previous year on the occasion of President Hayes's first visit to New York, and he was still, I think, cheerfully conversing on that subject as we walked up arm in arm, and all entered the vestibule. Disengaging my arm, I took a step in advance to open the inner door, and during those few seconds, without the slightest warning of any kind, the venerable poet, while my back was turned, dropped my daughter's hand and fell suddenly backward through the open outer door. I turned just in time to see his silvered head striking the platform stone, and, springing to his side, hastily raised him up.* He was unconscious, and I supposed that he was dead. Ice-water was immediately applied to his head, and, with the assistance of a neighbor's son and the servants, he was carried into the parlour and laid unconscious at full length on the sofa. He soon moved, became restless, and in a few minutes sat

man's, Martin's, Elliott's, Durand's, and Lawrence's portraits, as well as several taken from recent photographs. The picture of Mr. Bryant which appears in this volume is engraved from an admirable photograph taken by Sarony. The portrait by the Danish artist Wenzler was sold in April, 1885, for one thousand dollars, and is now in Newport, R. I.

* Mr. Bryant had a similiar attack in October, 1873, at Appleton's book-store, then in Broadway, whither he had gone to see the senior member of the firm on a matter connected with the Halleck statue now in Central Park. De-

up and drank the contents of a goblet filled with iced sherry, which partially restored him, and he asked, with a bewildered look, "Where am I? I do not feel at all well. Oh, my head ! my poor head !" accompanying the words by raising his right hand to his forehead. After a little, at his earnest request, I accompanied him to his own house, and leaving him in charge of his niece, went for his family physician, the late Dr. John F. Gray, whom he failed to recognize on our arrival, or at any later period. The following is a portion of the statement made by Dr. Gray after the poet's death :

"I sent for Dr. Carnochan, the surgeon. He could find no injury to the skull, and therefore thought there was a chance of recovery. Mr. Bryant, during the first few days, would get up and walk about the library or sit in his favorite chair. He would occasionally say something about diet and air. When his daughter arrived from Atlantic City, where she had been for her health, she thought her father recognized her. It is uncertain how far he recognized her or any of his friends. The family were hopeful, and made the most out of every sign of consciousness or recognition.

"On the eighth day after the fall, hemorrhage took place in the brain, resulting in paralysis, technically

scending the stairs leading from the counting-room, the poet would have fallen headlong had not a friend by his side fortunately caught him by the arm, and so most happily prevented what would probably have proved an equally fatal fall.

called hemiplegia, and extending down the right side of the body. After this he was most of the time comatose. He ceased to recognize his friends in any way, and lay much of the time asleep. He was unable to speak, and when he attempted to swallow, his food lodged in his larynx and choked him. He was greatly troubled with phlegm, and could not clear his throat. There was only that one attack of hemorrhage of the brain, and that was due to what is called traumatic inflammation. After the fourteenth day he died.

“He was a man who made little demonstration of affection or emotion, but he had a profoundly sympathetic feeling for the life and mission of Mazzini, and on the day when he delivered the address he exhibited considerable emotion. That and the walk afterwards certainly exhausted him, and led to the swoon. He overtaxed his strength during the winter, in attending evening entertainments and in public speaking. He had few intimate acquaintances, and was so extremely modest in expressing approbation or liking that one could scarcely tell the extent of his friendly feeling. Though I had attended him for many years, and often visited him at Roslyn, and also at his old homestead in Massachusetts, I never noticed an expression of more than ordinary friendship till I was prostrated by sickness. He made an impression ordinarily of coldness, but his poems show that he had plenty of feeling, and great sympathy for mankind. Once when at Roslyn we visited the grave of his wife in the village cemetery, and we saw the place by her side reserved for him. He frequently requested that his funeral should be simple and without ostentation. He has had fulfilled his wish to die in June. Mr. Bryant owed his long life to

.. - -

an exceedingly tenacious and tough constitution and very prudent living. I always found him an early riser. Although he was slight of body and limb, he seemed to me unconscious of fatigue, and he would walk many a stronger man off his legs. He did not walk rapidly, but seemed as wiry as an Indian."

In April, 1867, Mr. Bryant expressed to the writer a wish that he might not survive the loss of his mental faculties like Southey, Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, and the Ettrick Shepherd, who all suffered from softening of the brain, and mentioned his hope that he should be permitted to complete his translation of Homer before death or mental imbecility, with a failure of physical strength, should overtake him. On another occasion he said, "If I am worthy, I would wish for sudden death, with no interregnum between *I cease to exercise reason* and *I cease to exist.*" In these wishes he was happily gratified, as well as in the time of being laid away to his final rest, as expressed in his beautiful and characteristic lines to JUNE :

" I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

- “ I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow ;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
- “ These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene ;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green ;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.”

The day after his death, which occurred at half-past five in the morning of June 12, the writer was taken up to the little front chamber in which the poet lay, and the covering being removed, he saw his countenance

“ All cold and all serene.”

Never shall I forget the beauty of that wondrously beautiful face, almost buried in snowy hair, and so marble-like in the sleep of death. As Washington Irving said of the old sexton who crept into the vault where the myriad-minded Shakespeare was entombed, and beheld the ashes

of ages, "It was something to have seen the dust" of Bryant. Assuredly no sculptor ever modelled a more majestic and beautiful image of repose.

It was indeed a glorious day (June 14), and the daisies were dancing and glimmering over the fields as the poet's family, a few old friends, and the villagers saw him laid in his last resting-place at Roslyn, after a few words fitly spoken by his pastor, and beheld his coffin covered with roses and other summer flowers by a little band of country children, who gently dropped them as they circled round the poet's grave. This act completed, we left the aged minstrel amid the melody dearest of all to him in life—the music of the gentle June breezes murmuring through the tree-tops, from whence also came the songs of summer birds.

The following, from the pen of the late Charles P. Clinch, is one of the many tributes to Mr. Bryant's character and genius, that have appeared since the poet's death, from the pens of Stedman, Stoddard, Symington (a Scottish singer), and others. The lines were composed for the unveiling of the poet's bust by Thompson, and were left by Mr. Clinch to be read on that occasion by the writer, or otherwise disposed of, as he deemed best. The opportunity for being thus made use of having not yet presented itself, the poem is now introduced in the pages of this brief biography:

Oh ! lift the veil from off his face !
That mind-illumin'd, dauntless brow
Before mankind for briefest space
A mask hath never known till now !

Forth from his eye a spirit glanced
Nor frown nor inquest could appall;
The faith within him still advanced
Its banner on the outward wall !

Assailing wrong, defending right,
With piercing thought and fervid breath ;
Foremost, and undismayed in fight—
His warfare only ceased in death !

His pen was mightier than the sword
Of warrior in the battle's strife !
It conquered error—to reward
The vanquished with replenished life !

Not his on disputation's field
The wrangler's mood or sceptic's part ;
Nor his to sophist wiles to yield :
His triumphs were of truth—not art:

By parable and fabled scene
He gave stern truths a mellowed zest :—
Such moral teaching aye hath been
The meekest and the mightiest !

What though his warning words seemed wrought
With wrath, the pleas of wrong to shiver ?
Yet the naïve firstlings of his thought
Flowed gently as his own "Green River,"

Renewing to his heart's caress
The hope that strife on earth would cease ;
That wisdom's ways of pleasantness,
And precepts of her paths of peace,

Would banish by their ministry
The evils bred of kings and caste ;
And wrongs by man to man should be
But memories of the buried past.

For he was minstrel born: the germ
His soul received in matin hour
Blossomed in boyhood, to affirm
The presence of the poet's power.

Celestial power ! his gift of birth—
His almoner of boundless ruth,—
Was vivid till his "*last of earth*"
With guileless eloquence of truth,

Which reached the darkened soul's recess
Whence doubt-engendered torment springs—
Missioned the wounded mind to bless,
With halcyon healing in its wings !

It searched Creation's varied page,
And read *The Father's* love and power
In the wild whirlwind's reckless rage—
In the meek advent of a flower.

His "*Yellow Violet*" peeping, dim,
Beneath the fallen wintry leaves ;
His "*Forest Anthem*" and the hymn
Of harvest-tinted fruits and sheaves ;

Melodious hum of threatening bees,
With insect-concerts in the air ;
Pictures of autumn-painted trees,
In Indian summer's veiled glare ;

His homeward flight of "*Water-fowl*"
In dewy evening's twilight glow ;
His romance of the winter's scowl
"*The Little People of the Snow*,"

And all earth's harmonies that throng
With themes, the poet's harp to stir,—
Embalm'd in memory by the song
Of Nature's lifelong worshipper,

Have garlanded with garnered sweets,
And hues and chants of flying birds,
The dearest of the heart's retreats,
Our homes, our household thoughts, and words;

And taught our minds, with reverent cheer,
O'er Nature's simplest works to pause,—
In germ, maturity, and sere
To recognize THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE !

Truth's inspiration, which of yore
Gave Israel's bards prophetic fire,
And taught their numbers mystic lore,
Seemed still to hover o'er his lyre.

His muse, in youth's untrammelled flight,
The bounds of Life could not enslave ;
His "*Thanatopsis*" shed a light—
The light of song—beneath the grave,

Soothing sad, doubting hearts to rest—
Even hearts of faith—that shunned to lay
Their forms in dust, till Heaven's behest
Re-formed them, at Earth's final day.

Through the long autumn of his days
His heart and brain still worked to win
Man's wandering mind from error's ways—
For deeds to thoughts are next of kin.

'Twas his fond wont to cull the bays
Of allies stricken from his side—
To braid them in a wreath of praise ;
And in that task of love he died.

His civic crown was gemmed so oft,
So early—on the scroll of fame,
Each coming age will “look aloft,”
To woo and worship Bryant’s name.

I cannot forbear adding to this expression of appreciative affection a few words from the funeral address uttered by his pastor, the late Rev. Dr. Bellows, at the commemorative ceremony held in New York, on Friday morning, the 14th of June, at All Souls’ Church, of which Mr. Bryant was for the last fifteen years of his life an active and honoured member. Dr. Bellows said:

“Never, perhaps, was there an instance of such precocity in point of wisdom and maturity as that which marked ‘Thanatopsis,’ written at eighteen, or of such persistency in judgment, force, and melody as that exhibited in his last public ode, written at eighty-three, on occasion of Washington’s last birthday. Between these two bounds lies one even path, high, finished, faultless, in which comes a succession of poems, always meditative, always steeped in the love and knowledge of nature, always pure and melodious, always stamped with his sign-manual of faultless taste and gem-like purity. . . .

“A devoted lover of religious liberty, he was an equal lover of religion itself—not in any precise dogmatic form, but in its righteousness, reverence, and charity. . . .

“It is the glory of this man that his character outshone even his great talent and his large fame. Dis-

tinguished equally for his native gifts and his consummate culture, his poetic inspiration and his exquisite art, he is honored and loved to-day even more for his stainless purity of life, his unswerving rectitude of will, his devotion to the higher interests of his race, his unfeigned patriotism, and his broad humanity. . . .

"The increasing sweetness and beneficence of his character, meanwhile, must have struck his familiar friends. His last years were his devoutest and most humane years. He became beneficent as he grew able to be so, and his hand was open to all just needs and to many unreasonable claimants."

• In this connection it is interesting to note that perhaps the very last production of Bryant's well-preserved mind was an Introduction, in most admirable prose, with its

"Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men,"

to a treatise on "The Religious Life," by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Alden. The unfinished manuscript was found among a mass of other papers on the poet's desk when mental death suddenly enveloped him on that sunny May day. This Introduction contains a more distinct declaration of the writer's religious opinions than are given elsewhere in the many thousand pages that flowed from Bryant's tireless and prolific pen. Two paragraphs from this valuable Christian testimony will be read with interest:

"This character, of which Christ was the perfect model, is itself so attractive, so altogether lovely, that I cannot describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind, for the truths that He taught and the sufferings He endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the world would be without Him. Take away the blessing of the advent of His life and the blessings purchased by His death, in what an abyss of guilt man would have been left! It would seem to be blotting the world out of the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost, and darkness.

"In my view of the life, the teachings, the labours, and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep, of which He is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for Him is so cold and my gratitude so inadequate. It is with sorrow that I see any attempt to put aside His teachings as a delusion, to turn men's eyes from His example, to meet with doubt and denial the story of His life. For my part, if I thought that the religion of scepticism were to gather strength and prevail and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are to come."

No more appropriate concluding paragraph can be added to this memorial paper, which I could wish worthier of the good and gifted Bryant,—*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*,—than his own beautiful words, applied to his contemporary

Washington Irving. "If it were becoming," said the poet, "to address our departed friend as if in his immediate presence, I would say . . . 'Farewell, thou who hast entered into the rest prepared from the foundation of the world for serene and gentle spirits like thine. Farewell, happy in thy life, happy in thy death, happier in the reward to which that death is the assured passage; fortunate in attracting the admiration of the world to thy beautiful writings; still more fortunate in having written nothing which did not tend to promote the reign of magnanimous forbearance and generous sympathies among thy fellow-men. The brightness of that enduring fame which thou hast won on earth is but a shadowy symbol of the glory to which thou art admitted in the world beyond the grave. Thy errand on earth was an errand of peace and good-will to men, and thou art now in a region where hatred and strife never enter, and where the harmonious activity of those who inhabit it acknowledges no impulse less noble or less pure than that of love.'"



J K Paulding

JAMES K. PAULDING.

1778-1860.

AMONG the first to make a creditable appearance in the field of American literature was James Kirke Paulding. He was also the first of our writers who could be put forth as successfully refuting those critics, chiefly English, who claimed that there was no nationality in our literature. Nationality is the prominent characteristic of all his writings, which appeared during a period of nearly sixty years. The author of "The Dutchman's Fireside" found inspiration at home for his earlier works,—when neither American scenes nor American society were supposed to furnish attractive materials,—as he continued to do throughout his long career of authorship. Paulding was a man of great intellectual robustness: strong in his convictions, and inexorable in his prejudices; with great clearness of perception, but little inclination to the ideal; a hearty hater, and a devoted friend; rejoicing in sarcasm, though free from malignity, both in his books and in his conversation; never

yielding to the illusion of fancy or feeling, and expressing himself in language more remarkable for its grave irony and blunt vigour than for its amenity or elegance. No man ever stood up more stoutly or manfully in defence of that

“mother of a mighty race,”

when she was assailed from abroad, than James K. Paulding; nor did any man ever born on American soil entertain greater contempt for foreign example or criticism. Between Paulding and his contemporary Cooper there were many strong points of resemblance; between the author of “The Backwoodsman” and his lifelong friend and kinsman, Washington Irving, few if any.

James Kirke Paulding, a member of a family ennobled by sacrifices, when sacrifices were the seal of devotion to American liberty, was born in the village of Nine-Partners, N. Y., on the twenty-second day of August, 1778. Paulding’s native county of Dutchess is better known for its rich farms than for its famous men or women. James Kent, James Emott, and Thomas J. Oakley—three eminent jurists; Quitman, the soldier; the brother bishops Potter, sons of a quiet Quaker farmer; the greatest living traveller, if not indeed the greatest traveller who ever lived—John Guy Vassar; and two ladies—one a celebrated beauty, pronounced by the late Emperor

of Russia to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; the other an equally celebrated actress, born in the picturesque village of Pleasant Valley—are the only notabilities that the good old county of Dutchess can claim outside the walks of literature. Among her authors is Alfred B. Street, the popular poet; James E. and Mary C. Brooks, two sweet singers, the former of whom ranked with Drake and Halleck as one of the poetical trio of Gotham something less than seventy years since; Spencer, the well-known classical scholar; Benson J. Lossing, the historian of the Revolution and of the Rebellion; and Andrew Jackson Davis, the prolific writer of works on Spiritualism. We may add that many well-known men have found their homes in Dutchess County. Within her borders resided the gallant Richard Montgomery who fell at Quebec,—

“ Death made no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life ;”—

and another Revolutionary hero, Gov. Morgan Lewis; Generals Armstrong and Tallmadge; Hosack, the famous physician; the scholarly and philanthropic founder of the Lenox Library; and Wilson, the genial entertainer of men of letters, and the writer of many sweet Scottish songs. It was also the home of Morse, the artist and inventor; of Verplanck, the ripe scholar,

and representative of one of the oldest Dutch families; of Davies, the eminent judge, and his brother the author; of Matthew Vassar, who in such princely style founded a college for the benefit of the young women of his adopted country; and of President Raymond, the distinguished educator, who formulated and organized Vassar College.

Our author's father, William Paulding, settled at Tarrytown, in Westchester County, many years previous to the Revolutionary War. Residing "within the lines," that is, on the debatable land intervening between the armies, he was greatly exposed to the insults and depredations of roving bands of British soldiers and Tories. He therefore determined to remove with his family to Dutchess County, which resolution he carried out, pitching his tent at Nine-Partners, a neighbourhood, according to an English authority, inhabited by "a riotous people, and levellers by principle." William Paulding was a member of the New York Committee of Safety, and Commissary-General of the State troops, and an uncle of John Paulding, the captor of Major André. While the army was suffering from the want of necessary supplies, owing to the total extinction of the public credit, Commissary Paulding made use of his own credit among the farmers, and became responsible for large sums of money. When the war was concluded, on pre-

senting his accounts to the Auditor-General this portion of them was rejected, on the ground that he had no authority to make these pledges in behalf of the Government. He retired a ruined man, and was thrown into prison by his creditors, until at length his confinement terminated at the expiration of six years by his prison taking fire, when he made his escape, and returned unmolested to his home. He never renewed his application, but passed the remainder of his days in poverty and such depression as might naturally be induced by the recollection of his many wrongs and sufferings. His wife, Catherine Ogden, of the New Jersey family of that name, was a woman of indomitable will, combined with great industry and economy, and was the main-stay of the family.

Soon after peace was declared, the Pauldings returned to their former abode in Westchester County. Of his early years our author says: "There was little sunshine in my youth. For some time after the war there were very few schools in our part of the country, and the nearest school-house was upward of two miles from our residence. At this country school, which was a log-hut, I received my education," which, he elsewhere remarks, "cost first and last about fifteen dollars—certainly quite as much as it was worth." "I never look back on that period of life which most people contemplate with so

much regret as the season of blossoms, without a feeling of dreary sadness. From the experience of my early life, I never wish to be young again." At the age of nineteen he went to New York and took up his residence with his eldest brother, who had secured a place for him in a public office. Through William Irving, a man of wit and genius, whose residence was the familiar resort of many young men of literary taste and aspirations, Paulding became acquainted with Washington Irving. A strong friendship immediately sprung up between them, which continued unbroken to the last. They had each written some trifling articles for the *Morning Chronicle*, and other journals of the day,—Paulding a few hits at the follies of society, and Irving his "Oliver Oldstyle" essays,—when, meeting one evening at William Irving's, they formed the project of publishing a periodical to lash and amuse the town. On the twenty-fourth of January, 1807, the first number of *Salmagundi, or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and Others*, was issued in New York by David Longworth. It was the joint production of Washington Irving and Paulding, with the exception of the poetical epistles and some three or four prose articles which were written by William Irving. *Salmagundi* was a great success. It satirized the follies of the day with great prodigality of wit, and no less exuberance of good-

nature. Nothing of the kind had appeared before from an American pen or press, and its great success was perhaps the determining cause of the subsequent devotion to literature of its chief authors. At the expiration of a year, twenty numbers having been issued, *Salmagundi* was suddenly discontinued, owing to the refusal of the publisher to remunerate its authors.

Bryant, in his noble tribute to Irving, speaking of this work, says: "In form it resembles the 'Tatler' and that numerous brood of periodical papers to which the success of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' gave birth; but it is in no sense an imitation. Its gaiety is its own; its style of humour is not that of Addison or Goldsmith, though it has all the genial spirit of theirs; nor is it borrowed from any other writer. It is far more frolicsome and joyous, yet tempered by a native gracefulness. *Salmagundi* was manifestly written without the fear of criticism before the eyes of the authors, and to this sense of perfect freedom in the exercise of their genius the charm is probably owing which makes us still read it with so much delight; and Paulding, though he has since acquired a reputation by his other writings, can hardly be said to have written anything better than the best of those which are ascribed to his pen." In the preface to an edition published in 1860, Mr. E. A. Duyckinck says: "A considerable portion of the book was written

by Paulding. We may perhaps trace his pen in the 'Oriental Papers'—a form of writing for which he retained a liking, and which he practised with great spirit and elegance to the last. Many of the exquisite passages of descriptions of nature were undoubtedly written by him. 'Mine Uncle John,' a mellow fine-toned portrait, was his work ; and he had a hand in 'Autumnal Reflections,' one of the most refined, sentimental papers of the volume. It is perhaps a common misapprehension of this eminent writer, that his pen was wanting in geniality, and that he took a splenetic view of life. This notion has probably arisen from the admission of a controversial element into his productions, when, perhaps, it might have been better shut out ; but certainly, with this single exception, no American writer has spread upon his page more feeling observations, more friendly truths, more genial sympathies. His favourite method of the apologue affords a kindly proof of this, which is not to be mistaken by those skilled in literary physiognomy."

Mr. Paulding continued to attend faithfully to the business of his office, at the same time cultivating the brilliant society of men of genius then growing up in New York City. Of that bright galaxy the last survivors were Gulian C. Verplanck and Fitz-Greene Halleck. In 1813, having in the mean while written occasionally for the

various periodicals, Paulding published his second work, "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," in the style of Arbuthnot, in which England and the United States are represented as private individuals, father and son, engaged in a domestic quarrel. In this well-sustained allegory the policy and conduct of England towards this country is keenly but good-humoredly satirized, so much so that the whole work was republished in a British journal. It passed through numerous editions, one of which was illustrated by Jarvis, and may be considered among the most successful of Paulding's productions. It was followed during the same year by a parody on Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," entitled "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle," which appeared anonymously, like most of Paulding's earlier writings. In this work, the raids of the British on Chesapeake Bay are subjected to a stinging rebuke. The hero is Admiral Cockburn, and the principal incident the burning and sacking of Havre de Grace. An edition of this national satire was, with the addition of a complimentary preface, published in London, and enjoyed what might be called the distinction of a severe castigation at the hands of a critic of the *Quarterly Review*. Our author's next work was a pamphlet in prose, "The United States and England," called forth by the strictures of the same periodical on

"Inchiquin's Letters," by Charles J. Ingersoll. The design of the work was to expose the unwarrantable course of the *Quarterly* in drawing general conclusions from solitary examples, and for this purpose Paulding cites many instances from the newspapers of England and other sources, to show that if these are to be assumed as the standard of national morality or manners, the English are very far in advance of the Americans in vulgarity, vice, and depravity. This clever *brochure* attracted the notice of President Madison, and paved the way for the subsequent political career of the author.

After making a tour in Virginia in the year 1816, he published "Letters from the South, by a Northern Man," in which he gives *couleur de rose* recollections of the scenery and society of the "Old Dominion." He occasionally digresses to other subjects, on which he delivers his opinions with his usual sturdy frankness. Soon after the appearance of this work he was appointed Secretary to the first Board of Navy Commissioners, consisting of Commodores Rodgers, Hull, and Porter. In 1818 Paulding published "The Backwoodsman," his most elaborate poetical production, written in the heroic measure, and describing the fortunes of an emigrant and his family on removing from the banks of the Hudson to the Western wilderness, and closing with a glowing apostrophe to the author's native

land. It belonged to the old school of poetry, and met with but a moderate sale, though a part of the poem was translated and published in Paris.

Halleck, in "Fanny," which appeared in December, 1819, thus elegantly and judiciously determines the relative merits of Homer and Paulding as poets :

"Homer was well enough ; but would he ever
Have written, think ye, 'The Backwoodsman' ? Never !"

And in the concluding line of another stanza says :

"The muse has damned him—let him damn the muse."

We may add, in passing, that Paulding doubtless during his long literary life devoted much time and strength to unpopular verse, to writing anonymous articles and editorials on miscellaneous subjects for the *Evening Post* and other newspapers and magazines, and

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind,"

by entering the field of political controversy. In 1819, the year of the poetical "Croakers," a second series of "Salmagundi" appeared, which was entirely from Paulding's pen. It failed to receive the cordial reception that greeted its predecessor. The "town" interest had diminished; the author was residing in Washington, engaged in official

duties; and the work was deficient in that buoyant spirit of vivacity which was one of the chief characteristics of the first series.

The scene of Paulding's first novel, called "Köningsmarke," which appeared in 1823, is laid among the early Swedish settlers on the Delaware. It was divided into separate books, each preceded by an introductory chapter, after the manner of Fielding's "Tom Jones." In 1825 appeared "John Bull in America, or the New Münchhausen," purporting to be the tour of an English traveller in the United States; and a year later "The Merry Tales of Three Wise Men of Gotham," a satire on the social system of Robert Owen, on the science of phrenology, and on the famous legal maxim, *Caveat emptor*, each exemplified in a separate story. The three wise men are introduced at sea, in the famous bowl, relating in turn their experience, with a view of dissipating the *ennui* of the voyage. This was followed in 1828 by "The New Mirror for Travellers," a burlesque on the fashionable guide-books, and the works of English travellers in the United States. It was at first mistaken for a real itinerary, and on this account the title was somewhat irreverently changed to "The New Pilgrim's Progress." A number of stories are interspersed through the volume, which are characteristic of Paulding's peculiar humours. His next productions were "Tales of the Good

Woman" and "Chronicles of the City of Gotham," in which he gives what purports to be a translation of some curious old Dutch legends of New Amsterdam, but emanating exclusively from the fertile imagination of the author.

In 1831 "The Dutchman's Fireside" was issued—a story, as the author informed me, founded on Mrs. Grant's charming descriptions of the manners of the old Dutch settlers, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady." This novel is in Paulding's happiest vein, and is generally esteemed his most successful production. It went through six editions in twice that number of months, was republished in London, and translated into the Dutch and French languages. The writer met with a copy of the first American edition in the winter of 1882-3 in Northern Africa! Miss Sedgwick has given us many charming pictures of primitive customs and feelings in New England; Mrs. Kirkland described with great truthfulness the new homes of Michigan; Judge Hall successfully delineated the border experiences of Illinois; Doctor Bird has given us graphic sketches of pioneer life in Kentucky; Kennedy portrayed life in the "Old Dominion;" Simms has written many inimitable chapters concerning the early days of the Carolinas; Judge Longstreet held a mirror up to nature in his humorous and graphic Georgia scenes; and Thorpe lifted the veil from the lodge of the hun-

ter in the Southwest: but we may safely affirm that none of these local pictures surpass in minute truthfulness and interest Mr. Paulding's delightful sketches of colonial life in New York during the days of the French War, as described in "The Dutchman's Fireside." It will not abuse any man's leisure to read this admirable description of the genuine simplicity of life in New York a hundred and twenty-five years ago. Some of the old mansions of the Schuylers and Van Rensselaers still remain with us; but the actors and customs of those Doric days, to use a favourite phrase of our author, have passed away for ever.

In the following year appeared "Westward, Ho!" the scene of which is principally laid in Kentucky, though the story is commenced in Virginia. The characters are boldly and skilfully drawn: the "Old Dominion" planter who squanders his estate in prodigal hospitality, and then seeks a new home in the West; Bashfield, an untamed hunter; and Judith and Zeno Paddock, a pair of village inquisitors—are all actual and indigenous beings. For the copyright of this work, and also for that of "The Dutchman's Fireside," the author received in each instance, on the delivery of the manuscript, fifteen hundred dollars—a handsome sum for those days. In the year 1867 a popular clergyman was paid nearly twice as many thousand for a similar performance. In 1835 was published Paulding's admirable "Life of

Washington," addressed to the youth of the country, and constituting one of the most attractive personal sketches of General Washington ever written. The portrayal of his character, as summed up at the conclusion, is as just and complete as any we have ever met with. Paulding's next work, which appeared in 1836, when the Missouri question was greatly agitating the whole country, was on "Slavery in the United States." It is an unhesitating defence of the defunct institution against every sort of religious, moral, and economical attack; and had it emanated from the pen of his late Excellency, Jefferson Davis, or Robert Toombs of Georgia, could not have been a stouter pro-slavery production.

In the year 1837, after having filled the office of Navy Agent at the port of New York for twelve years, embracing three administrations, he resigned the position to enter President Van Buren's Cabinet. In his determination to reform abuses in the naval affairs of the country, and to be master of his Department, Mr. Paulding naturally met with opposition in many quarters, and sometimes had occasion to make use of his practised pen. An affair that occurred in 1838 on board the *Ohio*, then the flagship of that unsurpassed sailor, Isaac Hull, called forth some sharp epistles to the young officers concerned, and some kindly letters to the old Commodore, "who has contributed," wrote Paulding, "as

much as any other, living or dead, to raise them and their profession in the estimation of their country and the eyes of the world."

There is a story related—I think it was from Halleck I first heard it—of a laconic correspondence between the Secretary and one of his subordinates in Alabama who was in some way connected with the Navy Department. The brief and pithy communications, as I recall them, ran as follows :

WASHINGTON, —, 1838.

DEAR SIR: Please inform this Department by return of mail how far the Tombigbee River runs up.

Respectfully, J. K. PAULDING.

MOBILE, —, 1838.

SIR: In reply to your letter inquiring how far the Tombigbee River runs up, I have the honor to inform you that the Tombigbee River don't run up at all.

Very respectfully, — — —.

HON. J. K. PAULDING.

WASHINGTON, —, 1838.

SIR: I have the honour of informing you that this Department has no further occasion for your services.

Respectfully, J. K. PAULDING.

Halleck insisted upon it that this correspondence had been officially published, and that when rallied on the subject by an intimate friend, Paulding, neither affirming nor denying its authenticity, passed it by, saying, "It was a very good story."

Soon after his retirement from the Navy Department, which he presided over with ability and fidelity, Paulding purchased a pleasant home in the country, and retired from public life. "Placentia," his rural retreat, is situated on the east bank of the Hudson River, about eight miles north of Poughkeepsie. The house stands near the highway—from which it is partially hidden by a number of noble trees—upon a natural terrace, from which descends an undulating lawn to the river, nearly quarter of a mile distant. The views from the piazza present a most attractive variety of scenery. To the north, looking over a rich, rolling country, now and then rising into lofty hills, the extensive prospect is closed in by the Catskill Mountains, in all their Alpine grandeur and beauty, at a distance of about thirty miles; and in the foreground, standing in the centre of the river, is seen a small rocky island covered with evergreens, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the view. Turning to the west, the eye rests upon the opposite shore of the Hudson, rising abruptly in rocky precipices, crowned with rich, sloping, and highly cultivated land, dotted with cottages and country-seats, and extending back many miles to the base of wood-covered mountains, terminating, a mile or two to the north, in a high bluff, not unlike in outline and magnitude Anthony's Nose, in the Highlands. Adjoining "Placentia" on the

south is the magnificent estate which once belonged to Dr. Hosack,—then deemed one of the finest on the river,—which has been divided and passed into the possession of other families. The lines of our author had fallen in pleasant places. No poet could have pictured a lovelier retreat ; and here, amid the retirement of the country, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and some of the finest scenery of the Hudson, Mr. Paulding devoted himself to the congenial pursuits of agriculture and authorship. Some of his magazine articles written during the years 1842 to 1846 are equal to any of the compositions of his best days.

Writing from Placentia in January, 1846, to his friend William Wilson, the poet-publisher of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Paulding says : “ My second son, William, and myself, with a view to amusing our idle hours during the winter, will occasionally furnish the *Telegraph* with an article—not political, however ; and as our dispatches might occasion some speculation among the quidnuncs of our village, I would like, if you will permit me to enclose them to you, if you will be good enough to throw them into the post-office at Poughkeepsie. If it will give you too much trouble, or if you have any scruples on the subject, pray let me know. I must ask you to be *discreet*, as half the pleasure will be in secrecy.”

In 1847 appeared a new novel from his pen,

entitled "The Old Continental ; or, The Price of Liberty," a Revolutionary story, distinguished by all of Paulding's peculiarities of manner and spirit. The same year was published a volume of "American Comedies," by J. K. and his second son William Irving Paulding, only the first of which, called "The Bucktails ; or, The Americans in England," was written by the father. In 1849 was issued "The Puritan and his Daughter," the scene of which is partly in England and partly in the United States. This, the last of his novels, is not equal to some of the earlier ones, nor did it meet with the same success.

Concerning the preparation for the press of "The Puritan and His Daughter," the author writes in October, 1848, to his friend Wilson, who negotiated with the "Philistines" for its publication :

"I have delayed coming down to Poughkeepsie in the expectation of hearing from — and —, who have not yet answered my letter inquiring if they would take my MS. on the original terms, providing I made it of the required length. It is possible my letter may have miscarried, but I don't wish to repeat the offer, and beg you will, when you next go to town, inquire whether they have received it. If they answer yes, please tell them that is all I wished to know, and say nothing more on the subject. Having declined 'further negotiation on the subject,' they may think me importunate in the matter, and I therefore wish you simply to ask the question whether my letter was received.

"P. S. I recollect in my letter I spoke jestingly of 'spoiling my work.' Perhaps they took me in earnest, not being aware that I value what little reputation I have acquired too much to risk it in publishing a 'spoiled' work. When you have ascertained whether my letter came to hand, pray drop me a line."

(*To William Wilson.*)

HYDE PARK, DUTCHESS COUNTY,
Dec, 17, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Having nothing to do in the farming way this winter, I have undertaken to *splice* the "Puritan's Daughter," as they do steamboats, by cutting them in two, and putting a piece in the middle. With dovetailing here a little, loitering by the way, and stopping now and then to have a talk like Cooper, I shall be able to stretch it to the proper dimensions, I hope, without doing it much damage. Indeed I think on the whole, it will rather be improved. It will cost me, however, more labor than writing it in the first instance. It will make two volumes, such as "The Old Continental," perhaps a little larger.

When you go to New York, and get among the trade, I wish you would see what kind of arrangement (for cash) you can make with those Philistines. I could have it ready in about a month, and should not be easily induced to take less for it than the old price agreed on by — and —, Had they not declined all further negotiation on the subject, in so careless a style, I should have held myself bound to offer the work on the old footing, but as it is, I don't think I owe them the compliment.

Pray let me have a few lines from you reporting

progress, when you make any, as I don't expect to visit Poughkeepsie till spring.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

J. K. PAULDING.

P. S. Screw as much out of those rogues as you can, as I contemplate some great agricultural experiments next spring.

To a party of gentlemen, including William Gilmore Simms and the brothers Duyckinck, who while on a visit to Mr. Wilson, in Poughkeepsie, during the summer of 1854, drove to Hyde Park with their host to dine with Mr. Paulding, he gave the following description of his way of life: "I smoke a little, read a little, write a little, ruminate a little, grumble a little, and sleep a great deal. I was once great at pulling up weeds, to which I have a mortal antipathy, especially bull's-eyes, wild carrots, and toad-flax, *alias* butter-and-eggs. But my working days are almost over. I find that carrying seventy-five years on my shoulders is pretty nearly equal to the same number of pounds ; and instead of labouring myself, I sit in the shade watching the labours of others, which I find quite sufficient exercise."

Writing to a friend in September, 1858, this member of the "Old Guard" of American literature expresses peculiar opinions on the subject of the Atlantic cable and international copyright. Mr. Paulding says :

"You wish my opinion of the International Copy-

right Law. I will give it frankly in as few words as possible. My opinion is, that, like the submarine cable, it will be decidedly disadvantageous to this country and highly advantageous to England; that where one American writer secures any emolument from it in England, twenty British authors will partake of the benefits of this law in the United States, and that it will greatly injure the national literature by tempting American authors to write for England instead of their own country. No truly republican sentiments will ever find favour among English booksellers or book-purchasers. It will therefore be for the interest of our writers who expect patronage in that country or any portion of Europe to be as *loyal* as possible, and to sink the republican. We have too much of this already, and I cannot approve any measure I think calculated to render our literature more subservient to British criticism than it has long been and still continues. I am sorry to differ from, I believe, all my contemporaries; but you asked me for my opinion, and I have given it frankly."

He adds incidentally: "Meaning no disrespect to you or your father, uglier and more sordid-faced knaves than the people of that town I never saw;" and then with much amusement alluded to the substantial citizen who, on the occasion of a celebration in honour of Scotland's greatest poet, asked, "Who is this man Burns that Wilson and his friends are making such a fuss about?"

Paulding himself was no poet. Almost the only lines written by him which anybody remembers are the familiar—

“Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?”

These problematic lines still survive in popular memory and in the children's books, and may be found where they originally appeared, in “*Königsmarke, the Long Finne*,” a quiz on the romantic school of Sir Walter Scott, mentioned on page 140.

The last time the writer saw the venerable author was in the month of August, 1858; the place, his own beautiful home. An hour or two after our arrival he came in, having been, as was his custom in summer-time, taking a morning ramble over his grounds, and enjoying the delicious odour of the new-mown hay. “Sometimes,” said he, “I saunter out of a morning after breakfast, and, seated under the shady side of some old tree, spend half the day looking at the hills and the Hudson, and observing the labours of my men—particularly during the harvest season. For the last two or three hours,” he added, “I have been down in the meadows from which you saw me approaching, looking at the haymakers.” During my visit he dilated with evident pleasure upon “the good old times,” and upon the giants of those days—the Clays, Calhouns, and Websters—compared with whom the statesmen of the present day were mere Liliputians. Like

most elderly gentlemen of threescore and upwards, Mr. Paulding was an unyielding conservative, and thought the world sometimes made retrograde as well as forward marches. The veteran *littérateur* was a man of strong prejudices, chief among which was an intense antipathy to England and Englishmen. By an easy transition from discussing the affairs of this country, he took up the affairs of John Bull ; and such a castigation as perfidious Albion and her statesmen received was perfectly terrific. His hatred of England, visible in his writings as it was in his conversation, was a marked characteristic of the man, for an explanation of which we must remember that he was born in the days that tried men's souls—that his family had suffered injustice and great cruelties at the hands of the British and Hessian invaders. The feelings of bitter animosity towards England, which he drank in with his mother's milk, he carried with him into his winding-sheet.

While speaking of personal matters, he remarked: "The world has not done me justice as an author. I shall leave my works to posterity and to my son William, who can do what he thinks best with them." In answer to my inquiry why he did not cause "The Dutchman's Fireside," and other of his earlier works, which were quite out of the market, to be reprinted, he replied that it was owing to some misunderstanding with his publishers, concerning the whole

race of whom he seemed to think with Tom Campbell, that Napoleon was to be venerated by all authors for having shot one of the fraternity. He pointed out a fine likeness of himself in water-colours, painted, when he was about thirty-five years of age, by Joseph Wood, an American artist. In reply to the question as to whether that or any other portrait had been engraved, he said : "I would never consent to have any portrait engraved for the periodicals. While I was Secretary of the Navy, the publisher of the *Democratic Review* wanted to put in one of his d—— scurvy, lampblack portraits of me." Among other pictures, in the drawing-room, filled with fine old furniture was a copy of Peale's Washington, and the Capture of Major André; and three noble busts—Napoleon by Canova, Americus and Columbus, sent to Madison's son-in-law, "from whom I purchased them," said Paulding. Speaking of New York, he said: "I have been down but once in ten years, and rarely go farther from home than Poughkeepsie, to visit your father." Such were some of the "whim-whams and opinions of Launcelot Langstaff," at the age of fourscore, which I greatly regret that I cannot give altogether in his own pithy and pointed language. As I drove from the door I saw him seated on his broad piazza, with one of his beautiful grandchildren standing on each side of his easy-chair, and his last words as he lifted his hat to his part-

ing guests were: "A pleasant journey back to your Western home!" I never saw him again.

Mr. Paulding having during my visit expressed a desire to see a new work concerning Chicago, to which some allusion had been made in our conversation, and having, he said, visited the West in company with his friend Mr. Van Buren in 1842, and for that reason, among others, felt an interest in the growing city, I sent him the volume entitled "Waubun; or, The Early Day in the Northwest," and soon after received from him the following acknowledgment:

HYDE PARK, DUTCHESS COUNTY,
September 16, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:

I thank you for the copy of Mrs. Kinzie's most agreeable and interesting work, which I have read with great pleasure. Of all the pictures of border-life, all the sketches of the progress of the great wave of civilization, which is rolling over the Western world, I have met with, this is the most pleasant, natural, and graphic. There is no attempt to exaggerate, everything is told with perfect simplicity, and what possesses all the interest of romance, given in the sober colouring of truth as ordinary adventure. The character of the writer shines everywhere, and exhibits features which, I fear, are not now very common to the sex. It is worth something to see a well-educated and accomplished woman marching in the van of society faithful to her conjugal engagements; accompanying her husband through the perils of the wilderness of wild and

savage men, more revengeful than generous, meeting them without shrinking, enduring them without complaint, and describing them with such a gay and gallant indifference to things which women are apt to consider as of all others the most important. I should like to see such a woman, and might be tempted to pay a visit to Chicago for that purpose, were I forty years younger.

I was struck with the phenomenon of a volume so elegant as that you sent me being published at a spot which some thirty years ago was as much a wilderness as the interior of Africa. Such things never hapened in any other country. If you are in the habit of seeing Mrs. Kinzie, pray present my thanks for the pleasure her work has given me.

I am, dear sir, your friend and servant,

J. K. PAULDING.

The echoes of the eloquent eulogies wreathed by Bryant and Everett round the name of Washington Irving, at the New York Academy of Music, in the presence of a distinguished assembly of thousands, on the 3d of April, 1860, had scarcely reached the home of his comrade and contemporary, Paulding, when he too was called away to

“Those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;”

and it requires no stretch of fancy to imagine that he only lingered to gather up and carry to his friend the grateful homage of their common country. The hand of Spring was laid on

the elder, whom Winter had spared. Paulding passed away peacefully early on the evening of the 6th of April, having "by reason of strength," attained to more than fourscore years, and died, like his life-long friend Irving, in the peace of his own happy home, surrounded by those who were most near and dear to him. A few days later his remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery, near New York.

Under the title of "Literary Life of James K. Paulding," his son William Irving gave to the world in 1867 an interesting record and picture, not only of his father, but of many of his early associates of the *Salmagundi* days,—Gouverneur Kemble, Henry Brevoort, Ebenezer, William, and Washington Irving, Harry Ogden, and other "good fellows," who some seventy-five years ago had charming frolics at "Cockloft Hall." This volume was followed by four others containing such of Paulding's writings as his son and literary executor deemed most worthy of preservation. Thus by the aid of extracts from his autobiography, correspondence, essays, and other works we see the career of Mr. Paulding as an author and a public man, and we are convinced that he is entitled to his son's honourable memorial by his constant love of nature, his hearty patriotism, and his characteristic originality.

unthy reader; I hope you will not
think lightly of me, because I
cannot believe this to be so very
bad a world as it is represented.

Dear Lady

Yours truly
Jeffrey Craymer.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1783-1859.

THE career of the charming and amiable Washington Irving is so familiar to every American, that a very few biographical details will perhaps suffice for our present purpose. He was born in William Street, New York, April 3, 1783, and at the age of sixteen began the study of law, being admitted to the bar in 1806 ; but, like Bryant, he soon abandoned the profession.

Before he was twenty-one, having previously devoted a good deal of time to his dog and gun, and made his first voyage up the Hudson as far as Albany, Irving had published a series of articles over the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle." They appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of New York, edited by his elder brother, Dr. Peter Irving. Possessing a pair of lungs which were not supposed to promise a prolonged life, he spent two years in foreign travel, chiefly in the South of Europe, for the benefit of his health. "As I went on board the ship," said Irving to the writer, "the captain remarked to the mate,

‘There’s a chap that we shall have to throw overboard before we get across!’”

Soon after Irving’s return from the Old World he formed a literary partnership with his brother William and J. K. Paulding, the fruit of which appeared in “Salmagundi : or, The Whim-Whams and other opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and Others,” January 1807, to January 1808. One year later “Knickerbocker’s History of New York” was published. It was commenced by Irving, in company with Dr. Peter, with the purpose of parodying a handbill which had just appeared, entitled “A Picture of New York.” The latter’s departure for Europe left it in the hands of his brother Washington, by whom it was completed. The humour of this racy work is irresistible; and it is related of a grave judge that in the course of an important case he suddenly exploded over some laughter-compelling passage of the work, which he had smuggled with him to the bench. | “Already,” pathetically writes the author, in concluding this delightful work, “has withering age showered his sterile snows upon my brow ; in a little while, and this genial warmth which still lingers around my heart, and throbs, worthy reader, throbs kindly towards thyself, will be chilled for ever. Happily, this frail compound of dust, which while alive may have given birth to naught but unprofitable weeds, may form a humble sod of the

valley, whence may spring many a sweet wild-flower to adorn my beloved island of Manna-hatta."

Of Irving's other well-known writings, a noble series, fitly concluded by his admirable "Life of Washington," completed in 1859, it is unnecessary to speak: to enumerate or criticise them is needless, and would be a plagiarism from the stores of universal memory. One of these works, in which he relates the romantic stories of Grenada, the writer had the pleasure of re-reading, in part, in the winter of 1883, in the sunny apartment of the Alhambra in which the delightful volume was written, and of concluding it in the Washington Irving Hotel, adjoining the ancient Moorish Palace. Of Irving's works, including the well-written life, by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, more than a million of volumes have been sold in this country, and probably as many more in Great Britain and other portions of the Old World, where they are only less known and admired than in his native land. Before sharing with my readers some personal recollections of a day with Washington Irving, in September, 1857, I will quote a few lines from an essay by Richard Henry Dana. "Amiability," wrote Mr. Dana, "is so strongly marked in all Mr. Irving's writings as never to let you forget the man; and the pleasure is doubled in the same happy manner as it is in

lively conversation with one for whom you have a deep attachment and esteem." Lowell, describing him in verse, wrote :

" To a true poet heart add the fun of Dick Steele;
Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
With the whole of that partnership, stock, and good-will;
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er as a spell,
'The fine *old* English gentleman;' simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain;
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun, loitering down through green
leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

It was a sunny September morning that the writer set out from New York in an early train, on a visit to Sunnyside and its late honoured proprietor—almost the last of the great literary lights that witnessed the dawn of the nineteenth century. Of his eminent contemporaries who ushered in the reign of the last of the Georges, but four survived him—Dana, De Quincey, Landon, and Paulding,—and they, full of years and then trembling on the horizon's verge, have since been gathered to their fathers.

Arrived at Irvington we procured the only attainable vehicle the place could boast of,—an old, shaky, two-seated, box waggon, drawn by a steed bearing a striking resemblance to Geoffrey Crayon's descriptions of the charger bestrode by

the enraptured pedagogue on the occasion of the famous gathering at Mynheer Van Tassel's, —and were in due time set down at the porch of Sunnyside, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river where its owner thanked God he was born. The quaint-looking mansion is a graceful combination of the English cottage and Dutch farm-house, covered with ivy brought from Melrose Abbey, and embowered amid trees and shrubbery. A venerable weathercock of portly dimensions, which once covered the Stadt-House of New Amsterdam, in the time of worthy Peter Stuyvesant, erects its crest on the gable end of the edifice, and a gilded horse in full gallop, whilom the weathercock of a valiant burgo-master of Albany, glitters in the sunshine on a peaked turret over the portal.

From the tranquil and secluded abode are visible the "Tappaan Zee" and the picturesque Palisades, and various paths lead through shadowy walks, or to points commanding fine views of river scenery. Near by murmurs a musical stream. A more charming retreat for a poet's old age it would be difficult to find, independent of the thousand delightful associations that enhanced its beauties to the mind of Washington Irving.

The simplicity of the interior arrangement struck me as characteristic of the simple and unperverted tastes of its owner, and its cottage

ornaments were suggestive of his delightful pictures of English country life. Entering by a rustic doorway, covered with climbing roses, and passing through a tiled hall, you enter the drawing-room, a low-roofed apartment, on the walls of which hung the Jarvis portrait, painted when Mr. Irving was twenty-seven years of age; an engraving of Faed's picture of Scott and his friends at Abbotsford, presented to him by a son of Sir Walter Scott's eminent publisher, Archibald Constable; together with several other paintings and engravings, and well filled with parlour furniture, a piano, and tables covered with books and magazines of the day.

The family at that time consisted of the bachelor author, who had "no termagant wife to dispute the sovereignty of the Roost" with him; his eldest brother, Ebenezer, ten years his senior; a nephew, Pierre M. Irving, and his wife; and two nieces, daughters of the brother above mentioned, who were ever ministering to the slightest wish of their honoured uncle. Children could not have been more kind and considerate to a parent, nor a father to his daughters, than was the warm-hearted old man to his nieces, who alone of that happy circle now survive, and are the present possessors of Sunnyside.

As I sat at his board in the dining-room, from which is seen the majestic Hudson with its myriad of sailing-vessels and steamers, and heard

him dilate upon the bygone days and the giants that were on the earth then—of his friends Scott and Byron, of Moore and Lockhart, of Prof. Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd ; and as the old man pledged the health of his kinsfolk and guest, it seemed as if a veritable realm of romance were suddenly opened. He told us of his first meeting with Sir Walter Scott, so graphically described in his charming essay on Abbotsford ; and his last, in London, when the great Scotchman was on his way to the Continent with the vain hope of restoring his health, broken down by his gigantic efforts to leave an untarnished name and a fantastic mansion and the broad acres that surrounded it to a long line of Scotts of Abbotsford ; with various anecdotes of those above mentioned, and other notables of bygone days.

Mr. Irving related with great glee an anecdote of James Hogg, the “Ettrick Shepherd,” who in one of his early visits to Edinburgh was invited by Sir Walter Scott to dine with him at his mansion in Castle Street. Quite a number of the literati had been asked to meet the rustic poet at dinner. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Lady Scott, being in delicate health, was reclining on a sofa. After being presented, he took possession of another sofa opposite to her, and stretched himself thereupon at full length, for, as he afterwards said, “I thought I

could do no wrong to copy the lady of the house." The dress of the "Ettrick Shepherd" at that time was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-shearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. Hogg, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and by jest, anecdote, and song afforded great merriment to all the company. As the wine operated his familiarity increased and strengthened; from "Mr. Scott" he advanced to "Shirra" [Sheriff], and thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," until at length he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Lady Scott as "Charlotte."

In reply to our inquiry as to his opinion of the poets of the present day, Irving said, "I ignore them all. I read no poetry written since Byron's, Moore's, and Scott's." "What!" I exclaimed, "not Paulding's 'Backwoodsman'?" Whereupon he laughed most heartily, and answered, "Well, if I did, I should take it in homœopathic doses." This was followed by some friendly praise of Paulding's prose writings, including "The Dutchman's Fireside." This led me to allude to Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady." "Oh yes," he answered, "I knew your gifted godmother, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, but

only slightly. Our friends Cogswell and Ticknor* were much more intimate with her than it was my good fortune to be. Her account of Mrs. Schuyler is a very pleasant one, and I believe, as you say, that it suggested 'The Dutchman's Fireside' to Paulding." After some pleasant words about his former literary partner and some of the younger members of the literary guild, the elderly author said, "He and I were very fortunate in being born so early. We should have no chance now against the battalions of better writers." He alluded in terms of the highest admiration to Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic," and in the same connection complained, "There are a great deal too many books written nowadays about countries, and places, and people, that when I was young no one knew, or wanted to have any knowledge of whatever; and it is morally impossible for any mortal to read or digest one half of them."

Referring to some foreign artists, several of whom I had met while abroad two years previous, Irving, in mentioning his particular friend L——, said, "His wife was a person who always reminded me of a creaking door," in allusion to her habit of constant complaining and fault-finding. "When you visit London again you

*Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell of New York, and George Ticknor of Boston, author of a "History of Spanish Literature."

must take a note from me to John Murray in Albemarle Street, and look at the fine collection in his large drawing-room of portraits of literary celebrities, Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, and many others whose works he issued. If you are in Scotland you will see at Blackwoods', the Edinburgh publishers, some equally fine pictures by Sir John Watson Gordon, of Scott, Lockhart, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Professor Wilson; and do not forget to look at the hole in the carpet made by Christopher North with his cudgel when discussing literary topics with his *confrères* of *Blackwood's Magazine*." The writer did not forget Irving's advice. At Murray's he saw two admirable portraits of Irving himself, which have never been engraved, and at the Blackwoods' a notable portrait of George Eliot, in addition to those mentioned above; also the curious carpet souvenir of Christopher North.

Irving related some pleasant anecdotes of Sir David Wilkie, and referred to the happy hours he had spent in early life with Washington Allston, John Vanderlyn, Charles Robert Leslie, and Gilbert Stuart Newton. "Have you ever," he asked, "seen a little picture painted by Newton, called 'The Dull Lecture'?" As I had seen the charming little work, and told him I had also seen some manuscript lines concerning it written by a gentleman named Irving, he was

not a little surprised, as well as pleased. The picture was purchased at the sale of the Philip Hone collection, and is now in the gallery of the Lenox Library of New York. For the better understanding of the lines, written at the request of his friend Newton, it may be stated that the painting represents an old philosopher reading from a folio, to a young beauty who is asleep on a chair at the other side of the table. It is a fine summer's day, and the warm atmosphere is let in through the open casement. The picture was much admired by Irving. The verses are as follows :

“ Frostie age, frostie age,
Vain all thy learning;
Drowsie page, drowsie page,
Ever more turning.

“ Young head no lore will heed,
Young heart's a reckless rover,
Young beauty, while you read,
Sleeping dreams of absent lover.”

Something led Irving to allude to a friend of his youth named Gratz of Philadelphia, whose sister, Miss Rebecca Gratz, it has been said, was the original of one of the heroines of “Ivanhoe.” Observing a notice recently of the death of this gentleman,* I wrote to ask when Sir Walter

* Mr. Benjamin Gratz, aged ninety-two, the last survivor of a large family, died at Lexington, Ky., in March, 1884. His sister passed away in Philadelphia in 1869, aged eighty-eight years.

had met her. In answer I received a letter from her niece, dated April, 1884, giving the following interesting particulars :

“Mr. Irving was intimate with the Gratz family, and when visiting Philadelphia in early life, made their house his home. Miss Rebecca Gratz and Miss Matilda Hoffman of New York, the lady to whom Irving was engaged, were devoted friends, and during Miss Hoffman’s last sickness Miss Gratz was by her side and closed her eyes in death. This devotion strengthened the strong ties already existing between Irving and the Gratz family, although no mention is made of them in the life of the admired author. When, a few years later, Irving and Scott became friends, the former spoke in such warm terms of the beauty and many accomplishments of the lovely Jewess, and her strength of faith in her religious belief, that Sir Walter selected her as one of his heroines under her own name of Rebecca.”

After a little conversation concerning Columbus and his companions, and Stratford-upon-Avon, which I had recently visited, Mr. Irving made the interesting remark : “If we can in another world meet and recognize the illustrious men who have gone before us, I think I should most wish to see and speak with him whom Halleck happily calls

‘The world-seeking Genoese,’

and ‘the myriad-minded Shakespeare.’”

Many memorials of Irving, I may mention, are to be met with at that pleasant Warwickshire village which he has so delightfully described ; and in many parts of Spain his portraits are to be seen. Of course his life of Columbus and the three Spanish books which followed it at brief intervals are well known in that country, and when I spoke of them to the young King he exclaimed, "O yes, we all know of Washington Irving, and his works about Spain."

In none of the many Irving bibliographies which have come under my notice have I met with any mention of an edition of his writings in my possession published in Paris in 1834 by Baudry, and containing all his writings [down] to that date, together with a well-written memoir and a fine steel portrait from the picture by John Wesley Jarvis. The volume is a large double-column octavo of 1295 pages, including among its contents Irving and Paulding's "Salmagundi." Apropos of portraits, in speaking of several of his own, including the quaint full-length engraving which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, he said, "When you have your portrait painted, avoid as much as possible the stiffness which our modern dress always gives to a picture, by throwing a cloak or shawl over one shoulder, or by wearing a coat with a fur collar, such as you see in my portrait by Jarvis."

Alluding to a journey he had made the pre-

vious season, during which he passed Hyde Park, the residence of his nephew, Henry Van Wart, and other relatives, without stopping, he remarked, "My haste to sit under my own roof-tree again overcame all natural feelings of affection;" and he alluded to an event that occurred nearly half a century since, as having taken place "but a handful of years ago."

Returning to the drawing-room, Mr. Irving sat down in his favourite seat, a large, well-cushioned and capacious arm-chair, and as we called his attention to Faed's picture of many of his old friends, and asked his opinion of it and its correctness, he leaned his head on one hand, as represented in the admirable portrait by Martin prefixed to the illustrated edition of the "Sketch-Book," and with the same dreamy look, surveying it lovingly, replied that "they were mostly 'old familiar faces,' and some of them very good, Scott's, Wilson's, and Campbell's being the best," and spoke of Prof. Wilson as being "a noble-looking man, with a considerable resemblance to our Audubon."

His sanctum sanctorum was a small room, well filled with books, neatly arranged on the shelves, that extended completely around the room. In the centre stood a table, with a neat writing-desk, on which, seated in the well-lined easy elbow-chair, Geoffrey Crayon had written many of his modern works, including his "Life of

Washington." His hours for literary labour were in the morning, "but," said he, "unlike Scott, I can do no work until I get breakfast, and it is between breakfast and dinner that I do all my writing." He appeared gratified at our allusion to the fact that Niagara and Irving were the two topics connected with this country in which we found intelligent Englishmen, or rather Britons, most interested during our sojourn there the previous season, and also at my reference to a letter written by Scott to his friend John Richardson, of London, dated Sept. 22, 1817, a few days after Irving's visit to Abbotsford, in which Scott says, "When you see Tom Campbell, tell him, with my best love, that I have to thank him for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

In strolling over his charming grounds, we came upon those of his opulent neighbour, Mr. Moses H. Grinnell, who married a niece of Mr. Irving, which were kept in the most perfect order, when he remarked, "My place in its rough and uncultivated condition sets off finely my neighbour Grinnell's;" and on my replying that I thought it was precisely the reverse, he indulged in a quiet laugh, and looked very much as if he quite agreed with me. He alluded to Scott's passion for the possession of land, and mentioned

that it was a prevalent disease among authors generally, and confessed to being himself a victim ; and further remarked that he quite agreed with Pope, in thinking " no man was so happy as he who lived retired from the world on his own soil."

On our return we found a party of five ladies and gentlemen, under the escort of a relative, who had come up from New York to see " Diedrich Knickerbocker" and his loved domain. Upon returning from a ramble over the grounds and those of Mr. Grinnell with the Southern party and the Misses Irving, we found the amiable author upon the front porch gazing over the river and the distant hills at the setting sun, the *tout ensemble* presenting a fine scene for a painter. I shall never forget it; the mild, dreamy, and happy expression of that old man's countenance as he sat with his shawl around him looking over the broad Tappaan Zee at the sun's departing rays. I never saw him again.

Among a few precious souvenirs received from authors and poets whose friendship it has been our privilege to enjoy, there is one that possesses, perhaps, more value in our eyes than any, and that is a volume entitled the "Sketch-Book," on a fly-leaf of which is inscribed the present writer's name, with the words, "from his friend, Washington Irving, Sunnyside, September 18, 1857."

In place of any extracts from the few brief notes addressed to the writer by Irving, I will introduce a letter now lying before me from the pen of the poet Rogers (1763-1855):

“A thousand thanks, my dear Irving, for all your letters, but more especially for your last, not only for the account it gave me of yourself and your doings, but because it brought me a delightful companion, and one in the most splendid attire, one not to come and to leave me in spite of all my solicitations to stay a little longer, such as those you had before introduced to me, but to remain with me as long as I live. With Mr. Halleck’s poems I was already acquainted, particularly with the two first in the volume, and I cannot say how much I admired them always. They are better than anything we can do just now on this side of the Atlantic, and I hope he will not be idle, but continue to delight us as often as you have done, and will I hope long continue to do. When Halleck comes here again he must not content himself with looking at the outside of my house, as I am told he did once, but knock and ring, and ask for me as an old acquaintance. I should say, indeed, if I am here to be found; for if he or you, my dear friend, delay your coming much longer, I shall have no hope of seeing either of you on this side of the grave. You say you are building a house: this looks ill for us; but when you have roofed it in, and looked once or twice out of the windows, perhaps you will think of us before we are all gone, and I among the first.

Pray, remember me very affectionately to Mr. and

Mrs. McLane,* and also assure Mr. Van Buren † when you see him how much we are all delighted with his election. I regret that I saw so little of him when he was here, but I think with some pride that he, as well as other Presidents, was once my guest. I have little more to add than to say again, "Pray come and come soon, or I shall not be the better of your visit."

Yours ever, SAMUEL ROGERS.

ST. JAMES PLACE, February 20, 1837.

"I am delighted with Mr. Duer. He is just now at Paris, but promises to make his appearance here again before the May-flowers."

Washington Irving died suddenly, of disease of the heart, on Monday evening, November 28, 1859. He was fond of retirement, and found his greatest pleasure in the amenities of domestic life. In him the poor lost a kind benefactor, and his neighbours a devoted friend. He was ever ready to encourage his fellow-labourers in the walks of literature, and many a cheery word has the young aspirant for fame heard from his lips. For ten years he had been a communicant of the Church, and for the last six years of his peaceful life a warden of Christ Church, Tarrytown. On the Sunday before his death he was in his accustomed place at church, although it was re-

* Louis McLane, American Minister to the Court of St. James during the years 1829-1831.

† Martin Van Buren, President of the United States.

marked by several persons in the congregation that he appeared more pallid and feeble than usual, and it was also noticed that he did not wait, after the services were over, as was his custom, to shake hands with his friends and neighbours, but immediately hastened home.

In the evening of life, surrounded by those that were near and dear—with “troops of friends,”—good health—an income derived from his literary labours, more than sufficient for the modest wants of his household—with a name honoured wherever our language is spoken, and without a single hostile voice being raised against him, he certainly presented a beautiful picture of a serene and happy old age. The traditionary recollection of his early life is burdened with no stain of any sort, and his whole career was marked by undeviating integrity and purity, inasmuch that no scandalous whisper was ever circulated against him. Along with great simplicity of manners, he was characterized by perfect uprightness, and was invariably kind and gracious to all. It was impossible to detect from his conversation that he grounded the slightest title to consideration upon his literary fame.

The words pronounced by a great contemporary on his dying bed might most fitly have been uttered by Washington Irving :

“It is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to

unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted."

No writer since Scott has filled a larger space in the hearts of the people of Great Britain and America than Washington Irving. Lord Chesterfield said of the witty scintillations of the Dean of St. Patrick's, "He that hath any books in the three kingdoms hath those of Swift," and we think that every one, either in the United States or Great Britain, hath at least some one of the works of Geoffrey Crayon,—or if they have not, they should have. His friend, the author of "Our Village," in her delightful "Recollections of a Literary Life," from which we make the following extract, shows that the circulation of Washington Irving's writings in the Mother Country is by no means confined to the literary or higher circles. She says:

"To my poor cottage, rich only in printed paper, people come to borrow books for themselves or for their children. Sometimes they make their own selections; sometimes, much against my will, they leave the choice to me; and in either case I know no books that are oftener lent than those that bear the pseudonym of Geoffrey Crayon. Few, very few, can show a long succession of volumes so pure, so graceful, and so varied as Mr. Irving."

On a beautiful spot overlooking the famous "Sleepy Hollow," and commanding a lovely view

of the river and scenery he loved so well, by the side of his mother's grave, repose the remains of Washington Irving.* It will in a measure be the Stratford-upon-Avon and Dryburgh Abbey of America, and to that spot, the grave of the Morning Star of American literature, who more properly than the great Mantuan might have assumed the proud device, *Primus ego in Patriam*, many a pilgrim will wend his way in the years and ages to come,

“Far on in summers that we shall not see.”

Irving is the first of American authors who has been honoured with a centennial commemoration, and the publication of a sumptuous memorial edition of his Life and Letters. The celebration

* Two instances of vandalism in connection with Irving, which happened to come under my notice, I cannot forbear mentioning. They are, I presume, the penalties of popularity. In the grand old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, on the heights of Granada, our guide in 1883, known as “The Gipsy King,” who pretended to remember Irving, and may possibly have done so, showed us the vacant place where some villain had pried out the piece of marble mosaic work on which the gifted author had written his name on the occasion of his last visit. The other instance is the shameful mutilation of the simple marble slab which marks his grave in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. When I last saw it, the stone was much injured, and I was informed that it was the second one placed there, the first having been entirely destroyed by relic-hunters!

occurred at Tarrytown on the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth, at which pleasant occasion Chief Justice Davis of New York presided, and an oration full of feeling and sympathy was delivered by one of Geoffrey Crayon's gifted disciples, Donald G. Mitchell. The reader will not, I believe, consider Longfellow's beautiful memorial lines misplaced on this last page devoted to Washington Irving :

“ Here lies the gentle humourist, who died
In the bright Indian summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified,
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his! how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer.
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summer, full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.”

The Little Beach-Bird

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
And with that lonely cry
Along the breakers fly?
Fawn rather, Bird, with me,
And through the fields rejoice!

The flitting form comes ghostly dim & pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak & scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us; Thy wail —
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, & hauntest ^{it} the surge;
Restless & sad; as upon strange accord
With the motion & the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit both did urge, —
The Mystery, — the Word.

Of thousands thou, both sepulchre & part
Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the dead.
From out thy gloomy cots,
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's woe & fate—
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn, thy little Bird, take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sad address
Thy spirit never more,
Come quit with me the shore,
And on the meadows light
Where birds, for gladness, sing!

Copied by a more worthy than able
hand. Rich^d H. Dana →

Boston, Dec. 21/76 →

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

1787-1879.

WHEN the Abbé Siéyes was asked what he had done during the Reign of Terror, he made answer, "*J'ai vécu ;*" and it was no idle boast. Nor was it a small thing for Richard Henry Dana, who bore what Sidney calls "the sacred name of poet," to be able to say that, dating from the commencement of the nineteenth century, he had lived an intelligent spectator through seventy-eight of the most exciting and eventful years of the world's history. Born before Byron, Keats, and Shelley, he survived those sweet singers nearly fifty years. Born two years before Washington's election to the Presidency, he lived through the administrations of all his successors down to Grant, till the end came on Sunday morning, February 2, 1879. As one little incident showing that he was in the perfect possession of his mental faculties to the last, it may be mentioned that on the day previous to his death he dictated a letter to the author of this volume.

The uneventful career of a man of letters

does not often furnish much material for biography, and to the author who attempts to write the life of Richard Henry Dana there will appear to be more than the usual lack of incident. His career was mostly that of a literary recluse. So much so, indeed, was this the case, that one of his contemporaries,* for half a century resident in the same city, recently said to the writer, "I do not think I met Mr. Dana five times in fifty years." Had he been endowed with a temperament as active as it was meditative, he would have taken a more important position in the annals of American literature. As it is, but few of our writers have excelled him, either in prose or verse; and no one, I think, will question the statement that his was among the brightest, purest, and highest intelligences that the New World has yet produced.

"It is not a hall filled with smoky statues," remarks Seneca, "that can make a man illustrious; because no one hath lived for our glory, nor is anything ours which existed before us." Yet, if good birth is of any avail to procure respect and veneration from mankind, then was Richard Henry Dana justly entitled to them. He was born at Cambridge, November 15, 1787, and began the world with the prestige of a great name; for he was a member of one of the

* Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

“Brahman” families of his native State of Massachusetts.

The poet's ancestors, like those of Bryant, Halleck, and Longfellow, were among the Pilgrim Fathers. Some literary admixture was in his blood, for he was a descendant of Anne Bradstreet, a daughter of Governor Dudley, whose poems were published in the year 1640. Richard Dana, the first of the American family, was among the 21,000 men who landed in New England between the years 1620 and 1640. He is known to have resided at Newtown, now Cambridge, near Boston, in the latter year, and to have married in 1648. He came to Massachusetts from England, and according to the belief of some of his descendants, was a native of France, from whence he fled in consequence of the persecuting edicts of the Roman Catholics of that country. Griswold, however, states that the family is of English origin, and that William Dana, Sheriff of Middlesex, in the palmy days of Shakespeare, Sidney, and Spenser, was their ancestor. Among Richard Dana's first acts in the New World, of which there is any record, was his deeding fifty-eight acres of land, April 20, 1657, to Edward Jackson. The property is situated on the road from Boston to Newtown Four Corners, and is now known as the Hunnewell Farm. His fourth son, David, born in 1663, married Naomi Crowell of Charlestown,

and their third son, Richard, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1718, married Lydia Trowbridge. Their third son, Francis, born in 1743, was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1762, and at the age of thirty married Elizabeth Ellery, eldest daughter of William Ellery of Newport, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The fruit of this marriage, which occurred August 5, 1773, was three daughters, the eldest of whom became the wife of Washington Allston, the painter, and four sons. The youngest, Richard Henry, and the last survivor of the seven children, was born in the fine old mansion situated on Dana Hill, between Harvard College and Boston.

John Adams, writing to Washington in April, 1776, says of the poet's father: "The bearer of this letter, Mr. Francis Dana, is a gentleman of family, fortune, and education, returned in the last packet from London, where he has been about a year. He has ever maintained an excellent character in his country, and a warm friendship for the American cause. He returns to share with his friends in their dangers and their triumphs. I have done myself the honour to give him this letter, for the sake of introducing him to your acquaintance, as he has frequently expressed to me a desire to embrace the first opportunity of paying his respects to a character so highly esteemed and so justly ad-

mired throughout all Europe as well as America. Mr. Dana will satisfy you that we have no reason to expect peace with Great Britain." Francis Dana was a member of the Continental Congress, appointed as first American Minister to Russia,* and later Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

Dana was a delicate and sensitive child, and an apt scholar. When about ten years of age he was sent to Newport to prepare for college, and there he resided for several years with his maternal grandfather, whose house is still standing and in a good state of preservation. He was a high-strung lad, and is said to have spent most of his leisure-hours, when not engaged in study, in rambling along the picturesque cliffs; and in this circumstance critics have found the original inspiration of his chief poem, "The Buccaneer," the republication of which in a popular magazine but a short period before his death, accompanied

* In the Russian Archives of the Foreign Department at Moscow the writer had the privilege of examining, in 1883, the interesting correspondence between Mr. Dana and the Vice-Chancellor, Count Ostermann, during the years 1782-83, relating to the appointment of the former as United States Minister at the Court of the Empress, she having declined to receive Mr. Dana until the conclusion of the definitive treaties of peace with Great Britain. The correspondence has, since the date of my visit, been copied for the State Department at Washington.

by spirited illustrations, afforded the venerable author undisguised pleasure. It was at Newport, as the poet said to the present writer, that he first met Washington Allston, his future brother-in-law, and his cousin William Ellery Channing, both several years his seniors. They were friends through life ; and fifty years from the time they played together on the sandy beaches and rock-bound coast of Rhode Island, the accomplished author, the highly-gifted artist and poet, and the eloquent divine met frequently in their Massachusetts homes in Boston and Cambridge. Dana followed his two friends and kinsmen to their graves, and during the quarter of a century that he survived them he continued to fondly and faithfully cherish their memory. We should be glad to give some incidents of Dana's boyhood days. But the flight of time obliterates such minutiae, and his contemporaries have all long since passed away ; hence the meagreness of these mere outlines of his early life.

In 1804 Dana entered Harvard College. His class was one that displayed a rebellious spirit, and many of them were in 1807 expelled, Dana and his cousin Walter Channing among the number, for participation in what was known as the Rotten Cabbage Rebellion, which occurred about the close of the third year of his course. Fifty-eight years afterwards the bachelor's degree was conferred upon him, and in 1867 was also given

to Dr. Walter Channing. The "flood of years" has swept away all the members of the class of 1808, which included Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina. The last survivor was Dr. Ebenezer Alden of Randolph, Mass., who in a letter to the author, written at the age of ninety-two, said that he remembered Dana as a slight and sensitive youth when he entered Harvard—that he was an excellent scholar, standing well in his classes; and warmly commended him as a young gentleman of unblemished character. The author's father-in-law, Rev. Dr. J. Cogswell, and his cousin, Joseph G. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, members of the class of 1806, had similar recollections relative to Mr. Dana as a college student.

After leaving Harvard Dana spent two years in study at Newport. He then returned to Cambridge and entered upon the study of the law—first in his father's office, and later in that of his cousin, Francis Dana Channing of Boston, where he was admitted to the bar early in the year 1811. Writing in 1846 to his friend William Alfred Jones, Mr. Dana remarks:

"There might be added,* if worth while, that I have two sons in Boston in the practice of the law, the elder, the author of 'Two Years Before the Mast,' who

* To what Dr. Griswold had published in "The Prose Writers of America."—THE AUTHOR.

bears my name, and the younger, the name of his great-uncle, Edmund Trowbridge. He and my maternal grandfather, William Ellery, married daughters of Jonathan Remington, who, as well as Judge Trowbridge, was in his day one of the King's judges in our colony, and an able lawyer. Judge Remington married a daughter of Governor Bradstreet, who married Anne, the poetess, and daughter of Governor Dudley. I have a copy of her poems published in Boston, 1678, 'Of the Four Elements—Of the Four Humours in Man's Constitution—Of the Four Seasons of the Year—Of the Four Monarchies of the World.' However little of inspiration my good ancestor may have had, you see that she was not lacking in aspirations. The legal profession has run in our family perhaps quite as long as in any family in the country, and unbroken through my father and paternal grandfather. My maternal grandfather Ellery practised law, and was on the bench in Rhode Island for a short time, and I practised long enough to keep the chain whole. By the way, the study of the law interested me deeply. I shall never forget how absorbed I was in the reading of my father's old folio edition of Coke on Littleton. I have sometimes suspected that the old Norman French, the black-letter, and more especially the *old tenures*, acting upon my imagination and bringing before me the early social condition of men, helped a good deal to make this particular work so interesting to me. Does not an imaginative mind draw more from facts which have in themselves or their relation any qualities convertible into poetry, when it reaches through a dry, unimaginative medium, than when they are presented to it by some imaginative power and in

an imaginative form? In the former case the imaginative mind is active and creative; in the latter, more of a mere passive recipient. Sharon Turner's mind, for instance, is dry enough, yet I have never looked into his history without having my imagination excited by it. . . . I studied law in Boston with my cousin, the eldest brother of the celebrated Dr. Channing, my mother and his being sisters, The now Professor Channing was my fellow-student. I was admitted to the bar here, and was in Robert Goodloe Harper's office afterwards for only a few months, to get somewhat acquainted with the Maryland modes of practice. . . . Going into town one day while assisting E. T. Channing (now Professor) in the *North American Review* (1817), he read to me a couple of pieces of poetry which had just been sent to the *Review*—the 'Thanatopsis' and 'The Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.' While C—— was reading one of them I broke out, saying, 'That was never written on this side of the water'—and naturally enough, considering what American poetry had been up to that moment. I remember saying also, 'The father is much the cleverer man of the two.' Bryant's father was afterwards in our Senate, and I went there to take a look at him. He had anything but a 'plain business-like aspect.' On the contrary he had a finely marked and highly intellectual-looking head—you would have noticed him among a hundred men. But with all my examination I could not discover 'Thanatopsis' in it—the poetic phase was wanting to me. I remember going away with a feeling of mortification that I could not discover the poetic in the face of the writer of 'Thanatopsis.' There was no 'mis-

take of names,' you see, as Griswold states. When for the first time I afterwards saw Bryant at Cambridge and spoke to him about his father's 'Thanatopsis,' he explained the matter, and gave me a very characteristic reason for not sending both pieces in his own name: he felt as if it would be overdoing. We had a hearty laugh together when I told him of the physiognomical perplexity his fanciful deception had thrown me in. . . . You may think it strange that I have published so little. Had I been tolerably successful in a pecuniary way, I should have been a voluminous writer by this time. But having a family to support, and finding that I was writing myself into debt, so discouraged me that I had no heart for the work. . . . Do you wonder that repeated disappointments, after having at first distressed me, have at last left me in a state of indifference?"

Dana, as we have seen, studied law for a few months with General Harper of Baltimore; then returning to the North, he opened an office in Boston, and at the age of twenty-four he was elected by the Federalists to the State Legislature. May 11, 1813, he was married by Bishop Griswold to Ruth Charlotte, daughter of John and Susanna Smith of Taunton, Mass. They had four children, only one of whom survives. Mrs. Dana died February 10, 1822, aged thirty-four years.

In 1814 Dana delivered a public address, which was printed with the following title-page: "An Oration delivered before the Washington

Benevolent Society, at Cambridge, Mass., July 4, 1814." During the ensuing year Mr. Dana decided to abandon the profession of the law and to follow the bent of his mind, which ran in another channel. He had been for several years a member of the Anthology Club, out of which grew the *North American Review*, in the editorship of which he was soon afterward associated with Edward T. Channing. To its pages he contributed several striking criticisms and essays. They attracted great attention at the time, and at once established his reputation as an able, independent, and vigorous writer. Perhaps his most important contributions to its pages were his criticisms of the new school of English poetry, of which Coleridge and Wordsworth were the leaders, and were then struggling to attract public attention and favour. When Channing was elected a Harvard professor and resigned his connection with the *Review*, Dana also left it. Without question, his enforced retirement was a national misfortune; for, as Bryant said, "if it had remained in Dana's hands he would have imparted a character of originality and decision to its critical articles which no literary man of the country was at that time qualified to give it."

In the year 1821 Dana began the publication in New York of "The Idle Man," a work handsomely issued in well-printed octavo numbers;

somewhat in the style of Irving's "Sketch Book," but displaying much more vigour of thought and strength of style. Allston and Bryant contributed poems to its pages, and Verplanck aided him in the business arrangements with Charles Wiley, who published seven numbers for the author, when, the work proving unprofitable, it was discontinued. "'The Idle Man,'" wrote Bryant, "notwithstanding the cold reception it met with from the public, we look upon as holding a place among the first productions of American literature." It was at Wiley's, on the corner of Wall and New streets, in a small back room, christened by Cooper "The Den," and so designated over the door, that Dana first met the novelist; the poets Percival and Halleck, the second edition of whose "Fanny" Wiley had just issued; Henry Brevoort, Colonel Stone, Dunlap, Morse, and other notabilities of that day. Here Cooper was in the habit of holding forth to an admiring audience, very much as Christopher North did about the same time in "Blackwood's" back parlour in George Street, Edinburgh.

"I will not affect an indifference which I do not feel," wrote Dana in an introduction to a new edition of "The Idle Man," issued in 1833.

"I have an earnest desire for the success of this volume, and to that end, for a generally good opinion of it, although in estimating what is my own, as well as what belongs to others, the opinion of the many is of

less weight with me than the few. To be liked by those whose hearts and minds I esteem would be an unspeakable comfort to me, and would open sympathies with them in my nature which lie deep in the immortal part of me, and which therefore, though beginning in time, will doubtless live on in eternity. To such hearts and minds I now humbly but especially commend myself."

On another occasion he says,

"The most self-dependent are stirred to livelier action by the hope of fame; and there are none who can go on with vigour without the sympathy of some few minds which they respect."

Bryant once related to me a curious meeting which took place in this city between Dana and the eccentric Dr. John W. Francis, soon after the appearance of "*The Idle Man*." The incident has since been so well told and at greater length by Tuckerman, that I will borrow his description, which I believe he received from the humorous doctor himself:

"Finish of style and psychological insight were too rare in our nascent literature when Richard H. Dana wrote and published those remarkable papers, not to excite the earnest admiration of such a literary enthusiast as Dr. Francis. And while enjoying the pathos and free discrimination as well as pure diction they exhibited, he fully appreciated the heroism of the author, who ventured bravely on a literary experiment involving pecuniary risk, so much in advance of and above the taste and temper of the time and country. But there

was another reason for his partiality for Dana : he had heard Edmund Kean, of whose genius he had made a study, and whose fastidiousness as regards criticism was remarkable, declare emphatically, after reading Dana's analysis of his acting, 'This writer understands me.' The modest and sensitive author of 'The Buccaneer,' had thus been, from the commencement of his career, an object of peculiar interest and admiration to the doctor. One morning, as the latter went forth to his professional duties, a neighbour detained him in friendly chat, and incidentally mentioned that a clerical-looking gentleman who was tranquilly walking down Broadway was Mr. Dana of Boston. 'What !' exclaimed the doctor, 'do you mean to say that is "The Idle Man"?' and he rushed up to the astonished author with the query, 'Are you the immortal Dana?' And, reading in the confusion and surprise of the stranger an affirmative reply, he seized him in his arms, and, bearing him triumphantly across the street, succeeded in placing him, a living trophy of genius, upon his hospitable threshold ; the frightened subject of his demonstration meantime appealing to the neighbour who had betrayed his identity by vociferating 'Release me from this maniac !' Those familiar with the robust figure and broad, rosy face of the doctor, and the slender form and spiritual features of the poet, can easily imagine the extraordinary tableau. Notwithstanding this bold attempt at abduction, a lifelong friendship was the result of an acquaintance so oddly begun."

In 1825 Bryant removed to New York, and became the editor of the *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*. In the first number appeared

Dana's earliest poem, "The Dying Raven," written at the age of thirty-eight, and signed with an anonymous "Y." The same number contained, on the preceding page, accompanied by the simple signature "H.," the poem of "Marco Bozzaris," of which the editor said: "It would be an act of gross injustice to the author of the above magnificent lyric were we to withhold the expression of our admiration of its extraordinary beauty. We are sure, too, that in this instance, at least, we have done what is rare in the annals of criticism—we have given an opinion from which no one of our readers will feel any inclination to dissent."

There was published at Cambridge, in the autumn of 1821, a small volume of forty-four dingy pages, containing eight pieces entitled "Poems by William Cullen Bryant." Six years later there appeared in New York Halleck's little anonymous *brochure* of a somewhat similar appearance, containing seventeen poems and sixty-four pages, bearing on its title-page, "Alnwick Castle and Other Poems." During the same year there was issued by Bowles & Dearborn, of 72 Washington Street, Boston, an 18mo book of 113 pages, dedicated to Gulian C. Verplanck, entitled "Poems by Richard H. Dana," containing the following table of contents: "The Buccaneer," "The Changes of Home," "The Husband and Wife's Grave," "The Dying Ra-

ven," "Fragment of an Epistle," "The Little Beach Bird," "A Clump of Daisies," "The Pleasure Boat," and "Daybreak." These three literary curiosities, now lying before me, are the first editions of the earliest American poets of the present century, and each contains at least one poem destined to live. Some one predicted that Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris" were American poems that would be read by all future ages. May we not add to these Dana's "Buccaneer," which still holds a secure place in the popular anthologies?

Christopher North's criticism on this poem greatly gratified its author, and if for no other reason, is worth recalling. He pronounces the "Buccaneer" by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions, adding: "The power is Mr. Dana's own; but the style—though he has made it his own too—is coloured by that of Crabbe, of Wordsworth, and of Coleridge. He is no servile follower of those great masters, but his genius has been inspired by theirs, and he almost places himself on a level with them by this extraordinary story—we mean on the level on which they stand in such poems as the 'Old Grimes' of Crabbe, the 'Peter Bell' of Wordsworth, and the 'Ancient Mariner' of Coleridge. The 'Buccaneer' is not equal to any one of them, but it belongs to the same class, and shows much of the same power

in the delineations of the mysterious workings of the passions and the imagination."

Bayard Taylor, in alluding to our early literature, said: "Dana, Halleck, and Bryant rose together on steadier wings, and gave voices to the solitude: Dana with a broad, grave undertone, like that of the sea; Bryant with a sound as of the wind in summer woods, and the fall of waters in mountain dells; and Halleck with strains blown from a silver trumpet, breathing manly fire and courage. Many voices have followed them, but we shall not forget the forerunners who rose in advance of their welcome, and created their own audience by their songs."

Dana's family were Unitarians, but in 1826 he and his friend Allston joined the Congregational Church of Cambridge, then presided over by the father of the poet Holmes. In the controversy which continued for about ten years from that time, between the Unitarians and the Congregationalists, Dana entered with great energy, some of his strongest articles appearing in *The Spirit of the Pilgrims*, edited by President Enoch Pond (1791-1882), who survived his friend the poet several years. This bitter controversy, in which Dana was opposed to his gifted cousin, Dr. Channing, the acknowledged leader of the liberal party (of whom Coleridge said, "He has the love of wisdom, and the wisdom of love"), in no way affected their feelings of personal affec-

tion, nor did it for a moment imperil the sixty years' friendship of Dana and Bryant. Much of their correspondence was upon this vexed question, and also in regard to their political opinions, upon which they differed as widely as in their theological views. Some years later Mr. Dana became a member of the Episcopal Church.

"On his removal to Boston," wrote his friend Dr. Adams, "Mr. Dana attached himself to the Episcopal Church, with which communion he remained to the close of his life. To those who knew him well the explanation of this change is very easy. Not to speak of the reaction which ensued, after certain 'measures' adopted in some of the 'Orthodox' churches, which did not commend themselves to the judgement and taste of all, it was the æsthetic element in the *worship* of the Episcopal Church which impressed and delighted his peculiar constitution. It was the same influence which has made Keble's 'Christian Year' more potent over many minds than all the Tracts which were published at Oxford. He was fond of music, of art in all its forms, of everything which fascinated his imagination. That which to a coarser nature was a merely sensuous pleasure and a meritorious rite, to his delicate, refined, and spiritual sensibilities was not merely a charm, but a means of aiding the faith which brought him nearer to God and the world unseen. In that serene and steadfast faith he continued to the end."

In 1829, Mr. Dana delivered a poem before the Andover Theological Seminary. Dr. Adams, who was present, writes: "No one who had the

good fortune to hear that poem, as delivered by its author, will forget the enthusiasm of the occasion. The poet seemed borne away by his theme, his eye sparkled, and his whole face was illumined with rapturous smiles, as

‘Joys played through him like a sparkling sea.’”

This poem, published the same year, was included in the second edition of his works, which appeared in 1833, and was entitled “Thoughts on the Soul.” The volume contained all the poems in the first, with additions, and also his prose papers reprinted from “The Idle Man.” A portion of this volume was published in London in 1844, with the title of “The Buccaneer and Other Poems,” and again in the same city in 1857, in a volume entitled “Poetical Works of Edgar A. Poe and R. H. Dana.”

Could there be by any possibility a more curious combination than a volume containing between the same covers the poems of Poe and Dana? There lies before me while I write a copy of this literary curiosity, together with the rare original edition of “The Idle Man.” Alluding to this oddity of the Dana-Poe *brochure*, the former said he had never seen the book; that he, of course, was not consulted in regard to it; and that while thinking well of some of Poe’s productions, he would not have selected him as a

literary partner or associate, as the London publisher had done for him.

During the winter of 1839-40 Mr. Dana gave a course of eight lectures on Shakespeare, in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, which were subsequently repeated in those cities and elsewhere as late as the summer of 1850, when he delivered them at Andover and Amherst. In the same year, a two-volume edition of his works was issued in this city by Baker & Scribner, containing everything that Mr. Dana deemed worthy of preservation. It passed through two editions, and has now been long entirely out of print. It is to be hoped that the work will speedily be republished, along with his most admirable and scholarly Shakespeare lectures, which were years ago prepared for the press, as I happen to know.

The late Prof. C. S. Henry, in a letter to the author, dated February 20, 1879, says:

"In 1831-32 I lived in Mr. Dana's family at Cambridge, while pursuing some special studies at the University. Between him and myself, though he was my senior by nearly twice ten years, a friendship grew up that continued unbroken to the last. After I left Cambridge a correspondence began which continued through his life. Some of his letters have been lost; but I have now before me 150 of them, which I have been looking over for the last week: the first of them dated in 1832, the last in 1877, written in the tremulous hand of one entering his ninety-first year. These

letters recall to my remembrance much of the story of my own life for half a century, and of his life too. In 1839-40, while delivering his lectures on Shakespeare in New York, he was my guest. He first went to Mr. Bryant's, but stayed there only a fortnight; then he came to me and passed the whole winter in my family. From that time my house was always his home. I suppose there are but few instances of such a warm and hearty friendship—running through half a century—as his letters to me disclose. But he is gone, and of all those who in long past days lived together in mutual friendly relations there are only two that survive—George Ripley and myself.”*

In June, 1832, Dana writes:

“Your friend Emerson has advised his church to give up the observance of the Sacrament service. His people are much excited about it. Some say he will leave. One of Dr. Channing's Society was wrought up to such a state of holy indignation as to rip and swear about it most vehemently to a friend of mine. Some of Emerson's brethren say he is probably a little insane. I don't believe he is any more insane than they, only a little more honest: but to be honest beyond the *world's rule* is to be mad.”

Two years later he says:

“If I had time and *pen-patience*, I could show how Allston, without extravagant habits, but through sheer ignorance of *getting-along* ability, and of the affairs of

* Mr. Ripley, the accomplished critic, died in the year 1880, and Dr. Henry passed away in 1884.

life, with what he has received for his pictures, has for a long time been in that state of anxiety for means which has stopped his work upon the much-talked-of picture. I wish for his own peace of mind, if for no other reason, he could be so relieved as to unroll that canvas, and with a free spirit go on till it should be finished. You see that I have been reviewed over and over again, and in so kind a spirit, to say the least of it. Tilton's review in the *Examiner* is by far the ablest, but some of his commendations made my sallow face glow. I felt that it was here and there beyond my deserts. A review of Bryant by him will appear in the next *American Quarterly Observer*. . . . Longfellow came in and broke off my writing for a while. He is a pleasing gentleman. The Harpers are to publish in two volumes his work, which has been coming out in numbers."

In January, 1835, Dana writes:

"Upon opening a letter this morning, from the editor of the *Quarterly Observer* I saw very neatly spread out in it (let me write it at large) two-and-thirty dollars for my article. Now this same article served me for a Fourth-of-July address at Salem, for which, as is their custom, they sent me ten dollars. Now if I am right, \$10 added to \$32 make \$42—almost half as much as I received for my volume of 'Poems and Prose Writings.' By the bye, do you know that the \$100 which I received for this latter work just squared off what I lost upon the original 'Idle Man'? So you see I am now \$42 in hand. Is this anything like your plan of literary *money-making*? If you have a better (as you hint at my going snacks with you in one),

I s'pose
You knows
I'd like to close
With your propose."

"Allston has finished a picture for Mr. Nathan Appleton," Dana writes, in January, 1836, "by all odds the finest he has painted for many years. It is of a female who has been listening to music. In Park Benjamin's formerly *New England* now *American Magazine* for January you will find Mr. Allston's lines upon it—well worth the trouble of hunting up. All but the last stanza he wrote on hearing my daughter sing his favourite Italian air. He added the last stanza to adapt the poem to his picture. . . . Last autumn I took a class of young females for reading English poetry. Besides this, I have a class of older and partly of married ladies. They take from twelve o'clock to half-past one, three days in the week. I detest reading poetry for the purpose of talking about it; but still, as it gives me a bite at that root called the root of all evil, I endure it. . . . It is a long time since I have written any poetry. Nor shall I probably write any more to the end of my days, unless the bonds upon my spirits are taken off. . . . I received a letter the other day all the way from Kentucky simply begging for my autograph. It cost the writer 25 cents postage, and if he gets the autograph that will be 25 cents more. Fifty cents for an R. H. D. Is not that having honour thrust upon you? Why, an R. H. D. is nigh worth as much at this rate as a D.D. or LL.D." Three years later the poet writes: "Oh that you could see the glorious show that Allston's paintings make! Now that five-and-forty of them are gathered here together, you can hardly imagine the

Power with which they break upon every one when first standing in their midst, Prophet, sorceress, the awaking dead, mountains, sea, woods, quiet nooks, streamlets, sunsets, and last of all—for here we linger last—woman, her *soul*-beauty in her face—more than woman, and yet all woman. Cannot our people be roused up to come from East and West and North and South to see this great creation, the like of which may not be seen here again for centuries? Surely Allston stands in this age alone.”

Of Mr. Dana's Shakespeare lectures Verplanck wrote at the time of their delivery:

“Mr. Dana's last two lectures, on the Supernatural in Shakespeare, and on “Macbeth,” were perhaps the very ablest ever delivered in this city, by any lecturer. In the union of metaphysical refinement and rich poetic beauty of expression, in the uniform soundness and purity of his teaching, in his discriminating and exquisitely just criticism, we know of no American writer who can be said to approach him. He is invariably high-toned—his devotion of sentiment and of principle are *constant* qualities. Not merely as poetical productions, full of acute remarks and picturesque analysis, not only for an exhibition of a delicate feeling for beauty and powerful expression of it, but as lessons of wisdom and sage counsel, these Lectures deserve to be heard with respectful attention.

“Himself a poet, and friend of poets and artists of the first class, Mr. Dana can speak with authority and to the point, on all questions of the character of those that came up before him. The delicate and fragile blossoms of fancy, the vivid and creative flashes of

imagination, the whole world of sentiment and emotion, are included in his philosophy. The charms of feminine loveliness, the force of manly character, are appreciated and advocated by him. The eternal principles of Truth, Justice, Conscience, and Virtue 'shine aloft like stars,' in his views of Man and Society, though at the same time, with the tender feeling of the lover, he neglects not the miniature miracles of creation, in herb, tree, grass, or flower.

"The concluding lecture on Violent Deaths on the English Stage, and on 'Hamlet,' we advise our readers by no means to lose, for they will regret it hereafter, if they absent themselves. Such lectures are not often heard anywhere, and should be cherished, as among the finest fruits of American scholarship, genius, and critical ability."

Writing to Mr. W. A. Jones in March, 1852, Mr. Dana remarks:

"My health has not been so good for many years as it is now, and I find it quite impossible to feel old. Reading something about the Bishops of the Church in the early ages a few days since, it said of one of them, 'This old man of sixty-one being sent into Africa—' 'Old' indeed! thought I. Strange enough! Why, here am I nearly sixty-five, and call me old? Make me a bishop, and I will go to Africa too. I am not old. I won't be old! Don't call me old! Yet they will. I sometimes hear them say 'The old gentleman.' It is hard for me to realize the truth of it. My inward self gives it the lie to me. I am obliged to set my outer self off and look at it as in a mental mirror, and then it hardly seems to be *myself*. I am sorely inclined

to pity the object I see there, as I would another, and not myself. Do you think Falstaff's numbering himself as of the Youth was all of vanity? Not at all. It was more than half from jollity of heart. Merriment cannot be old, and kindness and a cheerful nature live a perpetual youth. Not that I am of a merry or scarcely a cheerful one; but I hope not of an unkind one, and that therefore it is, I have some inward youth in leaf yet. I am not thoughtless of the fact, however, that, at the utmost, in a very few years more I must be gone. Not a day passes over my head without reminding me more than once of this. I see that the grave-digger is beginning to cut the sod, and here and there one is turned up, and I perceive gravel and loam. I stand talking on awhile, and presently I seem 'to hear the words, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.' But there are other words than these, my dear sir: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' I know not how I have been led along out of trifling into such seriousness. But it is better from gay to grave than from grave to gay; still, both are well in their season."

In another letter he writes :

"You tell me wonders of Halleck. Why, I thought he was on his last legs! I should indeed like to see him, and especially in his Connecticut village. One would be at home with him there, if I understand him. I have met with very few professedly literary men so much to my liking, so natural and easy and self-forgotten."

From several others of Mr. Dana's letters to the author I make a few brief extracts. Writing in 1868, he says:

"I greatly regret my acquaintance with Mr. Halleck having been too slight for me to tell you anything new about him. I well remember dining with him, many years ago, at our friend Bryant's, and how frank and genial he was. I took to him at once, but never saw him after."

In forwarding, for a member of my family, a manuscript copy of "The Little Beach Bird," in 1870, the poet writes:

"I am pleased that you have so chosen. My head has been for some time past in so delicate a state that I have been obliged to forbear reading or writing as much as possible. This must account for the slovenly appearance of the copy."

In another letter, in answer to inquiries, Mr. Dana writes:

"Mr. Griswold's facts are stated correctly in his 'Prose Writers of America,' with the exception that the criticism on Moore's Poems was by Prof. Channing, and not, as Griswold has it, by me. My first contribution to the *North American Review* was an essay entitled 'Old Times,' which appeared in 1817, and now begins the second volume of my collected works. I was much pleased at receiving your Memorial of Chief-Justice Kirkpatrick. It makes one feel *strong* to read the life of such a man. He must have been a rare character—an ancestor of whom Mrs. Wilson may justly feel proud."

Writing under date of November 27, 1872, Mr. Dana remarks:

"It greatly pleased me to receive a few lines from you, just returned from that glorious old city, London, which, it is sad to think, I shall never see. . . . You must have 'talked me up' to the two ladies who ask for my autograph, so almost wholly unknown am I across the water. You speak of Sir Henry Holland as my senior. I learn that he was born in October, 1788, which makes him my junior by eleven months. Were it the reverse, however, I should hardly have had the indomitable energy to visit Norway and Sweden, or even the Big Trees of the Yosemite Valley. I remember my son speaking of breakfasting with Sir Henry, some years ago; but he had not the pleasure of meeting his family, as they were out of town. What a treat his conversation must be! Our friend Bryant takes along with him all the vigour of youth into his old age. He stands in little need of the profits on his poems, which you mention; but from another cause it must be gratifying to him, and what is still better—his fellow-creatures must be refined through his success. . . . 'Green River' was first published in *The Idle Man*, second number; 'A Walk at Sunset' in the third number, there headed 'Poetry,' simply. *The Idle Man* appeared in 1821-22."

In another letter, written soon after the last, Dana said:

"What you tell me about our friend Bryant in Great Britain greatly surprises me. That he should be so little known in Ireland and Scotland is certainly strange; but that you should be asked such a question

as was put to you at Oxford almost surpasses belief.* No less singular is the ignorance of Halleck and his admirable poetical writings, to which you allude."

A few months later the poet writes :

"I have not received any letter from you since those relating to the autographs for the English ladies.† In order that you might feel assured that no letter had

* In writing to Mr. Dana the previous week, I had mentioned the circumstance of having lunched with one of the Fellows of Magdalen College, occupying a seat two hundred years old, and drinking my ale out of a silver tankard of the same age. Afterwards visiting the Bodleian Library, and inquiring for "Bryant's Translation of Homer," of which I had been speaking to my English friend, we were gravely asked, "What Bryant?" and upon the question being answered, were solemnly informed that they had never heard of him! To this I may add another illustration of ignorance: A leading London literary journal, in the course of an editorial, remarks: "Fitz-Greene Halleck, whoever he may have been, and his poem of Alnwick Castle, is also represented," etc.—*Vide Saturday Review*, March 29, 1884; article "American Collectors." Another English authority on literary subjects,—*The Athenæum*,—in announcing the venerable poet's decease, has the following: "The death is announced of Mr. R. H. Dana, the author of 'The Buccaneer,' and the father of the novelist"! His friends would be happy to hear the titles of some of his novels.

† The autograph poems referred to were for the daughters of Sir Henry Holland, and were written by Richard Henry Dana, Fitz-Greene Halleck, William Cullen Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

through some mistake got mixed up with others, unread, I have made a careful search. I cannot account for the failure, unless some of President Grant's pardoned post-office thieves may have broken open the packet, looking for something of money value."

In 1873 Mr. Dana says :

"I am late in thanking you for the very pleasant sketch of Sir Henry Holland. Is it a sin to envy you a little your acquaintance with him? If so, I fear I stand in need of forgiveness. Are we soon to have a collection from his MSS.? It will furnish much to interest the curious, of which I confess myself to be one."

Mr. Dana, having received, on its publication in 1876, a copy of the Bryant *brochure* on Christmas Day, he wrote:

"I heartily thank you for the 'Presentation' to my friend of many years. But for you I might never have seen it. It was pleasant to read your account of his continued health. For myself, I had returned from the sea-shore but a few days, in fine health, when I was taken ill, and have been out of doors but three times up to the present. I thank you also for the hope you express that I may be present at the unveiling of the statue to Halleck. To be there would be very gratifying, for, besides the poet, I liked the manly man. But I shall never again leave town, except for my seaside place, till I am taken to my long home."

Writing a year later, the poet says:

"The 'Memorial' came safely. It was pleasant to

meet in any form my old and not forgotten friend Mr. Duyckinck. He was one of the first—and when I was a stranger to him—to notice me favourably, and at a time when I had little enough of such notice nearer home. To this was added the satisfaction of its being done by one who wrote so well. Many were the agreeable hours I afterwards spent with him. . . . I never did anything here or there (Boston or New York) by publishing but lose money.”

I shall always regret that I cannot recall Mr. Dana's delightful talk about his brother-in-law, Washington Allston, while showing me some of his paintings which adorned the poet's Boston residence, on the occasion of my first meeting with him, and his touching allusion to Allston's death. In a letter to his friend Professor Morse, Mr. Dana writes :

“I wish you could have seen more of Allston, particularly within the last year of his life. Frequent use of terms, and especially a cant use of them, is apt to deaden their force and significancy, even with those who have a spirit fitted for them ; yet let me say that if ever *heavenly-mindedness* showed itself in its *life* and *beauty*, it made itself visible in the mind of Allston : humble, childlike,—himself nothing, Christ all things,—love overflowed him, and the harmony of the upper world permeated him, and harmonized for him all nature and all art. These were not separated from his religious life, because they were taken up into and sanctified and made beautiful. How few really feel and understand that term, *the beauty of holiness !*’ Yet one is

almost afraid to speak in this way, so mournfully has a self-presuming spiritualism desecrated spiritual things. May God bless you, my dear sir; and, through the trials which He has laid upon you, may you be fitted for that prosperity which in His good providence, I trust, is now awaiting you!"

Brackett, a young Boston sculptor, had been remarkably successful in his bust of Washington Allston. Executed just after the painter's death, it stood in the sculptor's studio, and Dana came in to see it. He took his seat before it, and after a long and reverent gaze, said with infinite tenderness of manner, "Ah! he makes us all look down." Those who have seen the admirable bust will remember the elevation of its manner, which we believe did no more than justice to Allston living.

From Dana's letters to Dr. Henry we take a few more extracts:

"As to Miss Sedgwick, I have not read the particular work," writes Dana in May, 1838. "And the reason why I have not read that and several others of Miss S——'s works is that she never interests me in her *books*. She wants refinement, deep thought, knowledge of human nature; her men and women all stand on one leg—I mean one apiece; and her views, political and religious, are superficial and erroneous. In private life I like her exceedingly for her simplicity and kindness, and for not wearing blue stockings, but I never care to see her in print. . . . By the bye, Bancroft is

positively engaged to the rich widow B. Bliss. One of her sons always went by the name of Sandie Bliss, which Tom Appleton * translates into 'Arabia Felix.'"

When asked why he always dated his letters under his signature, Dana wrote:

"I will tell you why I date at bottom instead of top. I have oftentimes been interrupted in the midst of writing a letter, so as not unfrequently to be obliged to leave it till another day. Now nothing exhilarates me more than having a letter from a friend reach me while it is fresh—just out of the water, so to speak. A letter from a friend some hundred or two miles off, written yesterday and coming to hand to day, not only reduces the distance between us, but gives him a sort of personal presence—his spiritual body at least is made more present to my mind's eye and his voice to my mental ear. Whereas, should the letter be four or five days old instead, the mind immediately goes to work and multiplies the multiplicand of one or two hundred by four or five; and presto! my friend's beyond the mountains and his spiritual body dim as mist to me. Thinking that others might be affected in the same way with myself, I fell into the habit of dating when I had finished, and not when I began."

From Pidgeon Cove, Rockport, Mass., Dana writes, August 17, 1842:

* Thomas Gold Appleton, the brother-in-law of Longfellow and the classmate of Motley and Wendell Phillips, died in 1884. He was a charming companion, and the author of many clever witticisms like the above.

"Bryant and wife and child have been with us good three weeks. They leave in the morning for New York. Brackett, the young sculptor, who took my bust about a year since (pray don't guess at it by the engraving in Griswold's 'Selections of American Poets'), has been here and made a fine one of Bryant—a likeness, but not after the fashion of all the portraits I have seen of him, exaggerating the unpleasant parts of his face and missing its higher style of character, but the very reverse: it is the head of Bryant the *poet*, nothing more or less."

"Did you ever see the letter," writes Mr. Dana in July, 1846, "of the late Lady Flora Hastings' mother to the Queen? That was a fine specimen for you—a combination worthy of a truer age—the subject's sense of obedience with the noble Lady's quick sense of insult and wrong, a bowing to the crown with an erect rebuke of her who wore it. What a sense of loyalty blended with contempt for the act of her who should have better remembered how sacred a thing had been placed in her keeping! . . . Depressing as the thought of leaving home is to me when the time is drawing nigh, I doubt not I should long ago have visited you, had I not such an indefinable horror (mixed with something like anger and hatred) of steamboats. I hate them partly because they are modern, and in part again because, like all 'modern improvements,' they have destroyed so much beauty. Think of that most graceful of all man's inventions, that creation of air as well as water, a winged ship, and then of one of these monsters, 'hot from hell,' smelling of it foul and stenchy. Besides, I have a foolish foreboding. But no more of this matter."

In another letter the poet writes:

"We had so mixed a company here the other night that such another could hardly be got together out of Boston, and yet the party was a small one—a Roman Catholic bishop and priest, an Anglo-American Catholic presbyter and layman, two ultra-transcendentalists, a socialist, an antislavery maniac, a no-religion and ultra-peace man, a wounded lieutenant just from Mexico, a sprinkling of Congregationalists, and should have had Low-Churchmen in the persons of Bishop Potter and Dr. Vinton and a lay neighbor had they not been engaged."

In 1850 he remarks:

"With the exception of my lectures, and the trifle I got from an article now and then in the periodicals, what do you think I have cleared in the course of thirty years by publishing? Less than four hundred dollars!"

Two years later Dana writes:

"Now the Webster obsequies are over, there is nothing going on here save Spiritual Rappings and their concomitants. One of our judges (an ordinary man) is deep in the matter—*deeper* than he ever was in the law. On this being told to another of our judges, he quietly replied: 'I should advise him to put himself into communication with Judge Marshall or some other able lawyer.'"

In 1853 the poet says:

"Everybody except you and me goes to Europe now-

adays, but returns dissatisfied with the character of society at home. Two or three of my acquaintances are daily wishing themselves across the sea again. I am quite enough dissatisfied with it without ever having been abroad. I think I'll not go unless it is to stay there. It is all in vain, my dear sir: I cannot feel in sympathy with what is distinctively American in us. All I can say is I wish my country were better than it is—less blustering, boastful, grasping, sharp, vulgarly ostentatious, less absorbed in things physical, less dead of sense to our finer natures. I'm patriot enough for that, thank God!—and there ends my patriotism. By God's help we may become a better people, a more interestingly wise, but, if we should, it will assuredly be through much of suffering. Prosperity is our curse; chastisement—speedy chastisement would be a mercy to us: it may be too late to do *that* to us."

A year later Mr. Dana writes:

"My heart has always yearned for old England—less, to be sure, after the 'Reform Bill' and the death of Coleridge; but still the feeling is strong. I do wish well to my country, and trust that the Lord will lift it up at last. But as it is now, I cannot find that in it which I most long for."

In March, 1856, the poet writes:

"Lately I have lost the only friend of my boyhood, and the only one that was near me. Channing and I knew each other when schoolboys, were classmates in college, read law together, housed together, were workers together in the *North American Review*, and with the break of two or three years when I left home, were

companions till he set out on that journey, which I had always taken it for granted I should begin before him, but he had the start of me. It is all over, and I am heavy at heart." At the close of the year he says: "I am growing forgetful, through the wearing out of years upon me, but not of you or any of the very few left me; rather my memory becomes more and more tenacious of them. I sit and poke in the ashes (I still burn wood), and think and think upon them, and ask myself whether any more of them will be taken from me, or they be left to say, 'Well, well, poor Dana is gone! One would hardly have thought he would have lived so long. Never in full health, and yet dying an old man three-score and ten, and upward!' . . . So you have been adding to your house no more, I would hope, than your simple needs asked of you; for in this country we do not build for our children's children—no, not so much as for our own children. Scarcely have the feet of the mourners followed us to the grave than the tread of strangers is heard on our floors. We build for strangers; there is no *heart* in it. We build without *hope*, that hope which has in it the tenderness of memory—the hope that those sprung of us will dwell where we have dwelt, sit by the fires that we had sat by, and go through the daily rounds of life where we had gone through them."

Writing in 1859, Mr. Dana says:

"Years back, some thirty five or six,—only think on't!—I passed up your beautiful river, spent a day at Verplanck's father's at Fishkill, and another at Poughkeepsie along with my old friend who has passed away, and Prof. Channing. Long ago as it is, I have not lost

the impression that the scenery made upon me. Then, again, there is your and my visit to that right old-fashioned gentleman, Dr. Creighton, that is fresh with me. How at home was one made to feel immediately in that substantial dwelling! And well indeed should I like to BE under your roof for a while, but the *transition* to it! Bryant has often asked me again to his beautiful place, and John Wallace, with whom and his late brother I spent most pleasantly some three weeks when lecturing in Philadelphia, has not only pressed my visiting him, but has also offered to meet me in New York and see me to his house. Yet here I am, and do not know but that I shall be, till I go to that other house whither Death takes us without so much as saying 'By your leave.'"

In June, 1861, after describing his daughter's work for the soldiers in Union Hall, Boston, Mr. Dana adds:

"By the way, where Union Hall stands, stood before and for a time after the Revolution the once well-known Liberty Tree, under which my grandfather, Richard Dana, administered to Oliver an oath not to accept from our mother-country the office of mandamus counsellor, for doing which, had we been defeated, the old gentleman would probably have been hanged from the very tree, and of consequence I should not have been sitting here scribbling to my fast friend. A tree cut in stone is inserted into the outside wall of the Hall."

Dana in December, 1867, writes:

"If the warmth of heart has cooled off, where the reverence that should have come up in its place? Am

I not an *octogenarian* by more than a month? More than that, am I not a learned Doctor—not a mere D.D. like yourself, but a stately LL.D.? Bethink you what is due to me, and manifest your respect in good time, and your repentance along with it, lest I should go hence before having pronounced forgiveness upon you. Now, do not toss back your head and shout out at my new honours. I am only in the condition of our old clergymen upon whom Havard College was so in the habit of bestowing a D.D. just as they were about stepping into their several graves, that the bestowing of the degree came to be called ‘administering extreme unction.’ It was no doubt kindly meant by Williams College. So far I sincerely thank them for it. But knowing that I had no true right to it, I was sorry that it was done. I believe, too, in certain honours and marks of distinction, and am pleased when they are well bestowed, but have a foolish kind of shrinking from them so far as relates to my particular self. I like stately processions, but always as a looker-on. . . . I send by this mail Whipple’s Eulogy on Andrew. You are somewhat a hard critic I know, yet I am confident that you will be pleased with it for its purity of style, its fine thought, and for the impression that it leaves upon the mind; that though the character it portrays seems almost to pass that of any single man, it must be true. As I listened to W. I found myself saying in mind, ‘Of what other man could all this be said, yet how true it is! He was of a noble and sweet nature. How he made you love and respect him! The most companionable of men, yet the hardest of workers; self-denying, limited in means, but always helping the needy. I do miss our near neighbor.’”

The last letter written by the poet to Prof. Henry is dated December 18, 1877. He says:

"Though I have been so long in sending you my thanks for the *Churchman*, you must not think me any the less thankful. It has been all the time in my heart, though it has not oozed out at my finger-ends. My old brain is drying up, I believe. At any rate it warns me to stop after having for a few minutes found a few nothings. And my hand having been hurt, serves me little better. . . . Many acquaintances called to see me on my ninetieth birthday, and others almost buried me in flowers. At my burial, had it been that instead, they could not have done more. I have said to my children, 'No flowers on my coffin nor any on my grave. Leave them for little children.'"

In another letter Mr. Dana writes of Coleridge as "that dear, great man," and regrets that his works are not more studied—"they are not to be read, in the common acceptation of the word. Study his 'Friend,' his 'Aids to Reflection,' his 'Church and State';" and alludes to another favourite author, as "that beautiful creature, Charles Lamb." Describing a dinner at Bryant's, he says:

"After dinner Halleck and I talked monarchism, with nobility and a third order—enough to prevent despotism, nothing more. Bryant sat by, hearing us. 'Why,' said he, 'you are not in earnest?' 'Never more so, was our answer. Bryant still holds to simple democracy, I believe. How far Mr. Halleck may have modi-

fied his creed, I know not. For myself, I am only better than ever satisfied what an incorrigible creature man is to govern under the wisest adopted forms. But man will have to come to orders and degrees at last."

It was a perfect August day during the year 1878 when we drove along the rocky coast of Cape Ann, from Beverly through Beverly Farms and past Manchester-by-the-Sea, on a visit to this oldest of American poets, whose wild and most picturesque summer retreat was situated a mile or more beyond the latter place. Entering his simple gate, and passing along the private driveway fringed with forest-trees and apparently, like the avenue, left undisturbed as nature made them, a few minutes' drive brought us in sight of the two-story mansion standing on the edge of a lofty lawn or bluff overlooking the sea—together a place singularly solitary, and almost savage. The house, built some twoscore years ago by its aged owner, was surmounted by a balustrade on the sloping roof, after the fashion of Lowell's and Longfellow's colonial homes at Cambridge. Alighting and passing through the hall to the portico on the opposite side, I saw a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty. Below, a broad expanse of ocean under a cloudless blue sky; on either side, the rocky headlands of "Shark's Mouth" and "Eagle's Head" thrusting themselves well out into the sea, thus forming a small crescent-shaped bay, from the sandy shore of which came

the ceaseless murmuring of the waves of the broad Atlantic, breaking gently on the smooth white beach some sixty or seventy feet beneath, and so near that a stone could easily be cast into the sea. The house, standing on the very verge of an almost perpendicular cliff, had no near or visible neighbours except the white-sailed ships and steamers passing and repassing, and, at the distance of perhaps half a mile to the west, a handsome modern residence, towering above the surrounding trees; in the background beyond, the light-houses of Boston, Salem, and Marblehead harbours. Not far from the beach is a small rocky island, partially covered with a growth of stunted trees, and away to the east the half-sunken reef where the *Hesperus* was wrecked, the sad story of which has been told in the tender and touching ballad of "Norman's Woe."

None of the family were to be seen at the time except a solitary and venerable figure basking in the warm southern sunshine, on a portico almost overhanging the sobbing sea below, and engaged in reading without glasses the August number of an English magazine. As he courteously and easily rose from his chair I saw before me one of whom, as of ancient Nestor, might be said,

"Age lies heavy on thy limbs."

He was under the usual height, broad-shouldered

but slight, still holding himself tolerably erect, with sight and hearing unimpaired, his eloquent and expressive blue eyes undimmed, and his pale countenance and fine regular features presenting a mingled air of sadness and unmistakable refinement, combined with the sweet high-born courtesy of the old school of gentlemen. His silvery hair, reaching to his shoulders, and his full, flowing beard and long moustache of the same colour, assisted in making him in his *tout ensemble* one of the finest living pictures that I have ever seen of noble and venerable age. I stood in the presence of Richard Henry Dana, the patriarch of American poets. Although over ninety years of age, he was still in the possession of a fair measure of health and strength, and in the enjoyment of a serene and sunny old age, surrounded by children and grandchildren. He once said to me that he never possessed what Sydney Smith called "a good, stout bodily machine," but was born, like Bryant, with a frail and feeble body. He distinctly remembered the death of Washington, and was an intelligent listener, on the succeeding Sunday, to a discourse delivered on that subject by the Rev. Theodore Dehon in Trinity Church, Newport, the rector taking for his text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Dana's mental faculties were in no way weakened, but perhaps slightly more sluggish in ac-

tion, than when I first saw him in his Boston home some ten years previous. He spoke with deep feeling of the death of Bryant and Duyckinck, and said that he had written to the latter a few days before his decease,* and that he should soon follow them. He also alluded to the loss of another life-long friend, Mrs. — of Boston, who passed away a few days before the date of

* DEAR MR. DUYCKINCK: I am greatly troubled to hear through General Wilson that for some time you have been so ill as to be confined to your house. Standing on the very verge of an unusually long life, you may well suppose that for the most part I am looking off over the unending sea, stretching on and on beyond it. Yet it is not alone on what is to come that my thoughts are tending: they turn back with more vividness than ever, and with a distinctness nigh marvellous, towards the long past. I am mentally living between the past and future: the present is hardly within my consciousness—at the most is but a sort of dim haziness through which the past comes back to me with a nearness and distinctness that startles me. I see it, and you I see with a fresh presence as you used to meet me with your cordial greetings in my frequent calls—greetings that made me forget for a time that I was a stranger in New York. I well remember, too, the gratification, before we were personally acquainted, that your notice of me in your periodical [*The Literary World*] gave me. I had but little notice from the public at the time, and to be so noticed in articles so well written was no little comfort to me—it gave me heart. How can I but look back, far gone in my ninety-first year, as I am? The last of my oldest friends, who I trusted would follow me, has just gone before—the chairs are all empty, and I am left sitting alone. You came later. I pray,

my visit in the last week of August. The aged poet talked of Bryant's wonderful literary activity, maintained to the very last, and remarked that although he himself had not practised it, he believed in the philosophy of Cicero as to the efficacy of constant activity in keeping the mental powers in repair during old age. Some one has said, he added, that the mind of an old man is like an old horse—if you would get any work out of it, you must work it all the time.

Speaking of Bryant's death, the poet remarked, "I am the sole survivor among my literary friends and contemporaries—Channing and Allston, Cooper, Irving, Halleck, Percival, Verplanck, and now Bryant. All—all gone before me!" Answering a question about Allston, Mr. Dana said: "Yes, I made some effort, as Bryant told you, to collect material for a life of Allston, but I did not proceed with it. I lost heart in the matter, and so abandoned it. Yes, I hope it may yet be done. You have perhaps met with my letter on the subject in the *Life of Morse*, and have seen what my son has written of him in the volume,

don't you leave me. We shall not meet in the body here; but you can write me, and that is something like meeting in spirit. With old esteem,

RICHARD H. DANA,

Boston, 43 Chestnut Street,

August 5, 1878.

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, Esq.

which he edited, of Allston's Lectures on Art." "Do you like Leslie's portrait of him?" "Greatly, and I am pleased that it is in so safe a place as your National Academy. It was a generous act on the part of Morse to purchase and present the picture."

"No recent biography can be compared to Scott's," continued Mr. Dana, "and I know of few authors with whom it is possible for the reader to become so well acquainted. Even his inner life is open to us in the pages of his son-in-law's most interesting biography." Again alluding to Scott, he said: "Inasmuch as poetry is an infinitely higher thing than romance, I believe, contrary to the general judgment, that it is on his poetry, so Homeric in its character, and not on his novels, that Sir Walter's title to immortality will mainly rest." In speaking of Wordsworth he said: "Above all other writers of the nineteenth century, except Coleridge, I should have most wished to see the poet of Rydal Mount;" and alluding to his writings, compared them, as was said by an old divine of the Scriptures, to "a river, wherein there are as well shallow foords for lambes to wade in, as depths for the elephant to swim in." . . . "Among our own poets Bryant stands first. Your friend Halleck has produced the best lyric poem yet written in this country. He should have given us more."

Dana alluded to himself in the course of our conversation as an idle dreamer and an industrious but fastidious reader, who had done little else for twoscore years, adding a brief quotation in the following lines from Longfellow's "Paradise Lost :—

“ I lie upon the headland height, and listen
To the incessant sobbing of the sea.”

He also made use of a stanza from a hymn, which he remarked was a great favourite of his:

“ A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And I shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.”

While conversing about the authors of the Old World, the venerable poet, in referring to the country of Coleridge and Southey, happily described it, in the words of his favourite author, as

“ That precious stone set in the silver sea;”

and said that it was one of the greatest regrets and disappointments of his long life that he “must go hence without having seen or set foot on the ‘sceptred isle.’”

Before we parted Mr. Dana desired me to present his kind regards to the daughter of his oldest friend, and said, as we separated, “Pray

keep me in remembrance if we never meet again 'on this bank and shoal of time.'"

Twice during the last decade of Dana's life he met with carriage accidents. On the second occasion the bottom of the rockaway fell out, and the whole thing gave way most mysteriously, after the manner of Holmes' historic one-horse shay. Mr. Dana was assisted into No. 74 Beacon Street, Boston, a good deal shaken by his fall, from which, however, more fortunate than his friend Bryant, he experienced no more injury than an ugly cut on the side of his head.

A trait common to Carlyle, Dana, and Tennyson was a dislike to general society, with the power to be a delightful companion under certain circumstances. Another prominent trait of the old poet was his affection for his three sisters, which was so strong that he was never separated from them; while one of his peculiarities was as stated to the writer by a lady, who said, "It was sometimes with difficulty I could avoid smiling at Mr. Dana's regular remark that he had been ill, made in conversation, as well as in his correspondence."

Dana wrote little, less perhaps than he would have done had he received more encouragement, and also possessed a temperament as active as it was meditative,—but he did some good work, and his reputation rests on a secure foundation, too secure to be disturbed. He did enough for

assured fame. His life, as I have already said, was chiefly that of a literary recluse, but in winter, when in Boston, good music, and especially classical music, and anything worth seeing in the way of art—which he loved in all its aspects—was certain to draw the poet from the seclusion of his quiet home on Chestnut Street.

For a few days before the end came, Dana gradually failed, and at length passed away peacefully, and, as he had often prayed, painlessly, dying of no other disease than old age, in Boston, on Sunday, February 2, 1879, on the same day of the month and at the same hour of the day that Mrs. Dana and Allston had died. On the following Wednesday he was unostentatiously placed by the side of his ancestors in the family vault at Cambridge. Longfellow, one of whose daughters married Dana's only grandson, was present, and wrote of the occasion as follows :

“ In the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;—
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,

As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran; but ah! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these!"

Except Dana, we do not recall any distinguished European or American writer who has passed, by nearly two years, his ninth decade with unclouded mind. Brougham and Humboldt died at ninety, while Samuel Rogers (in whose house the writer happened to be on the very day when the banker-poet was ninety-two) had been dead to the living world for several years before the end came, 18th December, 1855. He was born 30th July, 1763. His mind was first affected by being thrown from a carriage, and a similar accident was the cause of loss of memory to Josiah Quincy, who also reached the age of Dana and Rogers. Several illustrious lawyers and judges have attained to ninety-five; Titian died in his hundredth year; Count Waldeck, another artist, and archæologist also, sent me a portrait and a letter when he was one hundred and seven (he lived two years longer); and Saadi, the Persian poet, is said to have reached the same age. Dana's career included the entire literary history of his native land as a nation down to the day of his death; Barlow's "Vision of Columbus" having first appeared on the day after the poet was baptized, on Sunday, November 18, 1787, by the Rev. Timothy Hilliard, pastor of the First Church, Boston:—

"Lord, keep his memory green!"

According to the ancient Greek adage, "Whom the gods love die young." The same thought was expressed by an English poet in one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever written—that on a new-born infant, by Bishop Lowth :

'Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care,
The op'ning bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there!

But if it be a blessing or sign of Divine favour to die young, surely it is a still greater blessing to live long, happy, useful, spotless lives, and sink serenely, full of years, into the grave, regretted and esteemed, like the early American poets and attached friends, Fitz-Greene Halleck, William Cullen Bryant, and Richard Henry Dana, whose combined ages amounted to more than two hundred and fifty years !

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

1789-1851.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, whose writings are instinct with the spirit of nationality, stands at the head of American novelists. The *Edinburgh Review* long ago said: "The empire of the sea has been conceded to Cooper by acclamation; and in the lonely desert or untrodden prairie, among the savage Indians or scarcely less savage settlers, all acknowledge his dominion.

'Within this circle none dare move but he.'

Cooper was born at Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789, one of twelve children of Judge Cooper and his wife Elizabeth Fenimore. He was fourth in descent from James Cooper of Stratford-upon-Avon,—that famous Warwickshire hamlet which gave birth to Shakespeare,—who moved to the New World in 1679, and four years later purchased property in Philadelphia. When the future writer was but thirteen months old, the family, consisting, with the servants, of fifteen persons, moved from Burlington to a lo-

cality in the adjoining State of New York, now called Cooperstown, on the shore of Otsego Lake, where the judge owned many thousands of acres. Here he erected a mansion known as Otsego Hall, and here in this wild frontier region James spent his boyhood, becoming familiar with its woods and waters, which he afterwards so well described, "at the very time when the first wave of civilization was breaking against its hills." The boy's early instruction was received in the village school, from which he was sent to Albany to study as a private pupil with the Rev. J. Ellison, the English Rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. At thirteen he entered Yale College,—with the exception of the poet Hillhouse, the youngest member of his class,—and three years later was dismissed, owing to some boyish frolics. His father, then a member of Congress, obtained for his son a commission in the navy, after having served a short apprenticeship of a year on board a merchant-ship, the Naval Academy at Annapolis not being in existence at that time. Cooper's first service afloat in the navy was in the summer of 1806. Having on January 1, 1811, married Miss Susan Augusta DeLancey, a sister of Bishop DeLancey of Western New York, Cooper resigned his position in the navy, and settled at Mamaroneck, near New York City. Numerous children were born to him, of whom three daughters, including Susan Fenimore, the

author, and his youngest child, Paul, a prosperous lawyer of Albany, survive.

While one evening reading a new novel descriptive of English society, which did not please him, Cooper said to his wife, "I believe I could write a better book myself." Challenged to make good the boast, he wrote a few chapters, and, receiving the approval and encouragement of his friends, including Charles Wilkes, he completed the story, which was published anonymously in 1820, at his own expense, and attracted little attention. It was a tale of country life on the English model, and was called "Precaution." In the following year appeared "The Spy: a Tale of the Neutral Ground," displaying more skill and power. This charming story, founded upon incidents connected with the American Revolution, appealed strongly to the sympathies of his countrymen, and became a great favourite, as it is still, after a lapse of sixty-three years. "The Spy" was equally successful in Europe, being translated into nearly all the Continental languages, making the name of its author almost as well known in the Old World as the New. In not a single one of the great libraries of Europe, when I visited them in 1883, did I fail to find some of Cooper's novels, and generally the writings of Irving and Longfellow. The writer has seen "The Spy" in the Arabic in Algeria and Morocco, in the Norwegian in Lapland, and in

the Russian in the heart of that country ; and he was informed by an English friend that it had been translated and published in Persian ! No work translated from the English language is so well known in Mexico and South America as "The Spy."

When Halleck went abroad in July, 1822, he carried with him the proof-sheets of the first one hundred pages of "The Pioneers," which his friend Cooper wished to have published in England. It was issued in New York, and in London by Murray, during the winter of 1822-23, followed in 1824 by "The Pilot,"* works which shared public attention at home and abroad with the Waverley novels. From that time until the publication, in 1850, of his thirty-second and last work of fiction, being five more than was written

* While "The Pilot" was passing through the press Cooper read a portion of it to a critical friend, who was charmed with it, and as a further test he selected a former shipmate as a critic, and read a few chapters to him as Scott had read the hunting scene of the "Lady of the Lake" to an old sportsman. When he came to the beating out from the "Devil's Grip," his auditor became restless, rose from his seat, and paced the floor with feverish strides. There was no mistaking the impression, for not a detail escaped him. "It is all very well, my fine fellow, but you have let your jib stand too long." It was the counterpart of "He will spoil his dogs" of Scott's hunting critic. But Cooper, fully satisfied with the experiment, accepted the criticism, and blew his jib out of the bolt-ropes.

by Sir Walter Scott, Cooper enjoyed an uninterrupted career of literary prosperity. Several years after his death a noble uniform edition of his novels, illustrated by Darley, was issued in thirty-two octavo volumes, of which it is asserted fifty thousand copies are sold annually.

In the year 1826 Cooper visited Europe, the fruit of which was a manly vindication of the land of his birth from many current misrepresentations, in his "Notions of Americans." His friend the Admirable Croaker, as Cooper in writing to Irving called Halleck, in his poem of "Red Jacket" refers in this wise to this work and its author:

"Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her fields, her pioneer of mind;
A wanderer now in other lands, has proven
The love for the young land he left behind;

"And throned her in the senate-hall of nations,
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
And beautiful as its green world of thought;

'And faithful to the Act of Congress, quoted
As law authority, it passed nem. con.:
He writes that we are, as ourselves have voted,
The most enlightened people ever known.

"That all our work is happy as a Sunday
In Paris, full of song and dance and laugh;
And that, from Orleans to the Bay of Fundy,
There's not a bailiff or an epitaph.

“ And furthermore—in fifty years, or sooner,
We shall export our poetry and wine;
And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a schooner,
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the Line.”

Cooper also wrote while abroad “Gleanings in Europe,” “Sketches of Switzerland,” and several other works, which enjoyed a large measure of popularity half a century ago; American books of Old World travel being less common at that period than the present, when it may almost be said they appear in battalions.

Soon after his return from Europe, Cooper gave to the world his valuable and elaborate work on the United States Navy, which has passed through numerous editions, and is still the standard history of the American naval service. In addition to this work, which was republished in England and led to considerable controversy, he published two volumes of “The Lives of American Naval Officers.” The novelist expended, in the course of his literary life, much time and strength on newspaper and personal controversies, not infrequently carried to the courts, and for the most part growing out of the rather severe strictures on his own countrymen which he introduced into his writings—notably in “Homeward Bound.” Greenough the sculptor expostulated with Cooper, as did many other friends, and wrote to him from Florence, Italy, after reading that novel: “I think you lose

your hold on the American public by rubbing down their shins with brickbats, as you do."

Of the many eminent men that Cooper met in Europe, including Sir Walter Scott* and Lafayette, "he appeared," said Halleck to the writer, "to have the sunniest recollections of the witty canon of St. Paul, with whom he had several good-natured controversies at dinner-tables and elsewhere.† Yes," continued the poet, "I met Cooper soon after his marriage, and we were always the best of friends. When I was in Paris," added Halleck, "'The Spy' was attributed to Miss Fanny Wright, a Scotch lady who was for a time a public lecturer in the United States, on morals and religion from a somewhat infidel point of view. Her chief theme was 'just knowledge,' which she pronounced *joost nolidge*. She wrote

* In his diary, Scott says they met at the Princess Galitzin's in Paris, in November, 1826; "so the Scotch and American lions took the field together."

† Another of our idols shattered. "I was acquainted with Sidney Smith," writes the second Duke of Wellington to the author, "and wish, like yourself, that my acquaintance had been confined to sitting in his chair at his son-in-law's dinner-table: for I honour cleverness, particularly when it is light-hearted and blithesome; but I disliked Sidney Smith, for he was noisy, tyrannical, and vulgar. Unfortunately he had a very loud voice, which he made louder still if anybody attempted to amuse the company but himself. You must not suppose that I ever had any pretension of the kind in his presence. I was but a young and silent spectator."

an unsuccessful play called 'Altorf,' which was produced at the Park Theatre." In conversation on one occasion with my father, Cooper remarked that of all his writings he preferred "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer." The series of which these two are the first and the last, were the perpetual delight of the elder Dumas, who deemed "Leatherstocking" perhaps the most interesting creation in all the realm of fiction—an opinion in which his poet-friend Halleck shared; and in 1883 Victor Hugo said to the writer, that, excepting the authors of France, "Cooper was the greatest novelist of the century." About the same period, at Cannes, Sir Charles Augustus Murray, speaking of his well-known and popular Indian story of "The Prairie Bird," and of his having spent a year in early life among the Pawnees, remarked: "In an interview with me Fenimore Cooper said, alluding to the publication of 'The Prairie Bird,' 'You have had the advantage of me, for I never was among the Indians. All that I know of them is from reading, and from hearing my father speak of them. He saw a great deal of them when he went to the western part of New York State, about the close of the past century.'"

An undated letter, which I do not think has been in print, addressed to the editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* by Irving, refers as follows to "The Pathfinder:"

"I hope you have performed your promise, and that we shall see an extended critique on Cooper's new novel in your next number, in which the author will receive ample justice. I have just read the 'Pathfinder,' and it has given me a still higher opinion than ever of Cooper's head and heart. It is an admirable production, full of noble pictures of exalted virtue in the humbler paths of life. The characters of 'The Pathfinder' and 'Mabel Dunham' are noble conceptions, and capitally sustained. The old salt-water captain also is a masterpiece, with his nautical wisdom, his contempt for fresh water, and his 'point no point' logic. Let no one say, after reading 'Mabel Dunham,' that Cooper cannot draw a female character. It is a beautiful illustration of the female virtue under curious trials—some of the most terrific, others of the most delicate and touching nature. The death-bed scene, where she prays beside her father, is one of the most affecting things I have ever read; and yet how completely free from any overwrought sentiment or pathos! The proof to me of the great genius displayed in this work is the pure and simple elements with which the author has wrought out his effects. The story has nothing complicated: it is a mere straightforward narrative, and the characters are few."

Conversing with the author on a summer day at Guilford, Halleck said of Cooper: "He is colonel of the literary regiment; Irving, lieutenant-colonel; Bryant, the major; while Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Dana, and myself may be considered captains. . . . Two or three of Cooper's characters I consider the first in American fic-

tion. Which are they? Why, Leatherstocking, Long Tom Coffin, and Uncas. Why this noble creation has been so neglected by painters and sculptors I am at a loss to understand. Certainly there is no nobler Indian character depicted in our literature. Thackeray calls the first of these immortal creations—and he was certainly a competent judge—one of ‘the great prize-men’ of fiction, better perhaps than any of Scott’s men, and ranks dear old ‘Natty Bumppo’ with Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, and Falstaff—heroic figures all.” “If anything from the pen of the writer of these romances,” said Cooper toward the close of his life, “is at all to outlive himself, it is unquestionably the series of ‘The Leatherstocking Tales.’ To say this is not to predict a very lasting reputation for the series itself, but simply to express the belief that it will outlast any or all of the works from the same hand.”

During Cooper’s last autumn on earth he was contemplating another Leatherstocking story to cover the interesting Revolutionary period, deeming that he had not entirely exhausted the charming and original character; but he was unfortunately turned aside from his purpose by the cold water thrown on the project by his publisher, who expressed doubts of its success, and the danger of injuring the commercial value of the series. As Bryant remarks in

his admirable address on Cooper, "Those who consider what new resources it yielded him in 'The Pathfinder' and 'The Deerslayer' will readily conclude that he [Cooper] was not mistaken."

Apropos of Bryant and Cooper, I remember hearing the poet relate a little anecdote of a disputatious man as he heard it told by the novelist: "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny *that* too, for two and two make twenty-two."

The novelist's son writes to the author from Albany, May 19, 1884: "I should be glad to furnish you with some unpublished matter such as you speak of for your notice, if it were not that I feel debarred from doing so by my father's request that his family should not supply biographical material. Furthermore, what I possess or could command is not perhaps of interest enough to publish." Another member of Mr. Cooper's family remarks:

"Mr. Lounsbury's book has been a disappointment. While he has done justice to the high moral tone of the novelist, the sketch of his social character is absurdly distorted. He represents Cooper as a cold, gloomy cynic; in fact, he was generally considered a very agreeable companion, full of animated conversation. His social feelings were very strong. He was remarkably fond of children, and very indulgent to young people, entering with zest into their pleasures. Had Mr. Lounsbury known Cooper personally, he would have written a very different book. Some of

his comments are absurdly erroneous, as for instance where he says Cooper was a 'Puritan of the Puritans;' for never was there a nature more opposed to the narrow prejudices of Puritanism. And what could be more absurd than to say that he had a lingering weakness for poor George the Third! . . . Cooper intended writing another *Leatherstocking* tale of the date of the Revolution, the scene to be laid at Niagara. I have always regretted that he did not carry out this plan; for he greatly admired Niagara, and would doubtless have left us some fine descriptions of that grand cataract."

It was my privilege to have two glimpses of Cooper and a few words of conversation with him, but not my good-fortune to have enjoyed any measure of intimacy with him, as with some others of our early authors. On the first occasion, as I was standing at the closed door of a Broadway bookstore in conversation with a friend, I opened the door for a noble specimen of a man possessing a massive and compact form, who approached from the counting-room to pass out, and who acknowledged the act with a gracious bow, and "I thank you, sir." He was, as my companion informed me afterwards, the novelist Cooper, coming from an interview with his publisher concerning his last work, "*The Ways of the Hour*." It was early in the following year that I had the honour of being presented to him.

The distinguished author died at his residence, Cooperstown, September 14, 1851, being then in his sixty-second year, and since that time his beautiful home, known as Otsego Hall, has been destroyed by fire and the property passed into other hands. He was buried among his kindred, in the family inclosure in the Episcopal churchyard of Christ Church, and beneath the shadows of a fine fir-tree, planted by himself, and several graceful elms and maples. The marble above his grave bears these simple lines:

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Born September 15, 1789.

Died September 14, 1851.

Six months after his death a public meeting (as many of my readers will remember) was held in honour of his memory—an occasion which no one who had the good-fortune to be present will be likely ever to forget. The place of meeting was in New York, and the presiding officer was Daniel Webster, with Irving and Bryant by his side. The great statesman addressed the large assemblage, speaking for the last time in New York, and was followed by Bryant in an appreciative and poetical address, now included in his prose writings.

“Cooper exemplified in his literary career a story he was in the habit of telling of one of his early adventures. While he was in the navy he was travelling in

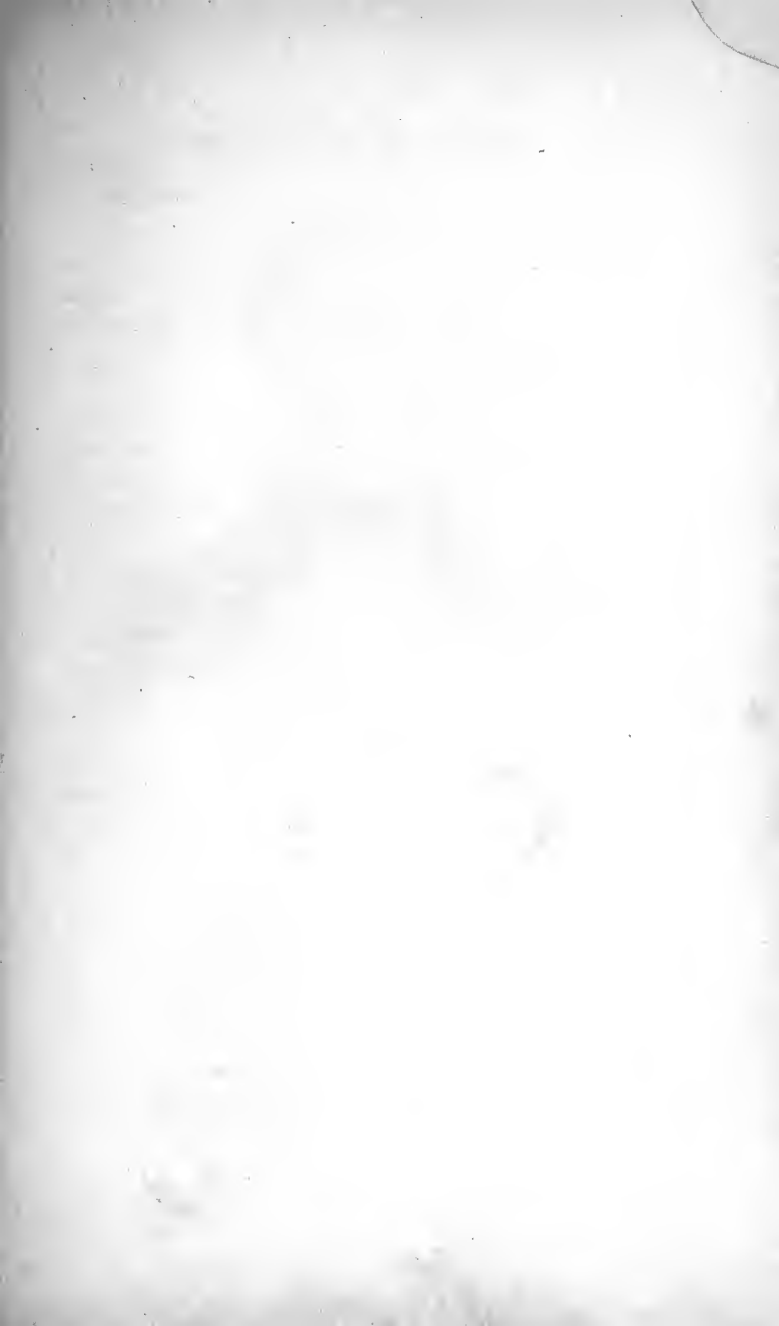
the wilderness bordering upon Ontario. The party to which he belonged came upon an inn, where they were not expected. The landlord was totally unprepared, and met them with a sorrowful countenance. There was, he assured them, absolutely nothing in the house that was fit to eat. When asked what he had that was not fit to eat, he could only say in reply that he could furnish them with venison, pheasant, wild-duck, and some fresh fish. To the astonished question of what better he supposed they could wish, the landlord meekly replied that he thought they might have wanted some salt pork. The story was truer of Cooper himself than of his innkeeper. Nature he could depict, and the wild life led in it, so that all men stood ready and eager to gaze on the pictures he drew. He chose too often to inflict upon them instead of it the most commonplace of moralizing, the stalest disquisitions upon manners and customs, and the driest discussions of politics and theology."

This acute and striking criticism is extracted from a recent work on Cooper* by Professor Lounsbury, who concludes his biography of the novelist in these words: "America has had among her representatives of the irritable race of writers many who have shown more—far more—ability to get on pleasantly with their fellows than Cooper. She has had several gifted with higher spiritual insight than he, with

*James Fenimore Cooper. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English Literature in the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale College. Boston, 1883.

broader and juster views of life, with finer ideals of literary art, and above all, with far greater delicacy of taste. But she counts on the scanty roll of her men of letters the name of no one who acted from purer patriotism or loftier principle. She finds among them all no manlier nature and no more heroic soul."

While monuments, statues, and busts have been erected to Bryant, Halleck, Irving, John Howard Payne, Edgar A. Poe, and William Gilmore Simms, his country has for more than three decades neglected to honour the memory of her greatest author with any other memorial than the unimportant column at Cooperstown, surmounted by the figure of "Leatherstocking." It is to be wished that his statue might be set up by the side of Scott's in the Central Park of New York; but perhaps it is unnecessary, for, as Webster well said, "The enduring monuments of Fenimore Cooper are his works, and while the love of country continues to prevail, his memory will exist in the hearts of the people."





Fitz Greene Halleck

OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES
AND OF THE ARMY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

1790-1867.

CONSPICUOUS among the ancient towns of Connecticut is Guilford, the birthplace of Fitz-Greene Halleck, one of the earliest, as he is among the most admired, of American poets. In pausing to give some account of the old town, we trust we shall not be charged with rivalling the Greek traveller who began his chapter on Athens with a disquisition on the formation of the Acropolis rock. The poet on more than one occasion playfully boasted to the writer that there were none but gentlemen born in his native town of Guilford, their mechanics and labourers all being importations from New Haven and elsewhere. Its early history shows, whatever may be the character of the people of the present day, that the town was certainly settled by a very superior class of young men collected in England, chiefly from the counties of Kent and Sussex, with a few from Huntingdon and Cambridgeshire : all were educated, and several were graduates of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. They embarked for the New World in company with the Rev. Henry Whitfield, who

had been a clergyman of the Church of England, accompanying the eloquent preacher from a feeling of attachment to him and to his teaching. He became the friend and associate of such men as Cotton, Hooker, and Davenport, which led to his being cited before the Court of Star Chamber and Bishop Laud, so that eventually he became a Congregationalist, and found it convenient, if not necessary, to depart hastily for New England. He had formed an acquaintance with a number of young gentlemen, who had become attached to his ministrations, and they organized a company for the settlement of a plantation on the north shore of Long Island Sound, in connection with George Fenwick's company. They assembled at London, in May, 1639, and sailed together in a vessel of three hundred and fifty tons, for New Haven, in company with Governor Fenwick and his newly-married wife, the widow of Lord Boteler. While on shipboard Whitfield drew up and signed their plantation covenant, and in the month of August he and his company purchased of the Indians the lands comprising the present town of Guilford, employing the Rev. John Higginson as an interpreter. The contract with the Indians was made in August, and the deed is dated September 30, 1639. These papers, with a map, and Whitfield's plantation covenant, are preserved in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Whitfield and his company commenced the settlement immediately, and in the organization of the church he was constituted one of the seven pillars on which it was founded, the others being Samuel Disborow, the magistrate, and afterward the famous Lord Chancellor, whose life is given in Noble's members of the Cromwell family; Rev. William Leete, afterward Governor, first of the New Haven colony, and next of Connecticut colony; Rev. John Hoadley, a graduate of Cambridge, and grandfather of Bishop Benjamin Hoadley and Archbishop John Hoadley of Armagh; Rev. John Higginson, afterward of Salem, and at one time perhaps the first minister of New England; Rev. John Mephram, the friend and relative of Governor Fenwick; and Rev. Jacob Sheafe, afterward the wealthiest merchant of Boston. Mr. Whitfield returned to England in November, 1650, and was succeeded by his son-in-law Higginson, who remained in charge of the congregation for ten years. The Rev. Joseph Eliot, one of Halleck's ancestors, succeeded him, occupying the stone house erected for Whitfield in 1639. Said the poet as he showed us through the substantial structure in the summer of 1863, "This was the first house erected in Guilford, and is, I believe, the oldest inhabited building now standing in New England."

The first settlers of Halleck's native town

came to this country when the hold of the Dissenters was broken from the mother-land, so that they settled the place as an independent republic. -They drew up their constitution, which is on record in the handwriting of Disborow, and entirely independent of any other power whatever. This beautiful document is complete in all its parts, providing for its executive, legislative, and judiciary departments, the order of its courts, manner of holding its meetings, provisions for electorship, etc. The same spirit of local independence has survived to the present day, and characterized the inhabitants during all the past, and it appears in the writings of the poet, of which a striking instance is the fragment "Connecticut," which is more particularly a description of the characteristics of Guilford. "Never," says a recent writer, "was there a settlement formed of more rigid Puritans than that of Guilford, and there is no town in New England where the peculiarities of that noble race of men have been more faithfully transmitted from father to son than in that."

Fitz-Greene Halleck, the second child and eldest son of Israel and Mary Eliot Halleck, was born July 8, 1790, in a pretty cottage on the east side of the Guilford Village Green, at that time the common burial-place of the town. His ancestors were among the earliest of the Pilgrim Fathers—not a bad genealogy for an American; and

some literary admixture was in his blood from both his paternal and maternal ancestry, he being descended from Peter Halleck or Hallock, who landed at New Haven in 1640, and with eleven other heads of families settled at Southold, on the eastern shore of Long Island, and on his mother's side from the Rev. John Eliot, the pious "apostle to the Indians," who arrived at Boston in 1631. The poet claimed a more ancient descent than the conscientious chronicler can assign to him, when he said to the writer that "the country-seat of his remote ancestors was at Mount Halak (*vide* Joshua xi: 17, also xii: 7), in Palestine;" referring his incredulous listener to Dr. Robinson, the distinguished traveller, who had visited the old homestead, and had assured the poet that "it still bore the same name, or some one near enough like it to serve the purpose of identification."

The future poet was sent to school when he was six years of age; and when he was seven he took part in one of the public exhibitions or "quarter days," as they were called in Connecticut—an honour not usually accorded to lads of his tender years. Said a venerable lady who was present, and who at the time of our interview was in her ninety-fifth year, "He was the brightest and sweetest-looking boy I ever saw, and so intelligent and gentle in his manner, that every one loved him." Fitz-Greene was no

sooner taught to write than he took to rhyming. As one of his school companions remarked, "He couldn't help it." In an old writing-book, dated 1802, on a page opposite to some juvenile verses which may be safely said to give no indication of the writer's future fame, appears the following title, showing that even at that early age the handsome young schoolboy indulged in dreams of poetic distinction: "The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Hallock."

Two years later, when fourteen years of age, the youthful poet changed the spelling of his name from Hallock to Halleck, and having completed his studies, by passing through the four departments which then existed in New England schools, at the age of fifteen entered the store of his kinsman Andrew Eliot of Guilford, with whom he remained as a clerk for six years, residing in his family, in accordance with the custom of that day. Here he learned to keep accounts by double-entry, and soon took entire charge of the books. They were kept in a correct and business-like manner, were well written, for even at that early date Halleck wrote a neat and dainty hand; and it is related that the only mistake ever discovered in the young clerk's bookkeeping at Eliot's was in opening duplicate accounts in the Ledger with the same person.

In the spring of 1808 he made his first visit to New York, then a city of less than ninety

thousand inhabitants. He went on business for Mr. Eliot, and during his three days' sojourn he visited the Park Theatre, at that time under the management of Price and Cooper. It was on the occasion of this his first visit to a theatre that the poet saw young Oliff the actor, afterward introduced by him in two of the "Croakers," and also had pointed out by his companion the merchant John Jacob Astor and the young Quaker banker Jacob Barker, little thinking at the time, that nearly all the business portion of his life would be associated with these prominent men. During the summer of the same year Halleck joined the militia, and was soon made a sergeant, filling the position to the entire satisfaction of his comrades. His experiences in the Connecticut militia, as well as his later campaign with

"Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,"

was a never-failing source of fun with him, both in his conversation and in his correspondence. During the following winter he opened an evening-school for instruction in arithmetic, writing, and bookkeeping, and by thus adding to his limited income, was enabled to indulge his passion for the purchase of books. Among his earliest and most prized possessions of this character were Campbell's poems, a copy of Burns, and Addison's "Spectator."

In the month of May, 1811, Halleck left his native town to seek after fame and fortune in New York, and in June entered the counting-room of Jacob Barker, in whose service he remained for twenty years. In the spring of 1813 he became acquainted with Joseph Rodman Drake, and from a little incident that occurred while they were on a sailing excursion, soon after their first meeting, the young men became attached friends, and ever after maintained a devoted friendship severed only by death. In 1819 they formed a literary partnership and produced the humorous series of "Croaker" papers. Of this series of satirical and quaint chronicles of New York life more than half a century ago, Halleck, in 1866, said that "they were good-natured verses, contributed anonymously to the columns of the *New York Evening Post*, from March to June, 1819, and occasionally afterward." The writers continued, like the author of "Junius," the sole depositaries of their own secret, and apparently wished with the minstrel in Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy," to

"Save others' names, but leave their own unsung."

In the latter part of 1819 Halleck wrote his longest poem of "Fanny," an amusing satire on the fashions, follies, and public characters of the day, which was the perpetual delight of John Randolph. The edition was soon exhausted,

and a second edition, enlarged by the addition of fifty stanzas, appeared early in 1821. The following year he visited Europe, and in 1827 published anonymously an edition of his poems, two of the finest in the collection, "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," having been suggested by scenes and incidents of foreign travel. This edition also included his spirited lyric of "Marco Bozzaris." In 1832 Halleck entered the office of John Jacob Astor, with whom he remained until 1848, when, the millionaire having died and made him rich with an annuity of "forty pounds a year," the poet retired to his native town, and took up his residence with his unmarried sister in an ancient house, built in 1786, on ground formerly belonging to the Shelleys, ancestors of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley.

In this fine old mansion, where Halleck resided for so many years, he wrote the admirable poem "Connecticut," and his latest poetical composition of "Young America," published in 1864. These, with a few translations from the French, German, and Italian, and a poem that he contributed to the "Knickerbocker Gallery," are the only fruits from his pen after his retirement to his native place. The last-mentioned poem, gracefully pensive rather than melancholy, was pronounced by Prentice, a brother-poet, "the most exquisite thing ever written by a man of seventy." It certainly closes with several sweet

lines, which neither Burns nor Moore could have surpassed:

“I hope thou wilt not banish hence
These few and fading flowers of mine,
But let their theme be their defence,
The love, the joy, and frankincense,
And fragrance o’ LANG SYNE.”

When in 1866 a wealthy admirer wrote to the poet for a view of his country-seat to be engraved for a privately printed edition of “Fanny,” Halleck, whose limited means did not permit him to be the owner of the fine old mansion described in this sketch, but merely a tenant, and who had too much manliness of character to allow any glorification of his poverty, replied, perhaps grimly smiling as he wrote: “I am gratefully sensible of the compliment your proposition as to the sketch pays me; but you must pardon me for begging that it may not be carried into effect; for although born here in Connecticut, where, as Lord Byron says of England, ‘men are proud to be,’ I shall never cease to ‘hail,’ as the sailors say, from your good city of New York, of which a residence of more than fifty years made me a citizen. There I always considered myself at home, and elsewhere but a visitor. If, therefore, you wish to embellish my poem with a view of my country-seat (it was literally mine for every summer Sunday for

years), let it be taken from the top of Weehawk Hill, overlooking New York, to whose scenes and associations the poem is almost exclusively devoted."

A short time before the poet's death, he changed his residence to a smaller house near the house facing the Green, in which he had spent so many years, the owner wishing to convert the old mansion into an inn, for which purpose it is now used. In the month of August of that year we spent a few days at Guilford with the poet. He was then in excellent health, and entertained us with much pleasant gossip about his native town and State. He also talked of her numerous poets—Barlow, Hopkins, Humphreys, and Trumbull, all of whom except Hopkins he had seen; and his friends Hillhouse, Pierpont, Percival, Brainard, Sigourney, Prentice, and George Hill (like himself, a native of Guilford) among the modern bards of Connecticut.

In October he arrived in New York on his last visit, very unfortunately adding to a severe cold which he had taken before leaving Guilford. He remained for a week, but was too unwell to accept any invitations, and only left his hotel twice, to call upon his physician, and for a short stroll on a sunny afternoon with the writer. "If we never meet again, come and see me laid under the sod of my native village," were the sad and prophetic words with which we parted on

the morning of his last day's sojourn in New York. He stopped to rest for a few hours at New Haven, and reached Guilford the same evening, "weak as a broken wave." He lingered for a few weeks, and passed away peacefully, without a moan or a struggle, with his attached sister by his side, on Tuesday evening, November 19, 1867. Summoned to Guilford by the poet's sister,* I performed the melancholy duty of attending my cherished friend's funeral on the following Friday, and saw him laid by the side of his father's grave in the cemetery of his native town:

"To me, the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard through many a changeful year,
It was a proud, sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave, and shed a parting tear.
Six lustres had he been my friend:
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier."

* Miss Halleck died April 21, 1870. She was the last of her family, and now sleeps by the side of her gifted brother. The inscription on the Halleck monument records her name, and the years of her birth and death: "Maria Halleck, 1788-1870." There is nothing more beautiful in literary biography than the devoted attachment that ever existed between the poet and his sister—an attachment and devotion not surpassed by that existing between Charles and Mary Lamb. They were constant correspondents while the poet resided in New York, and when he left the great city in 1849, it was to return to his native place, and to reside with his sister until they were separated by death.

The eightieth anniversary of Halleck's birth was an auspicious day. Summer gave her most tempered sunshine, her sweetest airs, for the formal dedication, with appropriate honours, of the first monument ever erected in honour of an American poet, The "gray rocks" of Connecticut grew softer in the mellow light; freshest odours of new-mown hay were in the air, and delightful breezes from the Sound turned the silver lining of the willow-leaves and shook the tassels of the blossoming chestnuts. The rough little State never seemed so beautiful to those who followed her coast on their way to participate in the honours rendered to one of her best-known and best-beloved sons. In the presence of some three thousand friends and neighbours, including the poet's venerable sister and many old associates from New York who proved faithful to his memory, the ceremonies took place which dedicated the imposing granite obelisk erected in his native town in honour of Fitz-Greene Halleck, by his brothers of the literary guild, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and many other of the most eminent men of the country. A portion of the attractive programme was the delivery by Bayard Taylor of an appreciative and eloquent address, and the reading by Halleck's biographer of the following lyric written for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes :

“ Say not the poet dies,
Though in the dust he lies !
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath
Unsphered by envious Death !
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll ;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air,
Sweet with the lingering strains that echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul !

“ We o'er his turf may raise
Our notes of feeble praise,
And carve with pious care for after-eyes
The stone with ‘ Here he lies ; ’
He for himself has built a nobler shrine,
Whose walls of stately rhyme
Roll back the tides of time,
While o'er their gates the gleaming tablets shine
That wear his name, inwrought with many a golden line !

“ Call not our poet dead,
Though on his turf we tread !
Green is the wreath their brows so long have worn—
The minstrels of the morn,
Who, while the orient burned with new-born flame,
Caught that celestial fire
And struck a Nation's lyre !
These taught the western winds the poet's name ;
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden flowers of fame !

“ Count not our poet dead !
The stars shall watch his bed,
The rose of June its fragrant life renew
His blushing mound to strew,
And all the tuneful throats of summer swell
With trills as crystal clear
As when he wooed the ear

Of the young muse' that haunts each wooded dell
With songs of that 'rough land' he loved so long and well !

“ He sleeps ; he cannot die !
As evening's long-drawn sigh,
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful mound,
Spreads all their sweets around,
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
From where the rustling sedge
Frets our rude ocean's edge.
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow,
His soul the air enshrines, and leaves but dust below ! ”

Another honour was paid to Halleck's memory by the erection in the Central Park, New York, of a full-length bronze statue, the first set up in the New World to a poet. It was unveiled in May, 1877, by the President of the United States, who with his Cabinet, the General of the Army, and many other eminent citizens, including the poets Bryant, Boker, and Bayard Taylor, were escorted from the writer's residence to the Central Park by the Seventh Regiment. Appropriate addresses were delivered by the venerable Bryant and William Allen Butler, and a spirited poem written for the occasion by Whittier was in his unavoidable absence read by Halleck's biographer in the presence of an audience of fifty thousand people. In December, 1878, a sumptuously printed “*Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck,*” edited by Evert A. Duyckinck and the present writer, was issued by the Appletons. This ele-

gant quarto was limited to one hundred copies, and contains the addresses and poems delivered at the monument and statue celebrations, together with nine portraits of Halleck, and many other steel engravings, including Bryant, Butler, Bayard Taylor, Duyckinck, Dr. Holmes, Whittier, and views of Alnwick Castle, Hotspur and his Bride, a noble Landscape by Durand, and the "Young Mother," by Huntington.

It will be of interest here to record some expressions of friendly and critical appreciation of Halleck from one of his contemporaries, who has been widely known as a voluminous and favourite writer of prose and verse—William Gilmore Simms of South Carolina. I frequently met Mr. Simms at the houses of New York friends, and in my father's residence. He was a voluble talker and a good letter-writer. There was at the period of my first meeting with Mr. Simms, about 1850, something in his strong, earnest, clean-shaven face, blue eye, and stalwart figure singularly suggestive of Christopher North. When, some sixteen or seventeen years later, I met him for the last time under a friend's roof on the banks of the Hudson, he was much changed in appearance and in spirits—much embittered by his losses, and by the result of the war. Before it came, I had heard from his lips these extravagant words: "If it comes to blows between the North and the South, we will crush you [the North] as

I would crush an egg," holding up his clenched hand as if in the act of performing that feat. It must be admitted that few men not in politics did more to bring on hostilities between the two sections than William Gilmore Simms, and few men suffered more from them.

Writing to the author from his residence of "Woodlands," in 1868, Mr. Simms says:

"Though I had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of Halleck some thirty years ago, I do not remember that any correspondence passed between us. We met occasionally during my summer visits annually to the North, and I always found him a pleasant companion, genial and sparkling with humour, quick at repartee, and inclining to the sarcastic when speaking of pretension and pretenders. There were parties any reference to whom always provoked him to scornful or cynical remarks. Poetasters, of whom New York always had its large proportion, were discussed with a quiet contempt and dismissed with some biting sarcasm. I remember that Halleck seemed to feel a special dislike to publishers, of very few of whom did he entertain a favourable opinion. When the copyright law (international) was a subject of first discussion, I remember well the biting scorn with which he expressed himself in reference to the action of the members of a certain publishing house, some of whom had on a previous occasion avowed themselves friendly to the proposed bill of international copyright; and one of the company assumed from this, that, for the sake of mere consistency, the house would not oppose it. 'Consistency!' said Halleck, with a scorn-

ful laugh; 'these fellows are consistent in nothing but pursuit of gain. They have no dread of inconsistency, having long since survived all sense of shame.'

"With the few whom Fitz-Greene Halleck liked, and with whom he associated on equal terms, he was genial, graceful, never wanton of speech, and always full of chat and pleasant humour; apt always and prompt at reply, with that spirit of repartee and easy wit which makes so much of the charm and spirit of the 'Croaker' Epistles. His geniality with such a circle was always active, and he relished nothing better than a snug and select party, 'fit though few.' He was both socially and politically a *natural aristocrat*, and did not cheapen himself by any too easy entrance into society. He required to respect men *mentally* before associating with them, and seemed to me to revolt from all associations with trade, in spite of all his life-long connection with it—and perhaps because of that connection. I may add that he seemed very careless of authorship, and, though he did not undervalue the credit which he himself had derived from it, he made no ambitious or feverish struggles after fame or public favour. He was above all meanness, and never forgot the gentlemen in the poet. You will note that, in his satire, the weapon he uses is the small sword, not the bludgeon. It is a polished blade, and, however mortal the thrust, it did not mangle the victim. The grace and dexterity of his satire were habitual to him in society, and the wit and humour of his ordinary conversation are admirably illustrated by his satirical poetry, such as 'Fanny' and the 'Croakers.' That he wrote too little is a subject of popular complaint; had he esteemed the popular judgement, he would probably

have shown himself more voluminous. But for this, as I have every reason to think, he entertained a most sovereign contempt, which was even extended somewhat to those who showed themselves more solicitous of popular favour, especially the class of politicians."

The following series of Halleck's unpublished letters written to the late Samuel Ward of New York (1810-1884) were sent to me by that well-known, popular, and accomplished gentleman, the intimate friend of Irving, Halleck, Longfellow, and other men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic, but were not received in season to be used in the writer's *Life of Fitz-Greene Halleck*, and now appear in print for the first time:

GUILFORD, CONN., July 14, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: I was made very glad by and grateful for your kind gift. That my gladness should blend itself with the grief your beautiful lines so eloquently express, is, I hope, pardonable as a necessity of the time. Almost every letter I receive now comes to me with crape on its left arm.

But since it seems certain that your young Hero by to-day's account is still living, not only in Rhyme but in Reality, I look upon your letter with (his captivity excepted) unmingled pleasure. Long may he wait for the apotheosis which your verses and his valour have assured to him. Would that all epitaphs upon our brave men, distinguished on fields of battle hereafter, could be indefinitely postponed.

In your next please kindly tell me of the where-

abouts of our accomplished acquaintance Mr. Hurlburt. Since I read in some anti-Southern paper that, like a certain gentleman of old, he had gone "down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves," I have heard nothing of him.

GUILFORD, CONN., August 18, 1862.

A wound in my best finger received in a late battle, not with a foe, but with a fish-hook, has thus long prevented me from legibly answering your last letter.

The "Ressurrexit," happy in its subject, is equally happily conceived and ended. The fourth stanza, so gentlemanly in thought and expression, particularly delights me. "La chocollettere" (patois, I presume, for "pretty waiter-girl," legislatively forbidden fruit) I have smiled upon before (the poem I mean, not the lady) on its stem in the *Albion*. I am glad you have selected that excellent paper for your "garden of posies." It may be that my admiration for the personal character of the editor extends itself involuntarily to everything that he does, but I can fancy nothing of its kind better conducted than the *Albion*. I look forward to it weekly, in the certainty of being made mentally and morally wiser and wealthier by its perusal.

The two London papers you have sent me were very welcome indeed; and were it not for my fear of overtasking your good-nature and my inability to repay you in *kind*, I should hasten to accept your courteous offer of continuing to send me similar good gifts. The greatest privation I feel here in the country is that of losing the run of the new publications, etc., from abroad; and I am famishing for the want of the nurture which I used of old to gather, bee-like, from book-

sellers' counters, and, bee-like, hive up for future profit and pleasure.

I have shared with you in the gladness of reading our friend Pierre Irving's first volume, he having kindly presented me with it. Apart from his uncle's writings, one of the best things in the book is Mrs. Cooper's* letter, page 188. Is it not perfect?—and moreover a perfect woman? No man could have written such a letter—not even Washington Irving. I had the honour of corresponding with Mrs. Cooper in her later years, and value her letters as treasures.

Promising to refund the amount of your postage-stamp advances, past, present, and to come, as soon as the war is over, I beg you to believe me, my dear sir, etc.

GUILFORD, CONN., August 25, 1862.

You are right: it is the fifth stanza to which I give preference. To prevent further mistakes, allow me the pleasure of copying it:

“Yet deem not that my heart retracts
The praise ne'er meant to dim the eye
Of one whose future words and acts
Shall verify his Eulogy.”

How well it sounds! There is in it none of the self-imported Germanisms your modesty apprehends.

When I find in the lines of your young poets of the day any fancied imperfection, I do not ascribe them, as you appear to do, to foreign idioms unconsciously adopted, but to the ill-luck of having taken Tennyson and Mrs. Browning as models in place of Spenser and

* Mrs. Thomas A. Cooper, *née* Mary Fairlie.

Milton. Coleridge's "Wallenstein," from the German of Schiller, is a specimen of the very best English; and Campbell before he wrote his best poems had visited Germany, and was an excellent German scholar. My dislike to German literature is confined to the "Faust" of Goethe—the worst book, in the strongest sense of the word *worst*, that I have ever read through. How any decent publisher, after reading the two last lines on page 165 in Mr. Brook's translation, can offer it for sale to any Christian man or any respectable woman astonishes me; and how the *Albion*, so dear to me for its perfectly good taste, could copy the song of the "Love-sick Rat," so nauseating, polluting pages 102 and 103, is a still greater wonder. Perhaps some charm of style in the original, with which I am but partially acquainted, may hallow these impurities, but I cannot deem it possible, even after reading Rousseau's "Confessions."

To return to a pleasanter subject: I am thankful, from day to day, the more for your continued kindness in sending me papers. The books you name I should hasten to read were I in town, but I do not deem any of them worth the trouble it would give you to forward such "heavy-weights." Pray limit your good offices to sending me magazines and works of an easily portable and postageable nature, unless you produce a volume of your own. When you do, please let it come by express, if not by telegraph, in all haste.

I am happy to learn from your postscript that our friend Mr. Van Buren* is fast recovering his health. Please present to him my very best regards, and beg

* The late John Van Buren.

him to avoid hereafter the risk he ran (to quote his own pleasant words) of "taking cold," by preaching politics in the Park "while its gates were accidentally left open," on one of his eloquently oratorical evenings.

Have you met with the enclosed? * Is not the paragraph I have marked, the imaginary standing at St. Peter's Gate, a literary curiosity, and, moreover, a bright idea? . . .

* The subjoined letter, which was veritably addressed by a lady of Illinois to her husband in this city, does too much credit to the self-sacrificing patriotism of our Northern women to be withheld from publication:

"—, August, 1862.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: When I received your letter I blushed scarlet red—blushed from my heart out—at the weak—aye, cowardly—spirit it betrayed. You say you have been sorely troubled lately on the account of drafting men for the war in New York—that you had your 'exemption-papers' all made out, etc., and that it will be impossible to procure a 'substitute.' Now, for shame! Is there not a drop of your grandfather's blood in your veins, who fought at Bunker Hill when the blood of freemen flowed shoe-latchet deep? Does not the love you bear me and the children make your love of home and country more? You—six feet high, strong, vigorous, and without a single ailment in limb or member, and withal a good shot, and native-born—you ask for exemption! For shame! Great Heaven, 'is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' I should live but to blush when the name of 'patriot' was spoken, and the heart of our little son would never throb with pride, his eyes sparkle with holy fire, nor his lips say 'My father was there too,' when in after-years you or I shall recount the scenes of the war of 1861-62. And then, at the judgement,

GUILFORD, CONN., January 3, 1863.

I have your "Minstrel's Malison," like Pyramus and Thisbe, a specimen of merry, "tragical mirth," and a further proof of your design to run, as one of your brother-poets says, "through each mood of the Lyre

when you shall stand with that great host of brave men who have given their lives for freedom's sake—all you can do will be to point to your '*substitute*,' or show your *exemption-papers*. But *will they be accepted there?*

"Not only are you recreant to country and Constitution, but to the 'higher law' on which all good and wise constitutions are constructed, when you say you do not believe GOD has anything to do with the political troubles of any country, but, with NAPOLEON, that 'He is on the side of the heaviest artillery.' Is it possible that a *man, born and bred* in this land of education and Gospel can utter such an infidel sentiment as that? What has been the trouble of any nation or people, if not *political*? If such a catastrophe as is ours—the direst that can befall the mass of humanity, and which is felt the world around—means nothing, surely He takes little heed of the affairs of men. Can you think that He who marks "the sparrow's fall" will even *permit* men—living men—with love of Liberty on one side and love of Slavery on the other—every one of whom is loved by some heart, to meet, fight, bleed, fall, and die by thousands—tens, hundreds of thousands—without meaning something by it? Politics indeed! What did it mean in the Revolution—what does it mean now? Run the word out: does it not mean government, laws, equity, justice, rectitude, home, affection? And if GOD is not in *these*, where in all the world is He? 'He that is not for me is against me:' so if there *is* a great moral question involved in this struggle, either one side or the other must be right!—and if we are right, why not fight to uphold our Government and all its blessed

and be master of them all." It is Juvenal now who, in power of musical invective, must look to his laurels, and Samuel Butler must laugh to see his weapon of wit held "in terrorem" by another Samuel over another Butler.

Your lines delight my anti-Lincoln neighbours, to institutions? And if they are right, surely the odds are against them—they need help. Choose you on which side you will serve.

"Here men are rushing to the standard of liberty by hundreds; ministers, merchants, lawyers, mechanics, farmers, all. Poor —, who has left his lucrative office in Washington, is dying to go, but cannot be accepted, on account of his poor health. And just think of my brave brother —, how he went at the very first tap o' the drum, willingly, gladly giving up all—how he has been disabled by sickness and ball; yet his great warm heart presses upon his stomach and keeps it full all the time—warms his feet, and the ground whereon he sleeps. And God will keep him!

"Do not trouble yourself about pecuniary matters if you wish to go, for I am getting well every day, and in case of extremity there will be some way provided—I can teach or paint, and will be better off than one half the wives whose husbands go.

"How I should miss you, or live without you, you can imagine as well as I. Surely no wife appreciates the strong, willing arm, the gentle, loving words, the ten thousand acts of love and kindness more than I do; but close around my heart, where I carry my darlings, is my love of *country* and of *freedom*; and if you come not back, oh let me know—my Saviour strengthening me—that you fell with the Banner of the Cross above your head, and over your heart the Stars and Stripes.

"May God help us both!"

whom I have lent them. As a lover of fair-play I have tried to induce them to read Butler's "Farewell," but in vain. A party-man like Irving's Dutch Justice always refuses to be bothered by hearing both sides. For my part, Butler is one of my heroes—of which this deplorable war has produced at least four, viz., Jefferson Davis, General Butler, John Van Buren, and Captain Rynders. The two former "Types of Mankind," to borrow an ethnological expression, are, in administrative ability, of the bull-dog species, tenacious of tooth in discharge of what they deem or pretend to deem Duty; the two latter blend, in upsetting and creating what Mr. Gladstone calls "a Nation," the eloquent wisdom of the Serpent with the gentle cooing of the Dove.

GUILFORD, CONN., February 2, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: Do not be frightened. In my last

"I poured out all my soul as plain
As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne,"

and have no ideas left for future long letters.

In saying that this note is but a passing cloud over the sunshine of my silence, I steal an idea from the Rev. Sidney Smith. Have you seen the inclosed? * Does

* On the 4th of August Napoleon writes to Admiral Decrès from the camp of Boulogne :

"I send you back the letter of M. Beurmonville [then ambassador at Madrid]. The news relative to Nelson seems to me doubtful. What the devil could he do in the Mediterranean? They must then have twenty ships-of-the-line? They little know what is to fall about their ears. All here is in good train; and assuredly, if we are master of the

not the "idée Napoléenne" of the one remind you of the "Fuit Ilium"? Is there a parliamentary scene in Hansard equal to that in the other? And shall we have such scenes and such statesmen under our coming monarchy?

I am more and more pleased with the beautiful vignette lines. Like the cluster of grapes by the brook Eshcol, they invitingly lure the reader on towards the vintage of the "promised land." This last idea I steal from the Pentateuch, now made a fashionable theme by Bishop Colenso—the Tom Paine of the Prelacy.

Unveiling, womanlike, in my postscript the real purpose of this letter, I am,

My dear sir, etc.

P. S.—How soon does the volume appear?

GUILFORD, CONN., February 9, 1863.

I am made very glad by your good long letter and its companions the papers, and particularly by the "Monitor," which I cannot praise too highly. If you can excel it or continue to equal it I will insure you, for a nominal premium, what Cowley calls "the everlasting life of song."

I wish the beating you have, Judy-like, given to poor *Punch* were transferred to his prompters behind the curtain. If they have any pity for their puppet or any pluck for a fight, they will sling a nest of hornets about your ears.

With regard to the word objected to by our friend

Channel for twelve hours, it is all over with England"—
[*l'Angleterre a vécu*].

(The other extract alluded to is missing.—AUTHOR.)

Longfellow, is it its grammar that "grates him"? I am myself no "scollard," but I believe that though, as a general rule, "hood" is preceded by a noun, like boyhood, manhood, etc., yet hardihood and other words, where adjectives precede it, exist in the language. For my part, "princelihood" has an old English Chaucer-like sound that pleases me, and were I you I would retain it. At worst, it will form a nice Tub for the whales of criticism to spend their strength in chasing.

Do not, I pray you, alter the title of the Book. I cannot fancy better. It is associated in my mind with my favourite rose, worth to my taste a whole garden of others, the "wayside" rose, sometimes called the sweetbriar, which in its single-leafed simplicity makes beautiful the summer wood-paths here in my neighbourhood, and is to the imagination a moral emblem in miniature of the single-leafed sincerity of girlhood before the coming shadow of love has closed her lips.

There, now! Has not the reading of your "Monitor" made even me capable of saying "*Io anche son pittore*"?

Did you read in one of the papers you sent me the very amusing letter about changing names? If not, I will inclose it to you in my next. It is a literary curiosity, and should be preserved.

Will you pardon me for asking, Do you receive French papers? If you do, will you, when you have read them, and when

" You have brushed from their grape its soft blue,
From their rosebud have shaken its tremulous dew"

(as Lord Byron's moral Muse says of the sins of waltzing), send them to me?

GUILFORD, CONN., March 2, 1863.

The lines inclosed in your kind letter of the 22d ult. prove that I was right in saying that you are bent upon mastering "every mood of the lyre," for your "Old Rope" is in the style of Dibdin's "Tom Tough" refined for the Admiral's table and the Chaplain's text. Since you insist upon my becoming what you call a critically "true friend," and what Sir Fretful Plagiary called "a damned good-natured one," I proceed to treat it with that "courage and candour" which Jeffrey defined to be the meaning of the word "criticism," as practised by the *Edinburgh Review*.

I begin, therefore, by asking, Could not the word "folks" in stanza 5 be exchanged for a more sailor-like one? In stanza 6 I dislike "don't"; would not "ne'er" do better? In stanza 7 I don't like "a bit of prayer." To me it sounds irreverent; and moreover the word "bit" is used "ad nauseam" of late by John Ruskin and his set when praising (to quote from my brother Croaker Joe Drake) "Titians of a Table-cloth and Guidos of a pair of Breeches." Would not "breathed a breath of prayer" better express your idea? You have Lord Byron's authority: "Even the forest-leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

The other "bits" inclosed will also, I think, amuse you as specimens of the liberty taken by our editors with that much-puffed "Liberty of the Press," which I have the honour of agreeing with Louis Napoleon in considering a public nuisance. Pray whose "subjugation" does Lord Russell fear? That of the South or North? And is the difference between the two reports of his speech an accident or a purpose? The best fun of the thing is that his lordship's remarks apply

equally well or ill to the one side or the other of this our deplorable war.

While on this subject will you pardon a few egotistical words? I have in my time lived in England, and have learned to like England dearly. I consider her social Life (provided you have £2000 a year and upwards) the perfection of social Life, and her form of government the best the world has known. But with special reference to America and things American, I feel myself compelled to admit that there is much truth in the remark of the Prince de Kaunitz at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, "*Ce qu'il y a de plus extraordinaire du monde,—c'est la quantité que les Anglais ne savent pas.*"

GUILFORD, March 10, 1863.

I am quite proud to find that my random suggestions as to the "Old Rope" meet your approval. Your word "sobbed" is a happy idea—particularly in connection with the following extract from the *Saturday Review's* notice of the death of the Marquis of Lansdowne, under date of the 7th ult., received from you yesterday, which I hasten to copy. Among his pictures is a painting by Newton from the "Vicar of Wakefield," of "Olivia brought back to her house," wherein she is represented with her face hidden in her father's bosom. "It is not very difficult" (remarked a carping critic) "to paint a figure without the face." "But it is very difficult," retorted Constable, "to paint a sob. What Lord Lansdowne bought was the *sob*."

I unconsciously filled up my last letter-pages without leaving room to ask you a question about *The*

Book. Do you intend placing your name on the title-page? If yea, will not the simple "Poems by S. W." be the appropriate name for the volume? If the reader of the title-page asks, "What are poems?" or "What is poetry?" you (recollecting the epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's, "If you seek his monument, look around you") can safely reply, "Read on and you will know."

Reserving for my next, remarks suggested by your recent welcome letter, I beg you, after accepting my thanks for your kind promises as to the French papers, to present my grateful compliments to our friend Mr. Hurlburt, in acknowledgment of his courteous offer to reserve from his treasures of a like kind his best specimens for my perusal.

GUILFORD, CONN., June 6, 1863.

Although still uncertain when or where this note may hit you, now that you are on the wing, and, with the ubiquitous Irishman of Sir Boyle Roche, in two or more places at once, like a bird, I can conscientiously no longer delay my acknowledgments of the receipt of your welcome letters, nor the expression of my wish that you should be in no hurry in carrying into effect your very kind offer of the translations. Idler as I am, I am but too glad to find, in my absence from the requisite libraries, etc., a good and gratifying excuse for my continued idleness.

As our distinguished friend Mr. Edward Everett, from personal observation of the progress of the stars between midnight and morning, while seated in a railroad car with doors and windows closed, and going at the rate of forty odd miles an hour, was able to give us

one of his best specimens of eloquent prose, allow me to hope that you have recently, while journeying at a similar time and in a similar position, woven for us one of your best specimens of eloquent verse, and set it most appropriately and artistically "to the music of the spheres."

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GUILFORD, CONN., March 7, 1865.

My best thanks for your good long letter and for *The World*. I am much amused by your anxiety to puzzle the critics (whose delight it is to "cloud young Genius brightening into day"), by setting them to work at finding those "needles in a haystack," the imaginary "defects" in the new volume; and I am still more amused by my very good friend Mrs. Howe's sisterly advice, that you should "keep better company" than that of the "Lamplighter," whom you so honour in your preface and inscriptions. As to four of us, I can well understand that her love of country prompts her to warn you against Mr. Barlow and Charles O'Connor, the two secessionists, and her love of the good poets, against the two sham ones, Tennyson and myself. The others, including our exemplary Mr. Cogswell,* I recommend to her mercy.

The wiseacre of the *Commonwealth*, whose stereotyped phrase you quote, is evidently one of a race mentioned in a letter of Sterne's: "On our way we passed a group of jackasses browsing by the roadside. Oh, how they viewed and reviewed us!" "Poverty of thought!" forsooth! If I am inclined to find fault, I

* Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the first Superintendent of the Astor Library, New York.

should accuse your poetry of too great *wealth* of thought, an *embarras de richesses*, an overflow of knowledge suggesting themes for thought, and a knowledge of foreign idioms interfering occasionally with our home-taught English. The line on page 16, for instance, "Stands the clock," etc., is in the music of the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini and its Latin verse, rather than in ours; and when I again have the pleasure of conversing with you, I can point out many others of a similar foreign origin, testifying to the lore and learning of a mind filled to the brim from foreign fountains inaccessible to the jackasses aforesaid.

As to my opinion of the alterations suggested by Mr. Longfellow, for which you ask, I can only say that, were your work still in manuscript, they might be fit subjects for argument "pro or con;" but now that it is in print, I would not give them an anxious thought.

GUILFORD, CONN., May 17, 1865.

You will, I doubt not, say that I am savagely critical towards your favourite this morning, but I write for your eyes alone, not for the public; and after all, "my bark," dog as I am "for the nonce," is "worse than my bite," for I know and feel that the Laureate is a poet of the very highest order, and a better judge of poetical blemishes and beauties than I can be; and although, like the late Mr. Cobden, my present preferences are in favour of Milton and Pope, and Burns and Byron, I may live to join you in deriving as much delight from him as heretofore I have derived from the noblest of his predecessors. In the mean time and "*en revanche*," any and all of my rhymes are at your service for a similar harrowing. As Sir Peter Teazle says in the School

for Scandal, "I leave my character," in bidding you adieu, "behind me."

In the hope of hearing again from you soon, and of being assured that you are well, and, thanks to the sale of your tenth edition, wealthy, I am my dear sir, etc.

GUILFORD, CONN., June 3, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: Your princely remittance of the Napoleon volume has largely increased the balance to your credit in my memory's books. Now that our national debt is about to be paid off, I am anxious to pay off mine due you—fast becoming a like three thousand millions. Please draw on me soon and often, accordingly.

Let me add my thanks for the little *Wasp*, the Emperor's antagonist, and for the *Spectator*. The latter I have forwarded as requested.

Mr. Seba Smith, alluded to in the *Spectator*, was the creator of the first "Jack Downing," a droll narrator of droll stories in the Yankee dialect. Our wise and witty friend Charles Augustus Davis took him under his protection, made him a major in the Downingville Militia, and a leading politician, unequalled in fun if not in fame. I doubt the truth of the statement as to General Jackson's unforgiveness of the letters. I have, on the contrary, always understood that the old hero had the good sense to "laugh consumedly," as Scrub says in the *Beaux Stratagem*, at their allusions to him. Others satirized by them were, I remember, exceedingly exasperated and annoyed when some of their arrows hit their aim. When you see Davis, please refer him, with my best regards, to the article in question. He cannot but be gratified to learn that his fame

is still so bright on the other side of the Atlantic, and his power to wield the weapon "Ridicule" so estimated there—the weapon that Pope, your brother-poet wielded so proudly when he said,

"Yes, I am proud—I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
But touched and scourged by Ridicule alone."

You once told me that you greatly admired Tennyson's "Brook :—" please say how you like the inclosed.* Who wins? The Laureate or the Lady?

The following unpublished lines, entitled "The Tear," written by Halleck some time previous to 1810, "the flight of a noble bird for the first time essaying his wings," will perhaps, as a Spring-time memorial of its author, be deemed not unworthy of preservation in these pages :

"On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
Where by the damp grave Mary wept :—
Sweet maid ! it was her lover's tomb.

"A warm tear gush'd, the Wint'ry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away :
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

"The angel wandering from his sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear
And placed it in her diadem."

* "The Brook that Runs into the Sea," by Lucy Larcom

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

1795-1820.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, the author of "The Culprit Fay," that most exquisite and original American poem, was born in the city of New York August 7, 1795, the year that gave birth to the eccentric poet Percival, and the accomplished author of "Swallow Barn" and "Horse-shoe Robinson." His ancestors were among the earliest of the Pilgrim Fathers—an excellent genealogy for the American who celebrated in patriotic song the glory of the starry "flag of the free." John Drake of Devonshire—a kinsman of Sir Francis, the redoubtable rover of the seas—a member of the Council of Plymouth, and one of the original company established by Queen Elizabeth's successor to the English crown for settling New England, came to Boston in the summer of 1630, accompanied by several sons, and soon after settled at East Chester, in the State of New York, where the family acquired a large estate, bounded on one side by the beautiful Bronx, whose attractions were described by their gifted descendant. Jonathan Drake, the poet's father, and a lineal descendant

Abelard to Eloise

Weep on - weep on - we wail the dead -
Now by those humid lids, I swear,
For every tear of woe they shed
My heart shall bleed a drop as dear.
Oh! tortures lash convulsive sigh!

Oh! all the pangs that wring the bow
When souls of guilt despairing die;
Were heaven to what I suffer now?

Nay! look not thus - wert thou but blest,
Erect & calm my soul could bear
To prison in this aching breast
The writhings of its own despair -

The flame that bears my burning brain
Should never force one stifled groan,
If I might take thy load of pain
And bear its weary weight alone

Yet when our calm & sullen gloom
Oblivious waveless stream shall roll,
A sun shall beam beyond the tomb
To light the hope abandoned soul.
Soon may that orb of peace arise,
That we may seek a purer sphere,
And taste that bliss in yonder skies
By man & fate denied us here.

S. Rodm and Drake


of the member of the Plymouth company, was a colonel in the Revolutionary army, who, after the war, married Miss Hannah Lawrence, the daughter of Effingham Lawrence of Flushing, a highly respectable Long Island family, with as ancient an American ancestry as the Drakes.

The poet was an only son, one of four children, who, early bereaved of their parents, were subjected to many of the pains and privations incident to poverty and the loss of their natural protectors. It was after their death that he wrote, at the early age of fifteen:

“ Home! sacred name, at thy endearing sound
What forms of ravished pleasures hover round !
What long-lost blisses, mourned, alas ! in vain,
Awakened memory gives my soul again !
Joys mine no more, yet sweeter, dearer still
Than all that wait me in this world of ill.
Thou gnawing canker in misfortune’s breast,
Is this thy beam to soothe a wretch to rest ?
No, ’tis the light that glimmers on a tomb,
To add a deeper horror to the gloom.
Sad is the homeless heart : and mine hath known
Neglect’s cold blasts unpitied and alone ;
I meet no eye that, softening, rests on mine,
No hand whose heart-warm pressure says ‘ ’Tis thine ! ’
No lip whose smile a ready welcome bears,
No heart to share my joys and soothe my cares.”

Drake was by nature and birth a gentleman, noble, generous, and ambitious, and possessed with an implicit confidence from childhood that

by patient perseverance he could surmount every obstacle, and replace his family in the position to which it was entitled. Like his sisters Caroline and Louise, he was a poet from childhood. The few anecdotes of his early years which have been preserved in the memories of surviving contemporaries include an incident which occurred when he was seven years of age. Having been punished for some childish offence, and imprisoned in a portion of the garret shut off by wooden bars, which had originally inclosed the place as a wine-closet, his eldest sister stole upstairs to observe how he bore his punishment, and found Joe pacing the apartment with something like a sword on his shoulder, watching an incongruous heap on the floor, in the character of Don Quixote at his vigils over the armour in the church. At the same early age his ideas gleaned from books sought living shapes before him in the world. A hard-drinking squire who resided near the house of a relative was dubbed "Tam O'Shanter," while a small boy of his acquaintance, named Oscar, was entitled "Little Fingal." His straitened circumstances did not prevent the precocious boy from picking up a tolerable English education, some little knowledge of Latin and French, and a vast amount of general information. He possessed a remarkably retentive memory, that held fast like hooks of steel, and he was then and always a great reader.

At the age of five Drake composed highly admired conundrums in verse, and at ten wrote some promising juvenile poems. A few of these were found by the writer among Halleck's papers. They were never printed.

At fourteen Drake wrote the "Mocking-Bird" and "The Past and the Present," a portion of which furnished the concluding passage of *Leon* in the published volume of his poems. Four years later he abandoned merchandise, a fellow-clerk states, "from a distaste for business," and began the study of medicine with Drs. Bruce and Romaine. It was at this time, at the age of eighteen, that Drake first met Halleck. In the summer of 1812 James E. De Kay, then a medical student pursuing his studies at Guilford, became acquainted with Miss Halleck, the belle of that ancient and enterprising New England town, who, before his return to New York, gave him a letter of introduction to her brother, he having the year previous, in Connecticut phraseology, "gone a-tradin' down to York." During the winter of 1812-13, Drake and Halleck were made acquainted by De Kay, and from a little incident which occurred while the three young men were sailing on New York Bay, in the spring of 1813, the party became warmly attached friends. It was a sunny afternoon, after a shower, when Halleck, in the course of a conversation on the delights of another world, fanci-

fully remarked that "It would be heaven to lounge upon the rainbow and read Tom Campbell." Drake was delighted with the thought, and from that time they maintained a devoted friendship, only severed by death. When the young and handsome physician was married, in the summer of 1816, to a daughter of the eminent and opulent shipbuilder, Henry Eckford of New York, it was Halleck who officiated as groomsman; when he went to Europe with his accomplished wife, it was to his brother-poet that he addressed several amusing poetical epistles; when their daughter and only child was born, she was christened Halleck; when the pulsations of his gentle heart were daily growing feebler, it was his faithful friend "Fitz" who, with more than a brother's love, soothed his dying pillow; and when the grave had for ever closed over Drake, it was the same sorrow-stricken friend who wrote those exquisitely touching lines so familiar to the English-speaking world, and which will ever continue to be among Halleck's and Drake's most enduring monuments:—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

This inimitable monody on Drake by his literary partner has perhaps never been equalled

for beauty and tenderness, as it has been surpassed in popularity by but few, if any, American poems.

One of Drake's resorts in the days when he and Halleck were in "the sugar and cotton line" was the residence of Colonel Russell, whose cook was celebrated for her succotash, a dish of which the young poets were extravagantly fond. It is, however, questionable whether the corn and beans of which it was compounded would have had sufficient attraction to draw them there so often had there not been domiciled under the hospitable roof of the venerable and gallant colonel certain young ladies—two fair Elizas—whose charms were celebrated by both of the admiring poets. Another of their haunts was the house of Mrs. Peter Stuyvesant, with whose nephew, Egerton Winthrop, Drake was afterward a fellow-pupil under Drs. Bruce and Romaine. The residence, long since destroyed, stood in the neighbourhood of St. Mark's Church, with a beautiful lawn and gardens extending to the East River. They spent many happy hours in the old mansion, and often during their visits would take fishing-rods and proceed to Burnt Mill Point, near what is now Tenth Street. On one of these excursions, as a venerable contemporary reports, Drake had a nibble, when, giving a sudden jerk, he lost his fish, but, singular to say, brought up a beautiful bass, whose tail

had accidentally come in contact with his hook. "There, Fitz," shouted the elated embryo doctor, "I've caught a striped bass!" "No, no, Joe," answered Halleck, "I should say that he caught himself."

In alluding to the wonderful growth of the city, Halleck remarked to the writer that in Drake's days his New Year's calls were all, with a single exception, made below Canal Street. "Now, I suppose, you young gentlemen would decline visiting any one who did not live above Bleeker." The exceptional call was made upon Mrs. Stuyvesant; "and," said Mr. Halleck, "her residence was considered so remote that we always took a carriage to go there on New Year's Day. She lived a few blocks south of the square which at present bears her family name." On one occasion, upon entering the spacious mansion, the lady said to the poet, "My heart is broken." "Who is the base deceiver?" asked Halleck. "Ah!" replied the disconsolate widow, "it's not that; but the authorities are about to open a street through my garden!" That street is First Avenue; and since the poet's death the famous pear-tree, which stood on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue—the last vestige of Mrs. Stuyvesant's garden—Drake's favourite resort, and one of the landmarks of old New York, has been swept away.

Another of Drake's favourite haunts was the

country-house of Henry Eckford, who resided several miles from New York. It is now in the very centre of the city. His fine residence, the approach to which was by a beautifully shaded avenue called Love Lane, stood near what is now Twenty-first Street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. Dr. De Kay and Halleck were also frequent visitors, and the quartette was completed by Charles P. Clinch, then confidential secretary to Mr. Eckford. Many jovial evenings were spent by these young gentlemen under the roof of the rich Scotch ship-builder, and two of the number became his sons-in-law. Still another of Drake's resorts was Hunt's Point, the residence of a relative, by whose family—the Hunts—the property had been owned and occupied, till quite recently, for two hundred years. The old Grange, still in good preservation, situated at the southeast extremity of the Great Planting Neck, called by the Indians Quinna-hung, was erected in 1688, on a beautiful point overlooking the East River, Flushing Bay, and Long Island Sound. Drake and his almost inseparable companion on all such excursions sometimes reached Hunt's Point by taking the stage to West Farms, about two miles distant, or drove out with Mr. Eckford's horses. Their usual course was, however, by hiring a small boat, which they rowed there in the afternoon, returning to town the following morning. The associ-

ation of the young poets with Hunt's Point has been pleasantly commemorated by two streets recently laid-out, bearing their names.

One of Drake's friends was Dr. William Langstaff, with whom at this period he conducted a drug establishment in the basement of Drake's residence next to the corner of Park Row and Beekman Street, the firm being Drake & Langstaff.* Langstaff was a hearty and happy man,

* At the time this paper on Drake first appeared, in 1874, I received from an anonymous correspondent the following interesting communication:

"Whilst absent from the city some days since, I read a communication in the *Evening Post*, wherein the writer assumes to correct an error, as he calls it, in your allusion to the firm of Drake & Langstaff, in the very interesting memoir of Dr. Joseph Rodman Drake in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for June. He denies that Dr. Drake was in partnership with Dr. Langstaff in the drug business, and asserts 'that the firm of Drake & Langstaff never existed.'

"In this your critic is himself mistaken. I remember the firm distinctly. Their store was at 34 Park (now Park Row). It was not on the corner of Beekman Street, as stated in your memoir, but was next door to it. The building on the corner—where the office of the *Evening Mail* now is—was a low frame structure, not more than eight feet wide on Park, but increasing in width as it extended down Beekman Street, and was occupied by an Irishwoman as a grocery and liquor store. I can recall quite distinctly the plethoric form of this Celtic representative, although I never saw her but on *one* occasion, now more than half a century ago, from the circumstance that the interview with her marked

but decidedly brusque in manner. His first appearance at Hunt's Point was described to me by a person who witnessed the amusing scene. It was on a summer evening in 1816 that the

an era in my own career. It so happened that she employed me, on this occasion, to carry home her basket of marketing, for which she paid me ten cents in advance,—*the first money that I ever earned.* I performed the service, assisted, as I remember, by a young red-headed chum, who had 'a face full of freckles and deviltry,' and who terrorized the neighbourhood as 'Punch McGarrigan.' I believe in the doctrine of evolution, and that this boy genius was a connecting link, or a veritable *progenitor* of many of the street Arabs of the present day.

"The store of Drake & Langstaff was in a two-story-and-basement building. Dr. Drake resided in the upper part of it. The building was of brick, new, and of modern style. It had the appearance of having been built expressly for Dr. Drake, it was so complete in its arrangements, combining the conveniences of a handsome store-room with what was in those days an elegant residence.

"I have reason to believe that Dr. Drake was established in this drug business, after his return from Europe in 1819, through capital furnished by his father-in-law, the late Henry Eckford, Esq., and the Doctor associated with himself as partner—possibly because his own health was feeble, or it may be he was conscious he had himself no aptitude for the business of trade and the 'compounding of simples,'—his friend Dr. Langstaff, under the firm of Drake & Langstaff. How early in that year the firm was formed I am not able to say. Your article in *Harper's Monthly* speaks of the "Croaker" series of poems as having originated, at first, at a convivial meeting of Dr. Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Dr. Langstaff at the drug establish-

poets entered, followed by the eccentric apothecary, who was introduced by Drake to the lady of the house. She, in courteous terms, welcomed him to Hunt's Point, and expressed a

ment of *Drake & Langstaff*. As one of these poems, 'To Ennui,' appeared in the *Evening Post* on the 10th of March, 1819, it would seem as if the firm must have been in existence before that date; but I suspect that at that time it was only projected, and that the business of the firm was not really entered upon until after the month of *May*, for the reason that the name of the firm (or of either of the partners) does not appear in Longworth's Directory of that year, as would have been the case had the store been in operation. The name of the firm, Drake & Langstaff, does appear, however, in the Directory for the year 1820. Dr. Drake died September 21, of that year, early in the morning of that day, as appears from a notice under the obituary head in the *Evening Post* of the same day. The funeral took place from his residence, 34 Park, the next morning, at ten o'clock. I remember very distinctly witnessing the funeral cortége as it proceeded up Chatham Street, in the direction of Hunt's Point, and of counting thirty carriages which formed the procession. In those days interments were generally made in the burying grounds connected with the city churches, consequently carriages and hearses were usually dispensed with. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of men, and it was followed by the mourners and the friends of the deceased on foot. The funeral procession of Dr. Drake, from its striking novelty at the time, was very imposing to my boyish mind,—for those were primitive days, and quite uneventful compared with the present spectacular era,—and I was impressed by it with a most vivid sense of the deep feeling of respect in which the memory of the lamented poet was held by the public. I do

hope that he was well. "By heavens, madam, I *am* well!" was Langstaff's reply, in a tremendously loud voice, which both exceedingly surprised and very greatly disconcerted the lady and her young female friends who were present, and who were unacquainted with the new-comer's eccentricities. Another of the ladies, who was an occasional visitor at Hunt's Point at that period, and who recently died in Philadel-

not know that I have ever seen, since that period, a long funeral procession without finding myself, as it were, involuntarily measuring its length by the standard thus impressed in my boyhood.

"After Dr. Drake's death, the drug business was continued by Dr. Langstaff on his own account. His name appears in Longworth's Directory for 1821 as 'William Langstaff, druggist, 34 Park ;' and this is the last record the Directory makes of him. He did not survive his partner Dr. Drake many months. A young brother of mine had charge of his store up to the time of his death. I do not know whether he was a clerk there whilst the *firm* was in existence or not. I think I did not visit the store until my brother was in sole charge, Dr. Langstaff at the time being confined to his bed,—as I was told, dying of consumption,—and from which he never rose. My brother slept in the store, and I remember sleeping there myself on one or two occasions, and I can recall to my mind its general internal appearance. It was a handsome establishment for those days. It was well fitted up, and would have presented a creditable appearance even in these modern times. It was, as the writer in the *Evening Post* says, 'a shop stocked with all the valuable accessories of a chemist and druggist.'"

phia, said to the writer: "We were always delighted to see Mr. Halleck at Hunt's Point, as he would remain and entertain us, while Drake would be off in an old coat with his fishing-tackle;" adding, "Drake used to sing to us, and Halleck would delight us with his poetical recitations and amusing anecdotes."

The exquisite poem of "The Culprit Fay," on which Drake's reputation as a poet chiefly rests, was written in his twenty-first year, and not, as it has always been said, in the summer of 1819. The production of his *chef-d'œuvre* arose out of a conversation in which he and his friends Fenimore Cooper, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and De Kay were speaking of the Scottish streams and their adaptation to the uses of poetry by their numerous romantic associations. Cooper and Halleck maintained that our American rivers furnished no such capabilities, when Drake, who was fond of argument, took the opposite side of the question, and to make good his position, produced, in three days, "The Culprit Fay." The scene is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson, but it is noticeable that the chief associations conjured up relate to the salt-water, Drake drawing his inspiration from a familiar haunt on Long Island Sound. In a manuscript copy of "The Culprit,"*

* Willis's *Athenæum* articles first introduced to the English public "The Culprit Fay," long passages of which he gave

still in a good state of preservation, the author left a note ingeniously removing the difficulty:

"The reader will find some of the inhabitants of salt-water a little further up the Hudson than they usually travel, but not too far for the purposes of poetry."

On another manuscript copy of the poem, now before me, in Halleck's handwriting, is the indorsement herewith appended:

"The following lines were written by Joseph Rodman Drake, in New York, North America, August, 1816, and copied from the author's manuscript in January, 1817, by Fitz-Greene Halleck."

Writing to his sister, January 29, 1817, Halleck jestingly describes Drake's marriage as a "sacrifice."

"I send you herewith two manuscript poems, written by a friend of mine, Mr. Drake, whose name, I believe, I once mentioned to you. He is a young physician, about twenty. 'The Culprit Fay' was written, begun and finished, in three days. The copy you have is from the original, without the least alteration. It is certainly the best thing of the kind in the English language, and is more strikingly original than I had supposed it possible for a modern poem to be. The other 'Lines' were written to a lady after an evening's ramble

(in 1836) from a manuscript in his possession, the poem having not as yet appeared in print.—Beers' "Life of N. P. Willis," p. 217. New York, 1885.

near a river, on whose opposite bank a band of music was playing. 'Tis a hackneyed subject, but he has given it beauty and novelty. I will send you in a short time some other pieces equally good. . . . The poem was written in August last, since which its author has married, and, as his wife's father is rich, I imagine he will write no more. He was poor, as poets of course always are, and offered himself a sacrifice at the shrine of Hymen, to shun the 'pains and penalties' of poverty. I officiated as groomsman, though much against my will. His wife is good-natured, and loves him to distraction. He is, perhaps, the handsomest man in New York—a face like an angel, a form like an Apollo, and, as I well know that his person was the true index of his mind, I felt myself during the ceremony as committing a crime in aiding and assisting in such a sacrifice." . . .

In a torn and tattered fragment of another letter, Halleck, in allusion to Drake, remarks:

"Even to the most common and trifling subjects he will give an interest wholly unexpected and unlooked for. His manner of reading Shakspeare is unique, and to the bombast of our old friend Ancient Pistol he will give a force beyond description. He has a taste for music, and plays the flute admirably. As I owe to his acquaintance many a pleasant hour, he has become endeared to me, and I must apologize for dwelling so long on a picture the details of which are so uninteresting to one who has not seen the original."

Drake's own description of himself, contained in half a dozen hitherto unpublished lines, en-

titled "Moi-même," present a ludicrous contrast to his friend's enthusiastic encomiums. They are without date, but were presumably written prior to his marriage, which placed him in affluent circumstances:

"A comical mixture, half bad and half good,
Who has skimmed over all things, and naught understood;
Too dull to be witty, too wild to be grave,
Too poor to be honest, too proud for a knave—
In short, a mere chaos, without form or rule,
Who approaches to all things, but nearest a fool."

This is much after the style (or more properly, *before* it) of Lowell's "Fable for Critics," and both in measure and mood recalls that graphic portrait-gallery—especially its characterization of Lowell himself.

Halleck's prediction, contained in the letter to his sister, would have probably proved true. Drake would have written little if any more but for the purpose of inciting to poetic effort his friend, of whose abilities he perhaps formed an exaggerated estimate, as expressed in the poem he addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck, a few years after their remarkable friendship began in 1813. He was nobly ambitious for himself, but still more so for Halleck, to achieve poetic fame, and often urged him to act on Sidney's gallant and lofty motto, "*Aut viam inveniam aut faciam.*" He also vainly advised him to abandon "Jacob Bar-

ker and business," and to embark upon the career of a man of letters. Drake, in his spirited address to Halleck, says:

"Are there no scenes to touch the poet's soul?
No deed of arms to wake the lordly strain?
Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll?
Has Warren fought, Montgomery died in vain?
Shame! that while every mountain stream and plain
Hath theme for truth's proud voice or fancy's wand,
No native bard the patriot harp hath ta'en,
But left to minstrels of a foreign strand
To sing the beauteous scenes of nature's loveliest land.

'Be these your future themes: no more resign
The soul of song to laud your lady's eyes;
Go! kneel a worshipper at nature's shrine;
For you her fields are green and fair her skies;
For you her rivers flow, her hills arise;
And will you scorn them all, to pour forth tame
And heartless lays of feigned or fancied sighs?
Still will you cloud the muse, nor blush for shame
To cast away renown, and hide your head from fame?"

There can be no doubt that to Drake's influence the world is more indebted than to any of Halleck's other associates for inciting him to produce some of his noblest strains, while we have evidence that the latter was inspired by the same generous ambition for Drake's fame, as shown by the following invocation to activity and exertion, which was addressed to him by Halleck some months before the invalid doctor sailed, in

the spring of 1818, for Europe, accompanied by his wife and his friends De Kay and Langstaff:

“Come, then, dear Joseph, come away;
’Tis criminal to lose a day
 With talents bright as thine.
Let indolence on beds of flowers
Consume the weary, lagging hours:
 Action’s thy nobler line.”

A few days after Drake’s return from his visit to Europe, of which unfortunately no memorials are preserved, with the exception of his humorous poetical epistles included in the life of Halleck, the young poets were spending a Sunday evening with Langstaff, when Drake, for his own and his friends’ amusement, wrote, on the spur of the moment, several burlesque stanzas “To Ennui,” Halleck answering them in some lines on the same subject. They decided to send their productions, with others of a similar character, to Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*. Drake accordingly sent three pieces of his own, signed “Croaker,” a signature adopted from an amusing character in Goldsmith’s comedy of “The Good-natured Man.” To the astonishment of the trio of friends, a paragraph appeared in the *Post* the day following, acknowledging their receipt, promising the insertion of the poems, pronouncing them to be the productions of superior taste and genius, and begging the honour of

a personal acquaintance with the author. The lines "To Ennui" appeared March 10, 1819, and the others in almost daily succession, those written by Halleck being usually signed "Croaker Junior," while those which were their joint composition generally bore the signature of "Croaker & Co."

The remarks made by Editor Coleman had excited public attention, and "The Croakers" soon became a subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, bookstores, coffee-houses on Broadway, and throughout the city; they were, in short, a town topic. The two friends contributed other pieces, and when the editor again expressed great anxiety to be acquainted with the writer, and used a style so mysterious as to excite their curiosity, the literary partners decided to call upon him. Drake and Halleck accordingly one evening went together to Coleman's residence in Hudson Street, and requested an interview. They were ushered into the parlour, the editor soon entered, the poets expressed a desire for a few moments' strictly private conversation, and the door being closed and locked, Drake said, "I am Croaker, and this gentleman is Croaker Junior." Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected amazement, at length exclaiming, "My God! I had no idea that we had such talent in America!" the delighted editor continuing in a strain of compliment and

eulogy that put them both to the blush. Before taking their leave the poets bound Coleman to the most profound secrecy, and arranged a plan of sending the MS. and of receiving the proof in a manner that would avoid a possibility of the secret of their connection with "The Croakers" being discovered. The poems were copied from the original by Langstaff, that their handwriting should not betray them, and were either sent through the mail or delivered by Benjamin R. Winthrop, then a fellow-clerk with Halleck in the Wall Street counting-house of the well-known Quaker merchant and banker, Jacob Barker, (who died in December, 1871, at the age of ninety-four.)

Hundreds of imitations of "The Croakers" were daily received by the different editors of New York, to all of which they gave publicly one general answer, that they lacked the genius, spirit, and beauty of the originals. Coleman showed one of the poets fifteen that he had received in a single morning, all of which, with a single exception, were consigned to the wastebasket. The friends continued for several months to keep the city in a blaze of astonishment; and it was observed by one of the editors that "so great was the wincing and shrinking at 'The Croakers,' that every person was on tenterhooks; neither knavery nor folly has slept quietly since our first commencement."

In a letter to Miss Halleck, dated April 1, 1819, her brother writes:

"Can you believe it, Maria, Joe and I have become authors? We have tasted all the pleasures and many of the pains of literary fame and notoriety under the assumed name of 'The Croakers.' We have had the consolation of seeing and of hearing ourselves praised, puffed, eulogized, execrated, and threatened as much, I believe I can say with truth, as any writers since the days of Junius. The whole town has talked of nothing else for three weeks past; and every newspaper has done us the honour to mention us in some way, either of praise or censure, but all uniting in owning our talents and genius. . . . As luck would have it, Joe was under the necessity of going to Albany, and I have been compelled to carry on the war alone for ten days past, during which time I furnished Coleman with one piece each day."

The "Croakers" were collected and surreptitiously published by some unknown person in a small 18mo pamphlet of thirty-six pages, and sold for twenty-five cents. The title of the *brochure* was "Poems by Croaker, Croaker & Co., and Croaker Junior, as published in the *Evening Post*. Published for the reader, New York, 1819." For a ragged and soiled copy of this pamphlet, issued in September, 1819, and which appears to have been the property of Dr. Langstaff, a dealer in literary wares in Nassau Street had the modesty to demand of the writer not long

since the sum of five dollars. In 1860 the Bradford Club of New York issued a handsome quarto edition, and in 1868 they were included, with several unpublished "Croakers," in an edition of Halleck's poems. In lieu of the original signatures the editor of the volume made known for the first time the respective author of each poem, indicating also by the letters "D. and H." the joint authorship of the literary partners, or, to quote Halleck's familiar words to the writer, that "we each had a finger in the pie."

Whoever among the present generation would desire to learn something of the leading men of the city and State, and of the social, scientific, and political events of a decade so interesting as that of 1819-29 in New York history, cannot but be enlightened, as well as greatly amused, by a perusal of these poems from the pens of two such well-informed and witty men as Drake and his friend.

The surviving partner of the poetical firm told the late Frederick S. Cozzens that after Drake's proposal to form a literary partnership, many of the "Croakers" were written in this wise: he or Drake would furnish a draft of a poem, and one or the other would suggest any alteration or enlargement of the idea, a closer clipping of the wings of fancy, a little epigrammatic spur upon the heel of a line. I doubt very much whether I have the right to disclose the method by which

poets work in their workshops, but as I am only repeating Halleck's ideas, I hold it to be no base betrayal of the craft. To show how delightful these joint labours were to both of these genuine men, Halleck told me that upon one occasion, Drake, after writing some stanzas, and getting the proof from the printer, laid his cheek down upon the lines he had written, and, looking at his fellow-poet with beaming eyes, said, "Oh, Halleck, isn't this happiness!"

"The American Flag," Drake's best-known poem, written in his own house between the 20th and 25th of May, 1819, originally concluded with the following lines:

"As fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world."

These not satisfying their author, he said, "Fitz, can't you suggest a better stanza?" Whereupon Halleck sat down and wrote on the spur of the moment the lines that now conclude the poem, which Drake immediately accepted, and incorporated:

"For ever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !"

Drake's nephew, C. Graham Tillou, to whom I

am indebted for much of the original matter contained in this paper, is the fortunate possessor of the first draft of the poem. The four concluding lines are stricken out, and immediately below, in Halleck's handwriting, are added the lines commencing "For ever float," etc. When the poem was first published it was introduced by Coleman, the editor of the *Post*, with the following remarks: "Sir Philip Sidney said, as Addison tells us, that he never could read the old ballad of *Chevy Chase* without feeling his heart beat within him as at the sound of a trumpet. The following lines, which are to be ranked among the highest inspirations of the muse, will suggest similar associations in the breast of the gallant American officer."

Another of the literary recreations of the young poets "in those happy days when we only lived to laugh," as Halleck remarked to the writer, was the composition of sermons in answer to the Calvinistic discourses of Dr. Samuel H. Cox, then attaining considerable celebrity as an eloquent and promising divine. These sermons were delivered to a less numerous if not a less appreciative audience, consisting usually of De Kay and Langstaff. Unfortunately their manuscripts, which might have made a majestic volume, to be entitled "Halleck and Drake's Sermons," were not preserved.

Drake's physician, alarmed by his premonitory

symptoms of consumption, advised riding, even to the extent of a horseback journey to New Orleans. The poet, although manifesting little anxiety about his health, and remarking to a friend, in reference to certain dietary restrictions, that when he sat down at the table the doctor's directions were forgotten, as a favourite dish, however hurtful in theory, could not be resisted, was at length prevailed upon to spend the winter in the South. A lady who sojourned for several months at the poet's residence during his absence informed me that he wrote alternately to Mrs. Drake and to Halleck, and that his letters and others from New Orleans concerning the invalid's health were eagerly sought after by his troops of friends, who would besiege the house for news on the arrival of letters. Drake returned from Louisiana (where he had enjoyed the tender and loving attentions of his sister Louise, then the wife of Judge Nichols) in the spring, fatally smitten with consumption. He lingered during the summer, growing daily weaker and weaker, and constantly ministered to by De Kay, Halleck, and Langstaff. The attachment displayed by the latter was extremely touching. For several months he continued daily, and occasionally as often as three or four times each day, to go up stairs from the shop to Drake's bedside, and say, with tears in his eyes, and with the tenderness of a girl, "My dear Joe, is there

not something I can get for you?" or, "Can't I do anything for you, Joe?" And the invalid would make him happy by devising some trifling commission for his affectionate friend to execute.

Drake died September 21, 1820, his frame consumed by his malady, but his mental faculties clear and unimpaired, his smile as sweet and his eyes as bright as in his best days. When he first reposed in death, as I learn by a MS. from the pen of the poet's brother-in-law, the late Francis R. Tillou, "a circumstance occurred which, in superstitious times, would have established the idea that he was peculiarly a child of heaven. At midnight of the day he died the sky was quite cloudless; myriads of bright stars glittered there; and, like a glowing ball, the moon hung in the azure heavens, *eclipsed*, shrouded in a dark veil—an elegant type, a token of sympathy for the departure of a spirit once so warmly its votary." He was buried at Hunt's Point; and as Halleck returned from the funeral, he said to De Kay, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone."

A low monument of marble, surmounted by a quadrangular pyramid, rises above the grave where the poet's remains have reposed for sixty-five years. The inscription is on one side, and

reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Joseph R. Drake, M.D., who died September 21, 1820.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

These lines were afterward slightly varied and improved by their author, and now read as quoted on page 284.

When Drake was on his death-bed, at his wife's request Dr. De Kay collected and copied all his poems which could be found, and took them to him. "See, Joe," said he, "what I have done." "Burn them," said the dying poet; "they are valueless." A fastidious selection of her father's poems was, however, made in October, 1835, by the poet's daughter and only child, being the volume (issued in 1836), fitly dedicated to Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was once solicited by a publisher to write a memoir of Drake, but declined. He remarked to a friend, in alluding to the subject, "What could I say about a young poet whose uneventful career was closed at twenty-five? I should necessarily have been as brief as Steevens, whose life of Shakespeare was compressed, as you remember, into some half dozen lines."

Something more than a score of years after Drake's death, Halleck, in a poetical epistle to a lady who was associated with their happiest hours at Hunt's Point, said:

“Gone are the days of sunny weather
(I quote remembered words), when we
‘Revelled in poetry’ together,
And frightened leaves from off their tree,
With declamation loud and long,
From epic sage and merry song,
And odes and madrigals and sonnets,
Till all the birds within the wood,
And people of the neighbourhood,
Said we’d ‘a bee in both our bonnets.’
And he* sat listening—he the most
Honoured and loved, and early lost—
He in whose mind’s brief boyhood hour
Was blended, by the marvellous power
That Heaven-sent genius gave,
The green blade with the golden grain,
Alas ! to bloom and beard in vain,
Sheafed round a sick-room’s bed of pain,
And garnered in the grave.”

“A man that is young in years may be old in hours,” remarks Bacon, “if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely.” Measured by such a standard, judged by what he did, Drake’s life was longer than that of many a man who attains the allotted threescore and ten. It is perhaps idle now to speculate as to what his poetic genius could have produced had he been spared to the world like Dana and Bryant and Longfellow, or even to the age attained by his poetic favourites Burns and Byron. Many of his poems were

* Joseph Rodman Drake.

left unfinished, among the number one entitled *Leon*, clearly manifesting his knowledge of the human heart. The first part of this incomplete work appeared in the published volume of Drake's poems; the second part—a fragment—is appended to this paper, and is now printed for the first time.

LEON.—PART II.

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”—*Shakspeare*.

I wish I had a small secluded spot,
Some wild-wood dell and bower-enshaded grot,
Where never glimpse of human face was seen,
And none but fairy feet have trod the green,
That with one trusting friend who loved me well,
Unseen, unknown, I might for ever dwell;
And, far from woman's spell, sequestered move
Beyond the doubts, the fears, the crimes, the woes, of love
Poor son of sorrow, child of sighs and tears,
Born in wild hopes, and nursed in wilder fears,
Short are the joys that glad thy weeping eyes
As rainbow tints that vanish while they rise.
Glimpses of heaven that only serve to show
The double deepness of succeeding woe.
Oh, why, sweet cherub of celestial birth,
In mercy sent to light and warm the earth,
Why are thy purposed gifts for ever lost,
Crushed by cold prudence, or in passion tossed?
Still the warm hearts that bend to thy control
Must bend in sorrow, or in frenzy roll,
And reason only wakes to tell despair
How blest they might have been, how curst they are.
But why should dark, foreboding dreams destroy
The fleeting forms of momentary joy?

Why damp the bliss with such presagings sad
While eyes around are bright, and hearts are glad ?
For her, in every corner of the place,
Dressed up in smiles is seen each happy face,
Grandsire and crone, brisk youth and maiden gay,
And children pranked in holiday array
Around the castle stand, or sit, or trip,
Joy in each eye and smiles on every lip ;
While talk and whisper buzzes far and wide,
Of the brave bridegroom and the bonny bride.
Some crowd the gates, some lie along the grass
On the green road through which the train will pass ;
Some, more impatient to behold the band,
Around the chapel archway take their stand,
Or, climbing to the windows, strive in vain
To send their glances through the painted pane.
The nearest bend their ears toward the lay,
And strive to hear, although they cannot see ;
While some, more daring, forward thrust the chin,
And set the door acrack and peep within.

Oh, 'tis an awful and a glorious sight !
The dim sun flings his unstained light,
The flame-tipt columns of the altar torch
Strike a long gleam along the fretted porch,
And lustres, with their branchy arms outspread,
From pendent drops ten thousand sparkles shed ;
The velvet surface of the pulpit pall
In gentle waves and crimson flashes fall,
While the gay arches of the ceiling throw
Broad, massy shades and darkening streaks below.
Then might you see, with nod and smile and stoop
Of knights and dames, a gallant, joyous group,
Filling the space, and glancing here and there
A brilliant eye, or turning smooth and fair
A neck of marble white, or with a bow
Shaking the plume that quivers on the brow.

Within the altar paling stands the choir,
The mitred priest, the cowed and shaven friar,
And novice boy, who with a holy look
Carries the pyx, or bears the sacred book,
Or, as the words of reverent praise are spoke,
Heaves to the Saviour-cross the curling incense smoke.

But hark ! from yonder sable-curtained dome
In long low strains the feeble voices come,
Swell, fall, subside, and as the murmur dies,
Full, clear, and strong the solemn chantings rise
And gentle organ stops, with breathing sound,
Like songs of distant angels, float around ;
And now they mingle, pause, and now alone
Peals in deep majesty the lengthened tone ;
Slowly, as sinks the faint receding wail,
The cowlèd priest advances to the pale.

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In the history of literary partnerships I know of none more beautiful than that of the sweet companionship of Drake and Halleck. Genius does not readily amalgamate ; hence partnerships in the literary world are more rare than they are in the commercial. Almost the only parallel to the young American poets is that of Beaumont and Fletcher, "the rich conception of whose twin-like brains" sprang from an equally thorough and genuine union of congenial minds. In both cases the poet-partners had much besides genius in common. Contemporary critics give to Beaumont the credit of restraining the exuberant wit and fancy of Fletcher ; but truly, such was the "wondrous consimilarity of fancy,"

as Aubrey calls it, between them, that it is utterly impossible to guess at the share of the dramatists in the plays bearing their joint names, for there is nothing to distinguish them in any way from those written by Fletcher after the grass was growing over his friend's grave. The same, I think, may be said of those sprightly *jeux d'esprit*, "The Croakers," concerning which the public were equally in the dark respecting the source from which individual poems emanated, even after it was well known that they were the handiwork of the literary partners Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, the Damon and Pythias of American poets.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

1806-1867.

It was a sunny summer's morning in the month of September when we landed from a steamer at the wharf known as Cornwall's Landing, midway between Cold Spring and Newburgh, on the Hudson River. We then wended our way to a picturesque, many-gabled Gothic structure, nestled among luxurious evergreens, admirably situated on the plateau north of the Highlands, and within sound, under favourable conditions of the weather, of the evening gun at West Point. Entering the substantially-built brick residence, we saw around us on every side unmistakeable evidences of culture and refinement in the tasteful furniture, pictures, books, and numerous nameless little articles and their arrangement, so perfectly in keeping with one's ideas of a poet's home. A tall and elegant figure, with rosy cheeks and a luxuriance of clustering hair, which upwards of fifty winters had failed to whiten, enters with the easy grace of a man of the world, and we see before us our friend the master of the mansion. After a cordial greeting and an interview with the ladies of his house-

She rode from her untroubled sleep,
With a part away her soft brown hair,
And, in a tone as low as sleep
Said, "I have a first orphan, the little orphan -"

R. B. R. R.

hold, we sally forth to see his loved domain called "Idlewild," and to look at the extensive and varied views commanded by his "coign of vantage."

Around us we see the Storm King and other lofty wooded mountains, towering to a height of nearly two thousand feet; the noble river—here expanding in a broad bay, on whose bosom the white-sailed sloops and schooners are idly floating with the flood-tide; and on the opposite shore, valleys and hillsides, sprinkled with country-seats, from among which our companion points out the ancestral home of the venerable Gulian C. Verplanck, and the summer residences of other mutual New York friends. Passing through the well-kept grounds, we soon reach a picturesque glen, and descending, pass along to a mass of rocks, among which the musical waters rush joyously past on their way to the great river some two hundred feet below and nearly two miles distant.

Seated on the gray rocks, Mr. Willis described his first visit to the site on which his beautiful home stands. "I was recommended," he said, "by my physician to seek a home somewhere north of the Highlands; and some sixteen years ago, when I first saw this place, it was one of the roughest pieces of uncultivated land that I ever looked at. But it had capabilities. I saw trees, knolls, rocks, and this ravine musical with

water-falls, and looking to the south 'a noble wild prospect,' as Sam Johnson would have said; and I at once determined that it should be mine. I passed over the rough and rocky fifty acres with the owner, who looked his astonishment, as well as expressed it, that a New Yorker should have any use for his 'unimproved property,' as he called it. He said, 'What on earth can you do with it? It's only an idle wild.' I did not tell him; but I bought it, and you see what I have made of it, and that I was indebted to my Dutch predecessor for a very pretty and appropriate name." Here, with the exception of a health-trip to the Tropics and to the Western and Southern States in 1851-52, the gifted and graceful writer spent the last twenty years of his busy literary life. Here it was that, after bravely battling for existence for many weary winters, he at length, on the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, fell a victim to consumption, and was laid at rest by the side of his mother's grave in Mount Auburn.

. Later in the day, in company with the ladies of his household, we had a charming drive to the Powellton House, above Newburgh, stopping by the way to visit an interesting memorial of Revolutionary days—Washington's headquarters. During our drive Mr. Willis spoke of several of his gifted contemporaries—Fitz-Greene Halleck among the number—who had honoured

Idlewild with their presence, and alluded with particular pleasure to the delight with which a few summers previous he had welcomed Washington Irving to his Highland home. In a letter to the late John P. Kennedy, Irving mentioned the visit, and thus described the poet and his picturesque place:

"I lately made a day's excursion up the Hudson, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Moses H. Grinnell and two or three others, to see Mr. Willis in his poetical retreat of Idlewild. It is really a beautiful place, the site well chosen, commanding noble and romantic scenery; the house commodious and picturesque, and furnished with much taste. In a word, it is just such a retreat as a poet would desire. I never saw Willis to such advantage as on this occasion. . . . Willis talks and writes much about his ill-health, and is really troubled with an ugly cough; but I do not think his lungs are affected, and I think it likely he will be like a cracked pitcher, which lasts the longer for having a flaw in it, being so much the more taken care of."

The family of N. P. Willis trace back their descent to George Willis, a native of England, who as a newly-settled resident of Cambridge was admitted "Freeman of Massachusetts" in 1638. The poet's father and grandfather were publishers and editors of newspapers, and the latter was an apprentice in the office with Benjamin Franklin, and a member of the famous Boston Tea-Party. His father, Nathaniel Willis, a native of

Boston, founded in that city in 1816 the first firmly-established religious newspaper in the world—the *Boston Recorder*—which he conducted for twenty years, establishing during the latter part of the same time the first child's newspaper in this country—the *Youth's Companion*. He died in 1871, having outlived his son several years, and his wife, a woman of marked intellectual endowments, for a period of a quarter of a century. The poet in his verse has taught us to revere the memory of his mother, who was held in the highest regard by many of the best and wisest men of her day and generation, who were her habitual and admiring correspondents.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Me. (also the birthplace of Longfellow), January 20, 1806. His father removed to Boston when he was six years of age, and soon after he was sent to the Rev. Dr. MacFarlane of Concord, N. H., to gain the rudiments of an English education. At the Boston Latin School and the Phillips Academy at Andover, he received his principal education previous to entering Yale College in 1823. He displayed good scholarship, and soon established a reputation as a writer of verses by gaining a fifty-dollar prize offered by the publishers of "The Album," an illustrated annual, for the best poem. Many of his college exercises were of very unusual excellence. Soon after leaving college, at the age of twenty, Willis

was employed by S. G. Goodrich, the well-known "Peter Parley," to edit certain volumes published under the title of "The Legendary," and also to have supervision of "The Token," an annual gift-book.

In 1829 he established the *American Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted for two years, and then merged it in the *New York Mirror*, a weekly literary journal, begun in 1823 by George P. Morris and Samuel Woodworth, by whose request Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote the exquisite lines addressed to "A Poet's Daughter." Willis soon after visited Europe, where he wrote for his paper "Pencillings by the Way," a series of pleasant gossip sketches that were exceedingly popular at the time. During his first visit to Paris, our Minister, William C. Rives, attached him to his Legation, and it was with diplomatic passport and privilege that he made his way leisurely to the different courts and capitals of Europe and the East, having *entrée* everywhere to the highest circles. In 1835, after two years' residence in England, he married Mary Leighton Stace, daughter of Commissary-General William Stace, then in command of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, a distinguished officer, who was in the enjoyment of a handsome pension from Government for gallantry at Waterloo. Willis, like many another poetic spirit, was unfortunate in his first love affair. He was engaged

to Miss Benjamin of Boston, afterwards the wife of the historian Motley, but the engagement was broken through the determined opposition of the young lady's guardian. The late George Lunt of Boston (1803-85) described them as "very handsome and deeply attached lovers." He was also acquainted with the poet's father and mother, and said the former "was a mild little man who lived to be ninety, and his gifted son was a great favourite with Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, the social leader of her day."

During the same year Willis issued in book form his "Pencillings by the Way," for which he received from an English publisher the handsome sum of fifteen hundred dollars. Lockhart in the *Quarterly* and Captain Marryatt in the *Metropolitan Magazine* criticised the volume with great severity—the latter with so much malignity that Willis felt called upon to challenge the redoubtable navigator. The challenge was accepted, a hostile meeting took place at Chatham, but no blood was spilt. He also published in England "Inklings of Adventure," which proved both popular and lucrative. In 1837 Willis and his wife sailed for New York, and soon after their arrival he gratified his taste for country life by the purchase of two hundred acres in the valley of the Susquehanna, near Oswego, and the erection of a cottage, in which he hoped to spend the remainder of his life. In

this lovely rural home on the banks of the Susquehanna, which he called, after his wife, "Glenmary," he spent five happy years, writing pleasant "Letters from Under a Bridge," and spending money, as most literary farmers do, in impracticable and unprofitable agricultural experiments.

By the death of General Stace, the failure of his publisher, and other mishaps which involved his means of support, Willis was compelled, when his daughter Imogene was born, to part with his home, to which he was so deeply attached, and once more betake himself to active life. In selling "Glenmary," in 1842, he addressed the following letter to the unknown purchaser and occupant of his beautiful retreat:

"SIR: In selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth, the waters on their way to this sparkling brook, the tints mixed for the flowers of that enamelled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money or at my own audacity toward Nature. How you can *buy* the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees—how I can *sell* it to you—is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me.

"'Lord of the Soil' is a title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flow-

ing at this moment, perhaps, in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily instalments, and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them, and all tributary to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk, and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruits. Ice will be here for your wine, shade for your refreshment at noon, breezes and showers and snowflakes—all in their season, and all ‘deeded to you for forty dollars the acre.’ Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!

“Mine has been but a short lease of this lovely and well-endowed domain (the duration of a smile of fortune, five years, scarcely longer than a five-act play); but as in a play we sometimes live through a life, it seems to me that I have lived a life at Glenmary. Allow me this, and then you must allow me the privilege of those who, at the close of life, leave something behind them—that of writing out my *will*. Though I depart *this* life, I would fain, like others, extend my ghostly hand into the future; and if wings are to be borrowed or stolen where I go, you may rely on my hovering around and haunting you in visitations not restricted by cock-crowing.

“Trying to look at Glenmary through your eyes, Sir, I see too plainly that I have not shaped my ways as if expecting a successor in my lifetime. I did not, I am free to own. I thought to have shuffled off my

mortal coil tranquilly here—fitting at last in company with some troop of my autumn leaves, or some bevy of spring blossoms, or with snow in the thaw; my tenants at my back, as a landlord may say, I have counted on a life-interest in the trees, trimming them accordingly; and in the squirrels and birds, encouraging them to chatter and build and fear nothing; no guns permitted on the premises. I have had my will of this beautiful stream. I have carved the woods in a shape to my liking. I have propagated the despised sumach and the persecuted hemlock and ‘pizen laurel.’ And ‘no end to the weeds dug up and set out again,’ as one of my neighbours delivers himself. I have built a bridge over Glenmary brook, which the town looks to have kept up by ‘the place,’ and we have plied free ferry over the river, I and my man Tom, till the neighbours, from the daily saving of the two miles round, have got the trick of it. And betwixt the aforesaid Glenmary brook and a certain muddy plebeian gutter formerly permitted to join company with and pollute it I have procured a divorce at much trouble and pains—a guardian duty entailed of course on my successor.

“First of all, sir, let me plead for the old trees of Glenmary! Ah, those friendly old trees! The cottage stands belted in with them, a thousand visible from the door, and of stems and branches worthy of the great valley of the Susquehanna. For how much music played without thanks am I indebted to those leaf-organs of changing tone? for how many whisperings of thought breathed like oracles into my ear? for how many new shapes of beauty moulded in the leaves by the wind? for how much companionship, solace, and

welcome? Steadfast and constant is the countenance of such friends. God be praised for their staid welcome and sweet fidelity! If I love them better than some things human, it is no fault of ambitiousness in the trees. They stand where they did. But in recoiling from mankind one may find them the next kindest things, and be glad of dumb friendship. Spare those old trees, gentle Sir!"

Willis continues his letter with pleas for kindly consideration towards his beautiful birds, his saucy squirrels, and a certain portly and venerable toad—"mine ancient"—dwelling near the margin of the river; closing his delightfully characteristic letter with the following paragraph:

"And now, sir, I have nothing else to ask, save only your watchfulness over the small nook reserved from this purchase of seclusion and loveliness. In the shady depths of the small glen above you, among the wild-flowers and music of the brook babbling over rocky steps, is a spot sacred to love and memory. Keep it inviolate, and as much of the happiness of Glenmary as we can leave behind stay with you for recompense!"

On his return to New York, Willis, in company with William T. Porter, established *The Corsair*, a very handsome and, during its brief existence, brilliantly written weekly journal, and the following year sailed for England. While there he engaged Thackeray, who was

comparatively unknown, to write for his paper. When abroad Willis published, under the title of "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," a volume containing his two plays of "Bianca Visconti" and "Tortesa the Usurer;" wrote the letter-press for Bartlett's series of Views in the United States and Canada; and brought out in London a book entitled "Loiterings of Travel."

When Willis returned to the United States he found the *Corsair* cast away on the reefs of bankruptcy, and with fortunate instinct entered into partnership with his old shipmate George P. Morris, and began the *Evening Mirror*. On this daily journal he worked with unflagging zeal, but the exactions of the position were more than he could endure, and made the first break in a constitution of great natural vigour. His health giving way, and his sorrows and trials being doubled by the death of his wife, he sought relief in foreign travel. In England he suffered from a serious attack of brain-fever, and afterward, in Germany, he was for several months an invalid. Partially regaining his health, he visited Berlin, and was warmly welcomed by his former literary associate in the *Mirror*, Theodore S. Fay, then Secretary of Legation with our Ambassador Henry Wheaton, who offered Willis a diplomatic position. With a view to its acceptance, and pursuing his labours on the Continent, he went to England to place his daughter at

school. Failing health, however, induced him to change his plans, and in place of going to Germany he decided to return with his child to the United States.

Early in the year 1846 Willis arrived in New York, and the following autumn married Cornelia, the niece and adopted daughter of the late Joseph Grinnell of New Bedford, then a member of Congress from Massachusetts. Henry and Moses H. Grinnell of New York were her uncles. Soon after the *Evening Mirror* was discontinued, and the partners established the *Home Journal*, a weekly publication, which is still pursuing a pleasant and profitable existence. It was an agreeable return to the more quiet paths of literature, and one that was much better adapted to both the poets. The new paper proved a great pecuniary and literary success. For twenty years Mr. Willis continued to contribute weekly letters and leaders from his home on the Hudson, to which he retired soon after his second marriage, and where a son and two daughters were born. The letters were collected and published in uniform volumes, and give the outlines of his life for those years. The charms of his beautiful home of Idlewild, which he described with a freedom highly honourable to his character for hospitality,—for many who were happy to read were still happier to see,—made it perhaps the best-known rural home in the land,

with the single exceptions of "Mount Vernon" and "Sunnyside." Forty-five years ago "Glenmary" was almost equally famous.

Living in a show-place like Sunnyside or Idlewild, with their unceasing flow of known and unknown visitors, would to less generous and genial people than Mr. Willis and his household have been simply insupportable. But they bore up under it with a gay and gallant resignation that was quite remarkable. On the subject of his unknown visitors the poet once said:

"Strangers coming to Idlewild often send to the cottage door to inquire 'whether a stroll through the glen will be any intrusion.' A beautiful boy—so beautiful, that, as he stood upon rock by one of the water-falls, he left a picture there which the sight of the rock will always recall to me—said he had often wanted to stroll through the glen, but that his uncle, with whom he had driven past the gate, would not go into any man's grounds with whom he was unacquainted. 'Why, my sweet fellow, it would be time for a new deluge if any bright spot on the surface of the earth could be so shut from you. No, no: there is no such right of property possible in a republic. Fence out pigs we may, if we know how, and nobody leaves the gate open; but to fence out a genial eye from any corner of the earth which Nature has lovingly touched with that pencil which never repeats itself; to shut up a glen or a water-fall for any man's exclusive knowing and enjoying; to lock up trees and glades, shady paths and haunts along rivulets—it would be an embezzlement by one man of God's

gifts to all. A capitalist might as well curtain off a star, or have the monopoly of an hour. Doors may lock, but outdoors is a freehold to feet and eyes.' ”

A story is told of a foreigner who essayed to explore his moonlight way alone over the river-path from the Cornwall Landing to the poet's home. Insufficiently directed, he mistook a huge barn *en route* for the veritable cottage of the muses, and kept knocking, knocking, at the gray old door, looking up ever and anon interrogatively, and soliloquizing thus: “’Tis very plain! very plain house indeed! But *mon Dieu, Willis is a poet!*”

In another of his charming and characteristic communications to the *Home Journal*, Willis remarks:

“ My cottage at Idlewild is a pretty type of the two lives which they live who are wise—the life in full view, which the world thinks all; and the life out of sight, of which the world knows nothing. You see its front porch from the thronged thoroughfares of the Hudson; but the grove behind it overhangs a deep-down glen, tracked but by my own tangled paths and the wild torrent which they by turns avoid and follow—a solitude in which the hourly hundreds of swift travellers who pass within echo distance effect not the stirring of a leaf. But it does not take precipices and groves to make these *close remotenesses*. The city has many a one—many a wall on the crowded street, behind which is the small chamber of a life lived utterly apart. Idlewild,

with its viewless other side hidden from the thronged Hudson,—its dark glen of rocks and woods, and the thunder or murmur of its brook,—is but this every wise man's inner life 'illustrated and set to music'?"

The following letter to an unknown youth possesses more than a personal interest. It presents a view of the labours and hardships of literary men some forty years ago, which will be contemplated with something like wonder by the present generation. It was written at the period when there was little appreciation for American literature, and when Hawthorne could describe himself as "the obscurest man of letters in the United States." Few authors find time to reply, as Willis did, to such epistles, and still fewer possess the taste and feeling to inspire such a one as this. Truly, as Halleck said of Willis, "he was one of the kindest of men, and one of the best of letter-writers."

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, forwarded to me here, is just received, and I hasten to comply with your request; though young poets ask advice very much as lovers do—after they are irrevocably engaged. In the first place, however, I should always advise against adopting the literary profession; for, at best, it is like making waggon-traces of your hair, wholly insufficient for wants which increase as the power gives way. . . . There are many men of the same calibre who would go on and starve, up to the empty honour of being remembered

first when dead, were it not that they could turn their more common powers to account, and live by meaner industry. *Poetry is an angel in your breast, and you had better not turn her out to be your maid-of-all-work.* As to writing for magazines, that is very nearly done with, as a matter of profit. The competition for notoriety alone gives the editors more than they can use. You could not *sell* a piece of poetry now in America. The literary avenues are all overcrowded, and you cannot live by the pen, except as drudge to a newspaper. Notwithstanding all this, you will probably try it; and all I can say is, you shall have my sympathy and what aid I can give you. If you should come to New York, and will call on me, I shall be happy to say more than I have time to write.

Yours, very truly, N. P. WILLIS.

Writing from Idlewild in the spring after the author's visit already described Willis says:

"Thanks for your pleasant gossiping letter. Write me some more. . . . All as usual here. Ice firm, and *droves of cattle* crossing the river yesterday—March 22!!! It is just as much as I can do to wag my *Tale* this week [his novel "Paul Fane"], which begins to please and interest me."

The last time I met the poet we dined together in New York. He was not in good health, but his spirits were unaffected by his bodily maladies, and he entertained me with many of his reminiscences of English society. Speaking of Holland House, he said: "Lady Holland once

sent her page round the table to Macaulay to tell him to stop talking. She told Rogers, 'Your poetry is bad enough, so pray be sparing of your prose.' At a dinner in South Street she fidgeted Lord Melbourne so much by making him shift his place when he was seated to his liking, that he rose, exclaiming, 'I'll be —— if I dine with you at all,' and walked off to his own house—fortunately at hand. She requested a celebrated dandy to move a little farther off, on the ground that her olfactory nerves were offended by his blacking—the blacking which he vowed was diluted with champagne. Shortly after M. Van de Weyer's arrival in England as a Belgian Minister, he was dining with a distinguished party at Holland House, when Lady Holland suddenly turned to him and asked, 'How is Leopold?' 'Does your ladyship mean the King of the Belgians?' 'I have heard,' she rejoined, 'of Flemings, Hainaulters, and Brabanters; but Belgians are new to me.' His reply was, 'My lady, before I had the honour to be presented to you, I had often heard you spoken of not only as a woman of intelligence and wit, but as a woman who had read much. Well, is it possible that you in your many readings have never met with the book by a person named Julius Cæsar? In his Commentaries he gives to our population the name of the Belgians, and this name we have preserved till our days.' "

In the course of our after-dinner talk, Willis expressed the kindest feelings towards several members of the literary profession who had displayed an unfriendly attitude respecting himself, and spoke in the highest terms of the poetic genius of Halleck, for whom he ever felt the warmest regard. Alluding to him and some others, he said in the words of Shakespeare:

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

Speaking of a certain person recently deceased, Willis remarked, "Before — 'from earth descended,' as Landor's epigram puts it." Referring to Milton, he said: "It is two hundred years since Milton began to prune his wings for the great epic of his age and nation. Nothing comparable with it has appeared since." When I mentioned a recent meeting with Longfellow, who had spoken highly of his poetic gifts and of his kind heart, ever ready and willing to aid young literary aspirants, Willis replied: "The Professor is our most pleasing and popular poet, and he is certainly one of the most aimable and accomplished of men. I know of no American author who is more to be admired and perhaps envied. Poe was his only enemy." He also expressed much admiration for several of the sprightly poetical productions of Holmes; who

in 1884 described Willis as "something between a remembrance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde." On the same occasion Willis remarked that, in a conversation with him, Tom Moore, the Irish poet, expressed unbounded admiration for Voltaire's "Life of Charles the Twelfth," saying, "It will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world." Willis thought that some of the late Victor Hugo's writings had a better prospect of immortality than the memoir of "the tall Swedish madman."

In April, 1885, a well-written biography of Willis appeared from the pen of Prof. Beers, being one of the "American Men of Letters" series, and he also issued, in the following month, a judicious selection in a single volume of the prose writings of the same author, concerning whom he says, "Laying aside all question of appeal to that formidable tribunal, posterity, the many contemporaries who have owed hours of refined enjoyment to his graceful talent will join heartily with Thackeray in his assertion, 'It is comfortable that there should have been a Willis.'"

Halleck expressed the opinion that the poem by which Willis would be remembered was the one entitled "Unseen Spirits," and Poe discovered true *imagination* in the stanzas, saying, "Its grace, dignity, and pathos are impressive,

and there is more in it of earnestness of soul than in anything I have seen from the pen of its author." Moreover, when the present writer asked the poet if he would copy a few lines of his own favourite poem for a friend, he forwarded the following stanzas—the poem so highly praised by Halleck and Poe:

“The shadows lay along Broadway,—
’Twas near the twilight-tide,—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

“Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honour charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

“She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honoured well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

“Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale:
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail,—
’Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

“ No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way !—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed alway !”

Said an accomplished contemporary writer:

“ Looking at the world through a pair of eyes of his own, Mr. Willis finds material where others would see nothing. Indeed some of his greatest triumphs in this line have been in his rural sketches from Glenmary and Idlewild, continued with novelty and spirit long after most clever writers would have cried out that straw and clay for their bricks had been utterly exhausted. That this invention has been pursued through broken health, with unremitting diligence, is another claim to consideration, which the public should be prompt to acknowledge. Under the most favourable circumstances, a continual career of newspaper literary toil is a painful drudgery. It weighs heavily on dull men of powerful constitutions. The world, then, should be thankful when the delicate fibres of the poet and man of genius are freely worked from day to day in its service.”

Another appreciative authority—Griswold—rendered the following truthful tribute:

“ The prose and poetry of Mr. Willis are alike distinguished for exquisite finish and melody. His language is pure, varied, and rich, his imagination brilliant, and his wit of the finest quality. Many of his descriptions of natural scenery are written pictures; and no other American author has represented with equal vivacity and truth the manners of the age.”

EDGAR A. POE.

1809-1849.

THE gifted and unfortunate child of genius Edgar Allan Poe, to some extent a maniac, not always sober or a responsible agent, was the son of David Poe and his wife Elizabeth, members of the theatrical profession. He was born in Boston, January 19, 1809, shortly before his parents' departure for the South, where they both died, the mother being an object of charity when she lay on her death-bed in Richmond in December, 1811. The poet's grandfather, who saw active service in the Revolutionary War, was a man of much stability of character, but his father, the actor did not inherit the trait, nor did it reappear in the old general's grandson. The player possessed a fine personal appearance, but in his profession his range was narrow, his manner always remained amateurish, and after repeated trials he sank at last, it is said, into insignificance.

While a child Edgar was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond, who sent him to England to be educated. Poe afterward entered the University of Virginia, where he ex-

An angel face: — its sunny wealth of hair
In radiant tresses bathed the graceful throat
And dimpled shoulders; round the rosy curve
Of the sweet mouth a smile seemed wandering ever;
While in the depths of azure fire that gleamed
Beneath the drooping lashes, slept a world
Of eloquent meaning, passionate yet pure —
Awake — subdued — but oh, how beautiful!

Eggar Esq.

celled in his studies, but was ere long expelled for gambling and other bad conduct. He was in the following year admitted into the Military Academy at West Point, from which he was also expelled at the expiration of ten months. General Cullum, one of his classmates, tells me that his career as a cadet was disgraceful, adding, "I could discover no good in him beyond his ability to make verses." Mr. Allan again received Poe kindly, but was soon compelled for gross misconduct to turn him out of his house.

Poe now entered upon a literary career, winning in 1833 two prizes of one hundred dollars each, offered by a Baltimore publisher. Through the influence of John P. Kennedy, he obtained the editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*.*

* The following letter in the writer's possession belongs to this period:

"RICHMOND, VA., June 7, 1836.

"DEAR SIR: At the request of the proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, I take the liberty of addressing you and of soliciting some little contribution to our journal. It is well known to us that you are continually pestered with similar applications; we are therefore ready to believe that we have little chance of success in this attempt to engage you in our interest—yet we owe it to the magazine to make the effort. One consideration will, we think, have its influence with you: our publication is the first successful literary attempt of Virginia, and has been now, for eighteen months, forcing its way unaided, and against a host of difficulties, into the public view and attention.

"We wish to issue, if possible, a number of the *Messen-*

While in this position he married his cousin, Miss Virginia Clemm, with whom, having been discharged by the publisher, he removed to New York. Here he acquired a precarious living by writing for the magazines, and in 1838, published "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." The following year he became editor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1840 of *Graham's Magazine*, published in Philadelphia; and in 1845, having returned to New York, he published his poem of "The Raven," which made him famous. He next became editor of the *Broadway Journal*, but was so poor that public appeals were made in his behalf by the newspapers. I have in my possession a letter written at this time by Poe, which shows better than anything else could do his position.*

ger, consisting altogether of articles from our most distinguished *literati*, and to this end we have received aid from a variety of high sources. To omit your name in the plan we purpose would be not only a negative sin on our part, but would be a positive injury to our cause. In this dilemma may we not trust to your good-nature for assistance? Send us any little scrap in your portfolio—it will be sure to answer our purpose fully, if it have the name of Halleck affixed. With the highest respect,

"Your obedient servant, EDGAR A. POE.
"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, ESQ."

* "NEW YORK, December 1, 1845.

"MY DEAR MR. HALLECK: On the part of one or two persons who are much embittered against me, there is a

"I heard both of Poe's lectures in Richmond," says an anonymous writer in the *Baltimore American*. 'They were the last he ever delivered. The admission was fifty cents, and the hall was crowded. On both occasions Poe was at his best. I never heard a voice that was so musical as his. It was full of the sweetest melody, and an incident of the evening showed how marked an impression it made. During the lecture he recited Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs.' A little boy about twelve years of age was sitting near me. He was listening intently, and before Poe had finished the poem he was in tears. Could there be any greater tribute to a speaker's power? After the lecture Poe very modestly said, 'I have been requested to recite my own poem "The Raven."' No one who heard this will

deliberate attempt now being made to involve me in ruin by destroying the *Broadway Journal*. I could easily frustrate them but for my total want of money and of the necessary time in which to procure it; the knowledge of this has given my enemies the opportunities desired. In this emergency—without leisure to think whether I am acting improperly—I venture to appeal to you. The sum I need is one hundred dollars. If you can loan me for three months any portion of it, I will not be ungrateful.

"Truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE."

Halleck responded promptly to the appeal of Poe, who, like so many of the rhyming fraternity that received aid from the generous poet, was never able to repay the loan. The mad poet McDonald Clarke often received aids and benevolences from the kind-hearted Halleck; and upon more than one occasion said, "I would rather have a kind word from that noble man, Fitz-Greene Halleck, than from any Emperor."

ever forget the beauty and pathos with which this recitation was rendered. The audience was still as death, and as his weird, musical voice filled the hall, its effect was simply indescribable. It seems to me that I can yet hear that long, plaintive 'Nevermore.' At the second lecture a rather amusing incident took place. A well-known country physician who lived near Richmond was present with his family. He was afflicted with a certain kind of a hydrophobia [*hydromania*, rather!]. He could not look upon water without an insane desire to take a drink of it. That night a big stone pitcher had been placed on the platform from which Poe delivered his address. The lecture had progressed, and everybody was listening with absorbed interest, when some mischief-maker pointed out to the doctor the stone pitcher. He wriggled and squirmed in his seat for two or three minutes, and at last, the thirst conquering, he arose from his chair, walked up the aisle with the thundering sound of his cowhide boots, poured out two glasses of water and drank them down, and then marched back as stiffly as he had approached, while the audience suppressed its merriment as best it could. Poe paused for a minute or two in his address, but quietly resumed after the doctor had taken his drink."

In 1849 Poe's wife died, when he went to Richmond, and there, ere long, formed an engagement with a lady of fortune; but before the day appointed for their marriage Poe drank himself into a state of intoxication, and died of *delirium tremens*.* His grave remained unmarked till 1875,

* "No need to tell again the gloomy story of splendid power

when the school teachers of Baltimore placed a monument over it. On the 4th of May, 1885, the Poe Memorial was unveiled in the Poet's Corner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which stands in New York's noble Park. It was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a notable gathering of authors, actors, and artists.* It is a curious fact that Fitz-Greene Halleck chiefly through the efforts of his biographer, and Edgar A. Poe by the liberality of the members of the profession to which his parents belonged, secure their memorial statue and bas-reliefs in the Central Park before Bryant, Cooper, and Irving. But these others, it is now believed, will all be similarly honoured during the coming decade. Certainly Bryant will be, as the Century Club, of which he was for several years the President, has already secured almost the necessary sum to erect a suitable statue of him in the Central Park.

eaten into and finally destroyed by the cancer of rampant appetite. In our own literature the names of Ben Jonson, Nat. Lee, Burns, and others at once occur to the student. Edgar Allan Poe represents the same tragic fatefulness of genius in American letters."—*Nineteenth Century*, June, 1885.

* The tributes delivered on this interesting occasion are to be preserved in a handsomely printed pamphlet containing the introductory address by Algernon S. Sullivan; the speech by Edwin Booth; the oration entitled "The Mission and the Errors of Genius," by the Rev. William Alger; and the well-written poem by William Winter.

Poe's works in prose and verse were collected after his death, and published with a memoir, by Dr. Griswold. Since then his life has been written by Mrs. Whitman, to whom he is said to have been engaged; and by Richard Henry Stoddard, William F. Gill, John H. Ingram, and George E. Woodberry (1885), all of whom view his character more favourably than Griswold.

I remember Poe in 1848, as a slight and erect person, with a pale, sad face, and brilliant black eyes, and I recollect Bryant replying to my question as to his opinion of Poe as a poet by quoting Lowell's lines :

"There comes Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three fifths of him genius, and two fifths sheer fudge ;"

adding that the unfortunate writer's story was the saddest that had yet been told of an American author. The London *Spectator* denies that Poe was a poet; if Lord Macaulay was one, then was Edgar A. Poe, but "neither can claim with justice that envied name."

"The Raven" is among the most familiar and popular poems in American literature. When first published forty years ago, it was reprinted in nearly all the newspapers of the land, and immediately attained a popularity perhaps unequalled in American poetry except in two instances—Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris" and Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinees." Of Poe's review of Halleck

and Drake, Paulding says in a private letter, "I think it one of the finest specimens of criticism ever published in this country." A complete edition of Poe's works, limited to three hundred copies in eight volumes, containing a number of fine etchings, was published in New York in 1884. The same work in cheaper form has since been issued in six handsome volumes, with the addition of an article, by Richard Henry Stoddard, on "The Genius of Poe," who, according to an eminent English authority, "at his best, stands alone among English writers—I say not at the top, but alone."

It is a curious circumstance that of the authors of highest rank among the Knickerbocker school—Bryant and Cooper, Halleck and Irving, Paulding and Poe—none received a collegiate education, while among the New England writers of celebrity, contemporary with the above, all, except Whittier, were college graduates. Bryant, it will be remembered, entered Williams College, but his father's lack of means compelled him to leave at the end of six months.

Poe told my father of having somewhere fallen in with a man who thought the Bible, "Don Quixote,"* and Barlow's volume of now-forgot-

* According to Macaulay, "The best novel in the world, beyond all comparison." It is also, with the exception of the Bible, the book that is believed to have had the widest circulation.

ten poems, the three greatest books ever written! (Apropos of this, Sir Henry Taylor in his autobiography relates: "I once met in a railway-carriage, on my way to Bath, a man who thought that the three great books of the world were the Bible, 'Pickwick,' and 'Clark on Climate.'") On the same occasion—I think in 1846—while speaking of "the little wasp of Twickenham," Poe quoted Swift's stanza:

" In Pope I cannot read a line
But with a sigh I wish it mine,
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six."

Much good literary work was done by Poe and the other Knickerbocker writers, that is now entombed in the *Democratic* and *Whig Reviews*, in the *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's*, and other old New York magazines; also in *Graham's*, to which Poe devoted, for a period, all his time, receiving for his services a paltry eight hundred dollars per annum—scarcely the wages at the present time of a plumber or stone-mason. It may well be doubted if in Poe's literary career of a quarter of a century he was paid as much as Henry Ward Beecher received for his novel of "Norwood," although indeed Mr. Beecher is an exception to nearly all rules. Still, the world is much changed since John Milton sold the lines of "Paradise Lost" for something less than a farthing each, taking his substantial pay in a

draft on posterity, payable after death with interest; since Samuel Johnson ate his dinners behind the screen in Carr's parlor, back of the shop, because he was too much out at the elbows to be presentable at a tradesman's table; since Oliver Goldsmith was penning an animated romance on "Animated Nature," at just shillings enough per sheet to keep the bailiffs from his door; and since the tragic termination of Chatterton's too brief career. Scarcely less is the change in the literary world even since the days of the Knickerbocker writers, when the merest trifle was accepted as payment for Bryant's best lines, and when Poe received but a few dollars for "the greatest poem in the world." *

Of American poets, Longfellow and Poe are probably the best known and most read in the Old World. I have seen their writings in many languages. Within the present year a new translation of Poe has appeared in Paris. In England there have been numberless editions pub-

* Joel Benton informs *The Critic* that a Southern author once told him that when Poe had written "The Raven" he went to him and read the poem with great enthusiasm and fine effect. When he had finished the reading Poe asked his friend what he thought of the poem. "I think," was the reply, "that it is uncommonly fine." "Fine!" cried Poe; "is that all you can say of it? It is the greatest poem ever written, sir—the greatest poem in the world!"

lished of the poetical writings of Poe and Longfellow, and many of Bryant, Lowell, and Whittier. The best-selling American poets in this country are in the order named—Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and Poe; while their rank would be slightly reversed by the general judgment of the present time to the following order: Bryant, Whittier,* Longfellow, and Poe. Rare and peculiar singers like Lowell and Emerson are not to be ranked according to popularity, and we leave them out of any such comparison.

The Saturday Review of July 11, 1885, discourses as follows of the telling of short stories:

“In America, as we have had occasion to say more than once, the short story flourishes; and nowhere else is the art and mystery of writing short stories better understood than in the United States. Poe and Hawthorne have written the fantastic and imaginative tale as few before; and Mr. Bret Harte has dealt with the real and the actual in a manner no less skilful. It is in the domain of the fantastic, however, that the American writer of short stories has been most successful. In the composition of the story of the kind once known as the ‘Tale from Blackwood’s’ certain American authors are unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Hawthorne with his severe beauty and his inexorable moral sense stands a little outside of this class; but

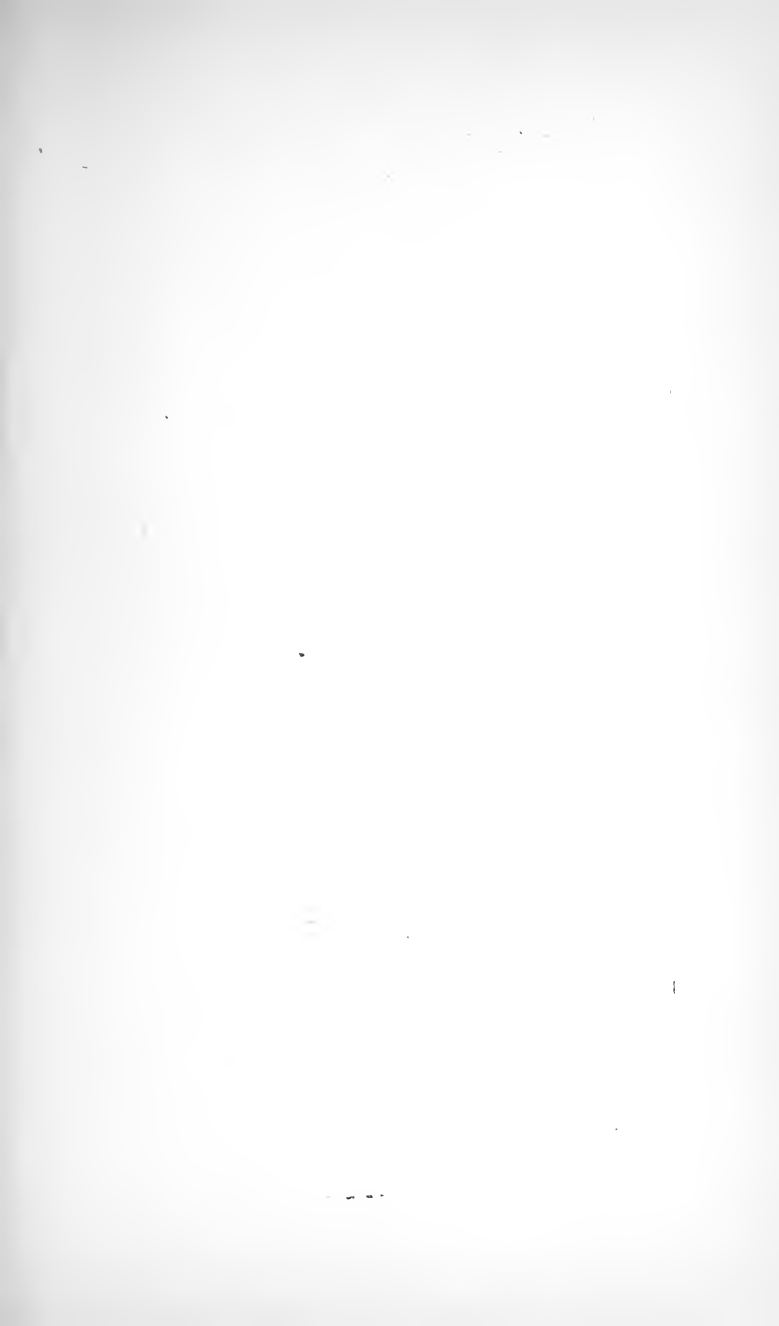
* John Bright places the Quaker poet before Bryant. He told the writer that he admired Whittier’s poems more than those of any other poet of the present century.

Poe with his originality and his logic stands at its head ; and not far behind Poe comes the Irish American Fitz-James O'Brien, a new edition of whose most striking stories is now before us. As a manufacturer of cold creeps and as a maker of shivers, Fitz-James O'Brien was a worthy compeer of Poe and Lefanu."

"Where the fault lay," says Poe's latest biographer,

"those who are bold to take the scales of justice may determine. The simple fact is that Poe, being highly endowed, well-bred, and educated better than his fellows, had more than once fair opportunities, brilliant prospects, and groups of benevolent, considerate, and active friends, and repeatedly forfeited propriety and even the homely honour of an honest name. He ate opium and drank liquor ; whatever was the cause, these were instruments of his ruin, and before half his years were run they had done their work with terrible thoroughness—he was a broken man. He died under circumstances of exceptional ugliness, misery, and pity, but not accidentally, for the end and the manner of it were clearly near and inevitable. He left a fame destined to long memory, and about it has grown up an idealized legend the elements of which are not far to seek. . . . On the roll of our literature Poe's name is inscribed with the few foremost, and in the world at large his genius is established as valid among all men. Except the wife who idolized him and the mother who cared for him, no one touched his heart in the years of his manhood, and at no time was love so strong in him as to rule his life ; as he was self-indulgent he was self-absorbed, and outside of his family no kind act, no

noble affection, no generous sacrifice, is recorded of him. . . . Thus evermore remote from mankind ran the currents of his life and genius, interminably comingling, until their twin streams, glassing at last the desolation they had so often prophetically imagined, choked and stagnant in midway of their course, sank into the waste. The pitiful justice of Poe's fate, the dark immortality of his fame, were accomplished."



They turned to the Earth, but she frowns on her child;

They turned to the Sea, and he smiled as of old:

Sweeten was the peril of the breakers white and wild,

Sweeten ran the land, with its bondage and gold!

Bayard Taylor,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1825-1878.

MANY interesting and pleasant memories are associated with the name of the youngest and last of the literary men to find a place in this volume,—one who has a just claim to what Halleck happily called

“ That frailer thing than leaf or flower—
A poet's immortality; ”

—whose brief and brilliant career, “the truly American story of a grand, cheerful, active, self-developing, self-sustaining life, remains as an enduring inheritance for all coming generations.”

Bayard Taylor, journalist, traveller, poet, critic, novelist, and lecturer, was born in Kennett Square, the name of a pleasant and pretty rural village in Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825. He was descended from a Quaker family, and breathed from the first a moral atmosphere as pure and healthful as the mountain air in which his infancy was cradled. His entrance upon active life was as an apprentice in a printing office, where he began to learn the trade at the age

of seventeen, receiving a new impulse to his imperfect studies, and in some sense supplying the defects of his early education. In *Graham's Magazine* for May, 1843, there is a poem of his, entitled "Modern Greece," signed J. B. Taylor, and another in August, 1844, called "The Nameless Bird." In the following year he ceased to use his first name of James, and began to call himself J. Bayard Taylor, which he had seldom done before, and under that arrangement of his patronymic appeared in the same magazine as the author of "Night on the Deep" and "The Poet's Ambition." By this time the promise of his life had been recognized by several Philadelphians, who kindly advanced the young writer the necessary means to enable him to visit Europe, and he commenced his adventurous journey with knapsack and pilgrim staff. On the eve of departure for the Old World he published a volume entitled "Ximena and other Poems," a *brochure* almost as rare as George Bancroft's poems, or the little volume of Judge Story's called "Reason and Other Poems," all of which are now lying on my library table.

Soon after his return to his native land Taylor published the fruits of his foreign travel and study in "Views Afoot," a volume which has always been a favourite with the public, as it was with its author. After a brief course of literary activity in Pennsylvania, he shook off the dust of rural

life from his feet, and early in 1848 appeared in New York. Here he became attached to the staff of the *Tribune*—a connection which continued for three decades. A year later he made a journey to California, returning by way of Mexico. Before his departure in 1851, on a protracted tour in the East, he had made the acquaintance of Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes, and of the New York *literati* Bryant, Halleck, Willis, Poe, Morris, Park Benjamin, and the brothers Duyckinck, and had published two additional volumes of poems, also “Eldorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire”—a peculiarly popular book.

Soon after his return from his third tour, Taylor told me that he had travelled fifty thousand miles. His letters describing the journey appeared from time to time in the *Tribune*, and later in a series of uniform volumes. During all this period Taylor was becoming a proficient in many modern languages, of which the German was a favourite as early as his twenty-first year; and he had become a most popular lecturer, appearing in all the principal cities and towns of the Northern, Middle, and Western States. He made a fourth tour in 1856–58, and in 1862–63 was Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, acting for a time as chargé d'affaires. In 1874 the poet-traveller revisited Egypt, attended the millennial celebration in Iceland, and on his return, during the same year, published an interesting account

of his journeys to those distant lands. His latest and most ambitious poetical work, entitled "Prince Deukalion," appeared but a few days before his death.

Taylor's accurate knowledge of foreign countries was utilized by American publishers, who employed him to edit at one time a "Cyclopædia of Modern Travel," at another an "Illustrated Library of Travel" in eight volumes. He edited with George Ripley a "Handbook of Literature and Fine Arts," and was the author of numerous novels and short stories, perhaps the best of which is called "Can a Life Hide Itself?" The most ambitious attempt of Taylor's authorship was his admirable metrical translation of Faust, issued in 1870-71. It is not speaking too strongly to pronounce it a marvel of poetic diction, and the best annotated edition of the greatest German poem yet written. Had he been spared a few years longer to the world, he would have enriched it with a life of Goethe—a task for which he was perhaps of all men best fitted. But, alas! the book is unwritten.

In his ever-active, busy career as a professional literary man Taylor produced, edited, and translated, between the years 1844 and 1878, no less than fifty-two volumes,* a harvest surpassed by few whose labours have covered much longer pe-

* See bibliographical list at close of this article.

riods. Added to all this, there was much good work of various kinds in the *New York Tribune*, with which he was so long identified, in contributions to the *North American Review*, and to the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's Monthlies*, and in the numerous lectures and addresses delivered during nearly three decades. His last published writing, and also, I believe, his latest composition, was the poem tributary to Bryant, "Epicedium," which first appeared a few days after Taylor's death.

What could more touchingly herald the tidings of Taylor's obsequies in a foreign land than this fifth stanza of his own "Epicedium" for the venerable poet who preceded him but so short a time on the last journey to that land from whence no returning envoy comes?—

“And last, ye Forms, with shrouded face,
Hiding the features of your woe,
That on the fresh sod of his burial-place
Your myrtle, oak, and laurel throw,—
Who are ye?—whence your silent sorrow?
Strange is your aspect, alien your attire:
Shall we, who knew him, borrow
Your unknown speech for Grief's august desire?
Lo! one, with lifted brow
Says: 'Nay, he knew and loved me: I am Spain!'
Another: 'I am Germany,
Drawn sadly nearer now
By songs of his and mine that make one strain,
Though parted by the world-dividing sea!'

And from the hills of Greece there blew
A wind that shook the olives of Peru,
Till all the world that knew,
Or, knowing not, shall yet awake to know
The sweet humanity that fused his song,—
The haughty challenge unto Wrong,
And for the trampled Truth his fearless blow.—
Acknowledged his exalted mood
Of faith achieved in song-born solitude,
And give him high acclaim
With those who followed Good, and found it Fame !”

Notwithstanding the enormous amount of his intellectual labour, it was all well done, and in the highest degree of perfection of which he was capable. I spoke to him once of his literary tasks, and remarked that it was often so urgent and hastily executed that I supposed he grew careless and indifferent about its quality; but he answered in strangely strong terms, “No; in all this various work that you allude to, I am always as much in earnest to do my best as if salvation for all time depended upon it.”

“This is not the place,” remarks the *Tribune*, “for a critical estimate of his writings, but there is one conspicuous quality in them which shone so brightly also in his personal character that we cannot pass it over here in silence. That quality is honesty. It is seen in the frank simplicity of his style, the thoroughness of his workmanship, the clearness of his opinions, the fidelity with which he held through life to his chosen work, sparing no pains to produce the very best of

which he was capable, however small the subject or trivial the reward. Nobody could read one of his books without feeling the influence of this virtue. Nobody could know him without perceiving that this high literary merit was a reflex of an earnest and simple nature. If there is a long remembrance for honest men, there is no less a long life for honest books. It is a golden lesson for authors and journalists, that in this instance literary honesty and personal uprightness have secured a brilliant success in life, and an enduring reputation."

The American Government has during the present century appointed many men of letters to represent the Republic as ambassadors and consuls, who have shown that an accomplished man of letters may also be a skilful diplomat and thorough man of business—may, in fact, be the "Perfect Ambassador" of the old Spanish treatise. Beginning in 1810 with Barlow, the United States has since been represented abroad by Wheaton, Bancroft, Irving, Hawthorne, Motley, Marsh, Theodore S. Fay, Bigelow, Boker, Lowell, Howells, Bret Harte, and John Hay; but it may be questioned whether any one of these were better fitted to represent our country at the post to which he was accredited than was Bayard Taylor when appointed by President Hayes to the Court of Berlin—an appointment which met with the unanimous approval of the press and people. The poet departed for his new field of

labour in April, 1878, and ere the close of the year came the startling and unlooked-for intelligence of his death, on Thursday afternoon, December 19th. His funeral services were celebrated in Berlin on the Sunday following, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, formerly of New York, and Berthold Auerbach, the German poet, making appropriate and impressive addresses in the presence of an immense concourse of people.

Many meetings in honour of the poet's memory were held in New York and elsewhere. At one of these gatherings, which occurred in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the evening of January 15, 1879, a rare combination was witnessed, which no one who had the good-fortune to be present will ever forget—namely, the following poem, written for the occasion by Henry W. Longfellow, and read by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who prefaced it with these well-chosen words:

“I can hardly ask your attention to the lines which Mr. Longfellow has written and done me the honour of asking me to read, without a few words of introduction. The poem should have flowed from his own lips, in those winning accents, too rarely heard in any assembly, and never forgotten by those who have listened to them. But its tenderness and sweetness are such that no imperfection of utterance can quite spoil its harmonies. There are tones in the contralto of our beloved poet's melodious song that were born with it, and must die with it when its music is silenced. A

tribute from such a singer would honour the obsequies of the proudest sovereign, would add freshness to the laurels of the mightiest conqueror; but he who this evening has this tribute laid upon his head wore no crown save that which the sisterhood of the Muses wove for him. His victories were all peaceful ones, and there was no heartache after any one of them. His life was a journey through many lands of men, through realms of knowledge. He left his humble door in boyhood, poor, untrained, unknown, unheralded, unattended. He found himself once at least—as I well remember his telling me—hungry and well-nigh penniless in the streets of a European city, feasting his eyes at a baker's window and tightening his girdle in place of a repast.

“Once more he left his native land, now in the strength of manhood, known and honoured throughout the world of letters, the sovereignty of the Nation investing him with its mantle of dignity, the laws of civilization surrounding him with the halo of their inviolable sanctity; the boy who went forth to view the world afoot, on equal footing with the potentates and princes who by right of birth or by right of intellect swayed the destinies of great empires. He returns to us no more as we remember him; but his career, his example, the truly American story of a grand, cheerful, active, self-developing, self-sustaining life, remains as an enduring inheritance for all coming generations.”

“Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks,
As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So these volumes, from their shelves,
Watch him, silent as themselves.
Ah ! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er !
Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet !
Let the lifeless body rest,
He is gone who was its guest.
Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve ;
Traveller, in what realms afar ;
In what planet, in what star ;
In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face ?
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night ?
Poet ! Thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse—
Thou hast sung with organ tone ;
In *Deukalion's* life thine own.
On the ruins of the past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.
Friend ! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells ;
And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea :
Lying dead among thy books ;
The peace of God in all thy looks."

Memory recalls to me that I was a schoolboy on College Hill, Poughkeepsie, when Taylor first lectured in that town, and when I first saw him at a supper-party under my father's hospitable roof. He possessed what old Fuller quaintly

called a "handsome man-case," and was, I think, the tallest of American poets, standing over six feet. Later in life he came to resemble a Teuton in look and bearing, and was greatly changed from my early recollections, when he possessed a slight figure and something of the Grecian type in head and face, as represented in an early portrait of him, seated on the roof of a house in Damascus, painted by Thomas Hicks. There comes back to me the remembrance of many delightful meetings with Bayard Taylor during a period of more than a quarter of a century. One of the earliest occurred in a Western city. He appointed a rendezvous, and escaping from his lecture committee, he came to the trysting-place, bringing Maurice Strakosch, and introducing him as a friend, and the composer of music to one of his (Taylor's) earliest poems. How many hours we sat and smoked and sang and told stories and talked music and art and poetry, over our good Rhenish wine, I will not venture to say. I was then fresh from my first visit to Europe, and was brimful of Mario, Grisi, and Lablache, of famous pictures and of literary celebrities, and so found great delight in the conversation of my companions and seniors. Some years later we had another joyous evening, dining together in company with Halleck. Taylor told us, referring to the short berths in the sleeping-cars, that his legs were too

long for a lecturer, and that he should stop that business as soon as "Cedarcroft" was finished and paid for. If my memory serves me, he said that it was entirely built with the proceeds of his lecturing. Taylor related a little incident of railway travel in Germany. During his conversation with a fellow-passenger, it soon became evident that they were both great travellers. At length, on inquiring each other's names, the fact was developed that each was well known to the other by reputation. They had some junketing together, and afterwards became warm friends, and I believe correspondents. Taylor's companion was Ferdinand Von Hockselter, the well-known German traveller and geologist, who died in Vienna in July, 1884, and whose writings have made his name as well known throughout the scientific world as that of Bayard Taylor is in the field of belles-lettres. This is the incident that gave rise to the story of a similar meeting with Humboldt, of whom it was untruthfully and maliciously asserted that he said, "Bayard Taylor has travelled more and seen less than any man I ever met!"

The last time Mr. Taylor was in my house was in May, 1877, when he came to meet the divers dignitaries who honoured the unveiling of the statue of Fitz-Greene Halleck in the Central Park, Bryant and Boker and Curtis being among the other authors present, while the President

and his Cabinet, with the General of the Army and the Vice-Admiral of the Navy, assembled to do especial grace to the memory of that poet. And the last time that I met him was at the Goethe Club reception given at Delmonico's, on the eve of his departure for Germany. The same Society that gave him such a brilliant send-off held a meeting in honour of his memory. Said one of the speakers: "The circles of our felicities make short arches ! Who shall question the wise axiom of Sir Thomas Browne, the stout old Knight of Norwich, when he thinks upon the bright sunshine of the meeting of this Club but a few short months ago, and the sombre shadows which hang over us here to-night ? Then, with song and dance and wine, we wished 'God-speed' to the prosperous poet on his way to an honourable post in a distant land; this evening we meet together again to mourn over his untimely death—the important literary undertaking of his life, as he deemed it, and of which he had so long dreamed as likely to forever link his name with that of Germany's greatest poet—the life of Goethe, his *magnum opus*, unfinished, if indeed begun. Full of honours if not of years, he passed to his rest; and he is properly entitled to a place among the *Dii Minores* of modern poetry!" It may be added that a few months later his mortal remains were brought back from Berlin, and on Saturday, March 15,

1879, were buried with suitable honours in Longwood Cemetery, in his native county;

“Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.”

The aged parents of the poet survived him, and lived to celebrate the sixty-sixth anniversary of their marriage, which took place in the year 1818. Joseph Taylor, his venerable father, who was born at Kennett Square in 1795, and had always resided there, died June 23, 1885, and two days later was buried by the side of his sons Bayard and Frederick—the latter the Benjamin of the flock, who fell on the field of Gettysburg. His mother Rebecca, at the age of eighty-six, is physically weak, but mentally bright and cheerful, and still, as ever, proud of her gifted son. Of their ten children, four are now (July, 1885) living.

Among the many portraits of Mr. Taylor is an interesting and admirable photograph taken in 1869 by Brady at the time of the unveiling of the bust of Alexander Von Humboldt in the Central Park. Around a table, on which stands a model of the bust, are seated Mr. Bryant, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Taylor, while leaning on the back of Mr. Bancroft's chair stands George H. Boker. The lapse of a few years made striking changes in the appearance of all

these authors. Mr. Bryant wore his hair much shorter than was usual during his later years. The upper lip was shaven, and the whole expression was less venerable, while more practical and severe. Mr. Bancroft looked like a rather thin and well-preserved Englishman, with white side-whiskers and smoothly-shaven chin and lips. Boker and Taylor were both without gray hairs, and the former especially had the look of an alert, active, handsome man of thirty-five or forty at the most. Mr. Taylor shows in the picture at his very best—strong, earnest, and in the full prime of manly vigour.

From Taylor's letters and notes and manuscript poems, of which I have in my garner a goodly sheaf, including the original of his admirable address delivered at the unveiling of the Halleck monument at Guilford on the seventy-ninth anniversary of the poet's birth, I take a few extracts. The earliest is a boyish epistle addressed to the poet Halleck, dated West Chester, Pa., August 16, 1842. He writes:

“Wishing to make a collection of the autographs of distinguished American authors, I have taken the liberty of requesting yours, trusting that my admiration of your poems may serve as an excuse for my boldness. I have obtained the autographs of Irving, Whitier, and some others, and hope to be able to obtain yours. By sending it with the bearer you will confer a lasting favour on yours truly, J. BAYARD TAYLOR.”

Writing to a friend from Switzerland in 1856, the poet says:

"Sitting by the blue rushing waters of the arrowy Rhone, with a vile Swiss cigar in my mouth, I think of you and of that precious box whose contents have long since vanished into thin air. I smoked some of them in Stratford, and before Anne Hathaway's cottage. I gave a few to Thackeray, to puff off the first chapters of his new novel; one of them made a fast friend of a Gascon coachman in the Bois de Boulogne; I flung the stump of another into the Rhine at the feet of the Loreley; and the last were consumed in my own beechen arbors in Germany, beside my fountain and my laughing fauns. The memory of those blue clouds brings tears into my eyes and sorrow into my soul."

In a letter dated Cedarcroft, near Kennett Square, Pa., November 5, 1860, Mr. Taylor writes:

"I have a new book of poems coming out in a month or so—'The Poet's Journal'—some two hundred pages of new material. I have been spending the summer in this Arcadian retreat;" and adds, "Yours, about to vote for Lincoln."

The most laconic note I ever received or saw was an acceptance from Taylor of an invitation to meet a few friends at dinner in November, 1860. It consisted of the single word "Coming," written under a neatly executed pen-and-ink drawing of the dial of a clock, with the hands pointing to the appointed hour of seven. To

this, as I remember, was nothing more added but "Bayard Taylor." A beautiful woman wanted it, and I weakly parted with the interesting artistic souvenir of my friend.

Writing from Gotha in June, 1861, the poet says:

"We are all in good health and spirits, and greatly cheered by the good news from home. Nothing reconciles me to the absence at such a time, but the knowledge that everything is going on for the best, and that the Republic is more firmly established than ever. There was great rejoicing here all winter among the Royalists at the prospect of our dissolution; but now they don't say much, while the Liberals rejoice. I am proud to be an American at this time."

Eight years later, writing from his Arcadian retreat near Kennett Square, the poet says:

"I was in New York on Friday, and just as I was leaving the city your invitation reached me through Mr. Putnam. The time is short, and other engagements already undertaken still further curtail it; but I would like to render whatever honour I may to Halleck's memory, and do not feel justified in declining the invitation—at least before learning precisely what will be expected of me. I will say, then, that I could make an address of from twenty to thirty minutes in length, if that will suffice: that I should like to know in advance whether it is the corner-stone of the monument that is to be laid, or the monument itself to be dedicated. This you do not state. Having, as you

know, been out of the country, I am ignorant of what has already been done in the matter. Also tell me, is not this the first instance of a monument being erected to an American poet? If you can give me a sketch in advance of the nature of the commemoration, and the committee will be satisfied with an address of half an hour in length, I will do my best to share in honouring the poet's memory."

In a letter dated June 18, 1869, after thanking me for a book which I had sent him, he says:

"I have been so busy with my 'Faust' here in the quiet of the country, that I have fallen behind the pace of contemporary literature, and have not before had an opportunity of reading the very entertaining volume . . . I prefer to make a short address, not only because the time is brief, but because I think long-winded orations—however excellent the theme—have become an American vice. I can say everything needful in half an hour, and an audience cannot keep freshly attentive and receptive longer than that. . . . I think I shall go to New York on the evening of the 7th and thence to Guilford on the morning of the 8th, so that we can probably go in company, if that is also your plan."

Writing from his country-seat May 10, 1870, Mr. Taylor remarks:

"I was absent at Cornell University when your letter arrived, and now reply at the earliest leisure. I am quite willing to contribute to the proposed statue [of Halleck, in the Central Park, New York,] just as soon as I shall possess a small sum which is not appropriated

in advance of my receiving it. Since I am not independent of my copyrights, and all American books have such an unsatisfactory sale, except the kind which I should not write at any price, that I must consider my living household first and the dead afterwards. I do not possess a dollar that was not earned by my own personal labour; and you will therefore kindly allow me to wait a few months, until I ascertain how much I may conscientiously spare."

In May, 1872, he incidentally mentions:

"I have never met either Bulwer or Carlyle. Tennyson I know,—perhaps I should say *have known*; but something has occurred since I last saw him which makes my relations towards him very delicate. It is a purely private matter, but of such a nature that when I go to England this year I shall not visit Tennyson unless I first receive an intimation that he will be glad to see me."

I find also two pleasant little scraps which show how, in spite of journalistic labours at home and preparations for his honoured duties abroad, he lectured to the last, how occupied he was with social and other engagements, and how—it gives me pleasure to remember—our friendly intercourse was maintained to the end:

"Many thanks for your kind invitation," Taylor writes in November, 1877, "but as I am giving a course of Lowell Institute lectures in Boston on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and must be in Portland next Thurs-

day, I must count the dinner among my lost pleasures." In the following March (he went to his German mission in April) he writes from Kennett Square: "This address will show you why I cannot accept your alluring invitation. But in fact I have neither day nor evening disengaged up to the time of sailing."

Having written to Taylor during the siege of Vicksburg that one of his compositions was a great favourite in our camp, and was often declaimed and sung by the men of my regiment, he expressed his pleasure, and sent me a copy of his spirited lyric, which presents a striking contrast to the grave and high strain of his later poetical work. Taylor's "Song of the Camp" is a fitting companion for Hoffman's "Monterey" and Halleck's "Bozzaris," which are also contained in my manuscript collection.

" 'Give us a song !' the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding.
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

" The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

' There was a pause. A guardsman said,
' We storm the forts to-morrow !
Sing while we may: another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.'

“ They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

“ They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain’s glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang ‘ Annie Laurie.’

“ Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

“ Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier’s cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

“ Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset’s embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

“ And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

“ And Irish Nora’s eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory :
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of ‘ Annie Laurie.’

“ Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.”

Cowper used to say that he never knew a poet that was not thriftless. Certainly this is not true of Taylor, nor of any of his literary brothers included in our Gallery (nor, so far as I am aware, of any prominent American poet) except Poe. It is thought that the many-sided man injured himself by late hours and overwork, believing that his strong constitution was incapable of being injured by either, or by both combined. Certain it is that his writings are a monument of unflinching toil and industry, and many of them full of the "best thoughts in the best language." No man knew better than Bayard Taylor that "nothing would come to him in his sleep," to borrow the words of Goethe; and it is possible that he frequently deprived himself of necessary rest. From year to year he toiled and sang unceasingly, overcoming all obstacles and receiving no honours or rewards to which downright hard work did not fully entitle him.

"He could do more, I think," says his friend Hay, "in a short space of time than any other man I ever knew. He would, if required, write a whole page of *The Tribune* in a single day. His review of Dr. Schliemann's first book, written from advanced sheets, was remarkably full, and gave such a good idea of the work that it was almost unnecessary to read the book itself. He had a peculiar gift at condensing matter and still retaining every point which the author made. Perhaps his greatest feat in this line was achieved upon Victor Hugo's

poems. They arrived in New York on a certain morning, and the next morning he published nearly a page review of the work, with several columns of metrical translation, done so finely that all the original vigour and spirit was retained."

There was nothing of the *genus irritabile vatum* about Taylor, or what an English writer has described in still more forcible words,

"The jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race."

On the contrary, he was a simple-hearted, generous, and genial gentleman, with troops of friends at home and abroad. The grasp of his strong hand was warm and true, with a gentle manner and sweet smile which was very winning. Five years after his death his name and his fame were frequently and appreciatively mentioned to me in England, in all of whose great libraries I found some of his writings, and always his "Faust." Throughout Germany I met with many of his admirers, and not a few of his works both in the originals and in translations. The old Librarian of the valuable Weimar Collection, who knew Goethe and whose father was intimate with Schiller, brought out many volumes once the property of those famous men, and then showed me a copy of Taylor's "Faust," presented by the translator to his friend the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, accompanied by many kindly words of commendation of the good work of the American

poet, whom he knew personally, and whose untimely death he deeply lamented.

In Berlin I heard many words of kindness spoken of Taylor by both high and low, and learned many incidents of his too brief official career there. The aged Emperor, who was at Waterloo, warmly thanked him for making his presentation address in German instead of the conventional French (or as it sometimes happens with our ambassadors, in poor English). Bismarck received the poet in the garden of his palace on the Wilhelmstrasse, and walked with him under the grand old oaks and elms and lindens, talking on literary topics, and showing a surprising intimacy with the new Minister's own productions. No less delighted was Taylor on meeting Disraeli during the Congress which brought so many celebrities to Berlin. Taking him warmly by the hand, the illustrious Englishman said, "Taylor, Bayard Taylor—how glad I am to see the man I have so long known."

Of opinions from the living I will not speak, but simply allude to two venerable writers who thought very highly of Bayard Taylor's literary attainments—my old friends Captain Trelawney, the biographer of Byron and Shelley, and the poet Richard Henry Horne, the contemporary of Keats, Southey, and Sir Walter Scott, and the author of the well-known line,

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,"

inscribed on the sun-dial at the head of the famous Brighton Pier, and so made familiar to many thousands who never read his writings.

Says a London literary journal:

"Aside from his official relations, Bayard Taylor was accredited in a peculiar degree to the German people. In this sense he was a worthy successor of Mr. Bancroft. If the historian belonged rather to the scholars and professors, Mr. Taylor had long been adopted into the fraternity of poets and wits and purely literary people of Germany, and they welcomed him hither in his new character as one of themselves. The Minister's knowledge of the language was exact and flexible. He had not learned it like a philologist, and perhaps never took a German grammar in his hands; but he had a literary acquaintance, learned through the study of all the masters, and a practical familiarity acquired through years of life in the country, and the most intimate intercourse with the best people. He spoke German fluently on the platform without preparation, and successfully wooed the German muse with his pen. And he had such a complete consciousness of his power over the language, that he never needed to display it, but would cheerfully submit to be bored by those ambitious Teutons who essayed their mysterious English in his presence."

In September, 1884, there appeared from the loving pen of his widow an admirable memoir of Bayard Taylor, in which the progressive story of his busy literary life is exceedingly well and wisely told. But it does not leave the impres-

sion of a happy half-century of existence—rather the reverse. The reason, as shown in the biography,* is twofold—his lofty ambition as a poet, which was not gratified by the consciousness of adequate recognition, and the necessity of keeping the pot boiling, as he once said to the writer, by incessant literary drudgery with his pen. “What we all need,” he wrote,—and the words in their application to himself are full of pathos,—“is not to live without work, but to be free from worry.”

Writing in 1873 from Gotha, to a friend who had congratulated him on his success in life, the poet replied in the saddest letter that he ever wrote:

“You exaggerate what you consider my successes. . . . From 1854 to 1862 or thereabouts, I had a good deal of popularity of a cheap ephemeral sort. It began to decline at the time when I began to see the better and truer work in store for me, and I let it go, feeling that I must begin anew and acquire a second reputation of a different kind. For the last five years I have been engaged in this struggle, which is not yet over. . . . I am giving the best blood of my life to my labours, seeing them gradually recognized by the few and the best, it is true, but they are still unknown to the public, and my new claims are fiercely resisted by

* “Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor,” edited by Marie Hansen Taylor and Horace E. Scudder. 2 vols., 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston, 1884.

the majority of the newspaper writers in the United States. . . . 'Lars' is the first poem of mine ever published in England, and I hoped for some impartial recognition there. Well, the sale is just 108 copies! My translation of 'Faust' is at last accepted in England, Germany, and America as much the best. It cost me years of the severest labour, and has not yet returned me \$500. The 'Masque of the Gods' has not paid expenses. The sale of my former volumes of travel has fallen almost to nothing. . . . For two years past I have had no income of any sort from property or copyright, and am living partly on my capital and partly mechanical labour of the mind. . . . I am weary, indeed, completely fagged out, and to read what you say of my success sounds almost like irony."

When it was announced to Taylor that he was to be sent as Minister to Germany he rejoiced exceedingly in the appointment for many reasons, but chiefly because it was made in acknowledgment, not of political services, but of his literary attainments and position.

"It is something so amazing," he wrote to the poet Paul H. Hayne, "that I am more bewildered and embarrassed than proud of my honours. If you knew how many years I have steadily worked, devoted to a high ideal, which no one seemed to recognize, and sneered at by cheap critics as a mere interloper in literature, you would understand how incredible this change seems to me. The great comfort is this: I was right in my instinct. The world does appreciate earnest endeavour, in the end. I have always had faith, and I

have learned to overlook opposition, disparagement misconception of my best work, believing that the day of justification would come. But what now comes to me seems too much. I can only accept it as a balance against me, to be met by still better work in the future."

In that last line rings the true metal of Bayard Taylor, who believed in the words of the inspiring Goethe, "*Wir heissen euch hoffen*," and that, as brave old Sam Johnson said, "Useful diligence will at last prevail."

TAYLOR'S PUBLISHED WORKS.

Ximena; or, The Battle of the Sierra Morena, and Other Poems. 1844.

Views Afoot; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff. 1846. 32d ed. 1878.

Rhymes of Travel, Ballads, and Other Poems. 2d ed. 1848.

The American Legend. 1850.

Eldorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire. 2d ed. 1850. 14th ed. 1877.

Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs. 1851

Poems and Ballads. 1854.

A Journey to Central Africa. 1854.

The Lands of the Saracens. 1854.

Poems of Home and Travel. 1855.

Poems of the Orient. 1855.

A Visit to India, China, and Japan. 1855.

Cyclopædia of Modern Travel. 1856.

Northern Travel: Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland. 1858.

Travels in Greece and Russia. 1859.

- At Home and Abroad. 2 vols. 1859, 1862.
 The Poet's Journal. 1862.
 Hannah Thurston. 1863.
 John Godfrey's Fortunes. 1864.
 Poems. 1865.
 The Picture of St. John. 1866.
 The Story of Kennett. 1866.
 Colorado : a Summer Trip. 1867.
 Byways of Europe. 1869.
 Ballad of Abraham Lincoln. 1869.
 Joseph and his Friend. 1870.
 Beauty and the Beast ; and Tales of Home. 1872.
 Travels in Arabia. 1872.
 The Masque of the Gods. 1872.
 Lars ; a Pastoral of Norway. 1873.
 Egypt and Iceland. 1874.
 School History of Germany, to 1871. 1874.
 The Prophet : a Tragedy. 1874.
 Home Pastorals, Ballads, and Lyrics. 1875.
 The Boys of Other Countries. 1876.
 National Ode at Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1876.
 The Echo Club and Other Literary Diversions. 1876.
 Prince Deukalion : a Lyrical Drama. 1878.
 Editor [with George Ripley]. Handbook of Literature and Fine Arts. 1852.
 Editor. Cyclopædia of Modern Travel. 1856.
 Editor. Tegnér, E. Frithiof's Saga. 1867.
 Editor. Auerbach. Villa on the Rhine. 2 vols.
 Translator. Goethe. 2 vols. 1870-71.
 Editor. Illustrated Library of Travel, etc. 8 vols. 1871-74, viz. : Japan ; Arabia ; South Africa ; Cumming (W. G.), Wild Men and Wild Beasts ; Central Asia ; Central Africa ; Bacon (G. B.), Siam ; Wonders of the Yellowstone, *The Literary World*.

THE KNICKERBOCKER LITERATURE.

WHAT has been occasionally designated as the Knickerbocker Literature may be defined as the poetry and prose produced in New York City and State during the first half of the nineteenth century, by Bryant, Cooper, Drake, Halleck, Hoffman, Irving, Morris, Paulding, Verplanck, Willis, Woodworth, and others, as essayists, historians, novelists, and poets. Of the chief of these authors—almost all of whom long ago ceased from their literary labours—and of their writings, we have already given some account: it remains now to make some notes of interest concerning their less prominent fellows.

The pioneers among the Knickerbocker authors were the friends and literary partners, James K. Paulding and Washington Irving, who were joint writers of "Salmagundi" which appeared in fortnightly numbers and was continued through twenty parts. In "Salmagundi" the humours of the day are hit off in a collection of sunny and good-natured essays, and in so agreeable a manner that the work is still read with

interest after the lapse of seventy-six years. The few poems which appear on its pages were written by William Irving, an elder brother of Washington, and later the brother-in-law of Paulding, whose sister he had married. "Cockloft Hall," which figures conspicuously in "Salmagundi," is a veritable mansion on the Passaic River, near Newark, and was so christened by Mr. Irving. It is still in a good state of preservation. Nearly fourscore years ago it was a favorite resort of its young owner, Gouverneur Kemble, Paulding, the Irvings, Captain Porter, father of the present admiral, Henry Brevoort, and other merry young blades who made the old mansion gay with their fun and frolic. Kemble, in a note to the writer, dated February 6, 1872, says: "The old place near Newark, in New Jersey, christened 'Cockloft Hall' by Mr. Irving, was called Mount Pleasant. The house was built by Nicholas Gouverneur, grandson of Abraham Gouverneur, who married the daughter of Governor Jacob Leisler."

SAMUEL WOODWORTH (1785-1842), who may be called a single-song poet, was the youngest son of one of the patriot band that achieved our independence. He removed from Massachusetts, his native State, after serving an apprenticeship as a printer in Boston, and established, in 1812, a weekly newspaper in New York, entitled *The*

War, to the columns of which he contributed numerous patriotic songs and odes on the victories won on land and sea by the Americans. These and other poetical pieces were published in a volume in 1818, and a second collection, including his most popular poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," appeared in 1826. At this time Woodworth was one of the notable citizens of New York, and his house in Duane Street was the resort of the leading literary men of the day, such as Cooper, Halleck, and Verplanck. The second-named of these writers, it will be remembered, addressed one of his beautiful compositions to Miss Woodworth as a "Poet's Daughter." In 1823, Woodworth with George P. Morris established the New York *Mirror*. In this very popular literary journal there appeared in 1827, after his retirement, a fine steel engraving containing a group of portraits of the most popular American poets of that period, among which appear the amiable features of Samuel Woodworth, while among the others are James G. Brooks, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Washington Irving, James G. Percival, John Pierpont, Edward C. Pinckney, and Charles Sprague, the last survivors of this group.

Woodworth was also the author of a History of the War of 1812-14, and of several dramatic pieces, chiefly operatic. Of these, perhaps, the most popular is "The Forest Rose." In 1861

his son edited and issued an edition of his father's poetical writings, accompanied by a memoir from the pen of George P. Morris. Samuel Woodworth was a man of irreproachable character, and notwithstanding the want of success that invariably attended his various literary enterprises, he was universally esteemed an honourable and upright citizen. His fame will rest chiefly on his fine lyric of "The Old Oaken Bucket," which has, says Marsh,* embalmed in undying verse so many of the most touching recollections of rural childhood, and will preserve the more poetic form *oaken*, together with the memory of the almost obsolete implement it celebrates, through all dialectic changes as long as English shall be a spoken language.

Woodworth's ballad owes its birth to a simple incident. While drinking wine with a few friends at Mallory's, a well-known New York hotel sixty years ago, the poet pronounced some old fruity port superior to anything he had ever tasted. "No," said one of the party, "you are mistaken: there was one thing which in both our estimations far surpassed this as a beverage." "What was that?" asked Woodworth. "The draught of pure, fresh spring water, that we used to drink from the *old oaken bucket that hung in the*

* "Lectures on the English Language," by Hon. George P. Marsh. New York, 1860.

well, after our return from the labours of the field on a hot sultry day in summer." The tear-drop glistened for a moment in the poet's eye. "True—true!" he replied; and soon after returning to his office he composed in less than half an hour the beautiful ballad of the "Old Oaken Bucket."

JOHN PIERPONT, for two-score years a constant contributor to New York periodicals, was a native of Litchfield, Conn. (1785–1866), and a lineal descendant of the Rev. James Pierpont, the second minister of New Haven. Entering Yale College, he completed his course in 1804, passing the succeeding four years in South Carolina as a tutor in the family of Colonel William Allston, a kinsman of the well-known poet and painter Washington Allston (1799–1843). Returning to the North, Pierpont studied law, and practised for a time at Newburyport; but his health requiring more active employment, he abandoned the profession to engage in mercantile pursuits, first in Boston, and afterwards in Baltimore, in which city, in 1816, he published his "Airs of Palestine." The volume was twice reprinted, and made him favourably known as a poet. Abandoning business he studied theology, and in 1819 he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian Church in Boston. He passed a portion of 1835–36 in Europe, and in 1840 issued an enlarged

edition of his poetical writings. A most zealous reformer, Pierpont powerfully advocated the anti-slavery and temperance causes ; was a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, and in 1850 of the Free-soil Party for Congress. When the Rebellion broke out, although seventy-six years of age, the energetic old poet went to the war as chaplain of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry, and was afterwards employed in the Treasury Department at Washington in compiling in one volume "A Digest of the Decisions and Instructions of the Treasury Department to Collectors of Customs," from fifty-four folio volumes. Mr. Chase said, "I regard this labour as a monument of talent and industry, and one of inestimable value in conducting the correspondence of the Department." In addition to his numerous poems, Pierpont published many addresses and discourses, and edited a popular series of school-readers. A short time before his death, at Medford, in his native State, the writer spent an evening with the well-preserved old poet and his second wife, and found him at fourscore still in the enjoyment of vigorous health and strength. When I asked Pierpont which he preferred among his many poems, he replied, "The one called 'Passing Away' "—which is certainly among the sweetest in American literature ; I once heard it read by the elder Vandenhoff, the

“passing away” sounding like the echoes of a distant bell. It begins:

“ Was it the chime of a tiny bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy’s shell
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear?”

“Warren’s Address” was also a favourite with the genial old poet, and one of which he very frequently made manuscript copies for his friends.

“Stand! the ground’s your own, my braves!”

This reminiscence of our Revolutionary era is almost as familiar to the average American school-boy as Halleck’s “Marco Bozzaris.”

Among the poet’s papers, after death, was found a half-sheet filed and addressed in the handwriting of Charles Sprague (1791–1872), then cashier of a Boston bank, inclosing a promissory note for fifteen hundred dollars, signed by Pierpont and indorsed by a Boston publisher. On the face of the note was written, also by Sprague, the following couplet :

“ Behold a wonder seldom seen by men—
Lines of no value from John Pierpont’s pen.”

His many friends will be pleased to learn that a Memorial Volume, containing a biography of the distinguished preacher, poet, and philanthropist, is now (July, 1885) in preparation.

GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK (1786-1870), an accomplished author, and for sixty years prominent in the highest literary and social circles of his native city, was born in Wall Street, New York, and as his name indicates, was descended from the founders of the Empire State. He graduated at Columbia College in 1801, and after studying law, he spent several years of study and travel in Europe. Returning to New York he entered upon a literary career, and in 1821 accepted the Professorship of the Evidences of Christianity in the Episcopal Seminary of New York. In 1825 he was elected to Congress, where he held his seat for eight years. He was the first President of the State Board of Emigration, an office which he retained till his death in his native city at the age of eighty-four; and for nearly half a century he was Vice-Chancellor of the State University. He was for forty years a member of the vestry of Trinity Church, and occupied many other posts of trust and usefulness in his native city and State.

More than three-score years ago Verplanck began his literary life by the delivery in New York of the first of a series of scholarly addresses on which his fame is mainly founded. As early, however, as 1814 he wrote a dozen or more incisive articles against the war with England then going on; followed by a volume of essays on the "Nature and Uses of the Various

Evidences of Revealed Religion." In 1827, in connection with William C. Bryant and Robert C. Sands, he engaged in the production of an annual entitled "The Talisman," which was illustrated with engravings on steel from paintings by American artists. Three annual volumes of the "Talisman" were issued for the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, to all of which Verplanck was a contributor. He was a somewhat indolent man, and his mode of composition was certainly singular. Nearly all his contributions to the "Talisman" were written in Sands's library, where, seated in a chair with his arm resting on another, while his feet were supported by a third, he dictated to one of his *confrères* as rapidly as they could write.* All the articles and poems in the second of the series were written by Verplanck, Sands, or Bryant, with three exceptions. "The Little Old Man of Coblenz" is from the pen of John Inman, a brother of Henry, the painter; "Red Jacket" was written by Halleck; and the sonnet beginning

"Beautiful streamlet by my dwelling side"

is the production of John Howard Bryant, an Illinois farmer, and the only surviving brother of

* This proceeding is suggestive of the statement of a member of the literary firm of Erckmann-Chatrian, who says, "Since we have worked together Chatrian, has not once put pen to paper."

William Cullen. The preface to the volumes signed "Francis Herbert" is the joint production of the three literary partners.

In 1847 Verplanck completed his scholarly illustrated edition of Shakespeare, which was issued by the Harpers in three handsome royal octavo volumes. His labours consisted in a thorough revision of the text, which he did with independence as well as carefulness. An excellent feature of his work is the pointing out of colloquial expressions, often called Americanisms, which, obsolete in England, are yet preserved in this country. He gives original prefaces to the plays, characterized by the ease and finish common to all his compositions. This ripe scholar, able writer, wise statesman, and highly-gifted conversationalist divided his time between the city of New York and his ancestral home at Fishkill, on the Hudson, a well-preserved old mansion in which was founded the Society of the Cincinnati, an order established in 1783 by surviving officers in our Revolutionary army, "to perpetuate their friendship and to raise a fund for relieving the widows and orphans of those who had fallen during the war." Washington, Hamilton, the Pinckneys, Lafayette, and many other distinguished men were of its early membership. It still exists, and preserves its historical and social characteristics ; while the well-known Tammany Society, originated to oppose

the possible aristocratic tendencies of the Cincinnati, has become the synonym of factional local politics in the city of New York.

In conversation with the writer, Bryant remarked: "As a young man, Verplanck took no part in the Cockloft Hall and other frolics of his friends Irving, Paulding, and Kemble; but, on the contrary, he was held up by the elder men of the period as an example of steady, studious, and spotless youth." To the *Analectic Magazine*, edited by Irving, he contributed articles on Commodore Stewart, General Scott, Barlow the poet and diplomat, and other distinguished Americans. Verplanck married, in 1811, Mary Eliza Fenno, the aunt of Matilda and Charles Fenno Hoffman, who bore him two sons, of whom one survives, and died in Paris in 1817. "She sleeps," says Bryant, "in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, among monuments inscribed with words strange to her childhood, while he, after surviving her for sixty-three years, yet never forgetting her, is laid in the ancestral burying-ground at Fishkill, and the Atlantic ocean rolls between their graves."

Mr. Verplanck was a frequent guest in my father's family, and in later years I constantly met him at the New York Society Library and elsewhere. Among the last meetings with him that I recall was an evening at the Century Club, when he talked for several hours almost

uninterruptedly, although his friends Bryant and Samuel B. Ruggles were of the party of half a dozen delighted listeners. Art, literature, the drama, and old New Yorkers were among the topics of his talk. A few months after his death a *brochure* appeared, entitled "Proceedings of the Century Association in Honour of the Memory of Gulian C. Verplanck;" and in May, 1871, Bryant delivered an admirable address on his old friend before the New York Historical Society.

JAMES ABRAHAM HILLHOUSE, a native of Sachem's Head, near New Haven (1789-1841), graduated at Yale College in 1808, and spent many of his early years in New York, engaged in mercantile pursuits. On his return from a visit to Europe he married and retired to Sachem's Head, where he devoted himself to literature rather as an amusement than an occupation. His first poem, entitled "The Judgement," appeared in New York in 1812. "Percy's Masque," the successful attempt of one of the Percys to recover his ancestral home of Alnwick Castle, was issued in London in 1820, and re-issued in New York the same year. In 1824 Hillhouse published the sacred drama of "Hadad," and in 1839 a complete edition in two volumes of his poetical writings. He was also the author of numerous addresses and discourses delivered

on various occasions. Macaulay's father spoke of him as "the most accomplished young man with whom he was acquainted;" and Halleck wrote of him in "The Recorder" (1828):

" Hillhouse, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to heaven; whose poet-dreams
Are pure and holy as the hymn
Echoed from harp of seraphim,
By bards that drank at Zion's fountain,
When glory, peace, and hope was hers,
And beautiful upon her mountain
The feet of angel messengers."

Hillhouse was a man of spotless character, fine personal appearance, and, as a poet, united vigour of thought to a brilliant fancy, an exquisite taste, and a correct and elegant diction.

JOHN WAKEFIELD FRANCIS was born in New York, where he died at the age of seventy-two (1789-1861). He was a graduate of Columbia College, and in 1860 received from the venerable institution the degree of LL.D. In his youth he was employed as a printer, but in 1807 began the study of medicine under Dr. David Hosack, and was his partner until 1820. They together edited the *American Medical and Philosophical Register*. In 1814 Francis visited Europe, and was a pupil of the celebrated Abernethy. While residing in Edinburgh he met many of the literary magnates of that city, of whom the genial doc-

tor was ever after delighted to speak. He became one of the best known physicians in New York, filling many professorships in medical institutions. He was a constant contributor to medical journals, and wrote many sketches of the distinguished men of his time. Few literary, scientific, or theatrical notabilities came to New York between the years 1820 and 1860 without becoming acquainted with Francis, and being entertained at his hospitable mansion in Bond Street. The purely literary work by which he is most likely to be remembered is his "Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years." "The Doctor," wrote Cozzens, "is one of our old Knickerbockers. His big, bushy head is as familiar as the City Hall. He belongs to the 'God bless you, my dear young friend' school. He is as full of knowledge as an egg is full of meat. He knows more about China than the Emperor of the Celestial Empire." * Dr. Francis was married, and left several sons.

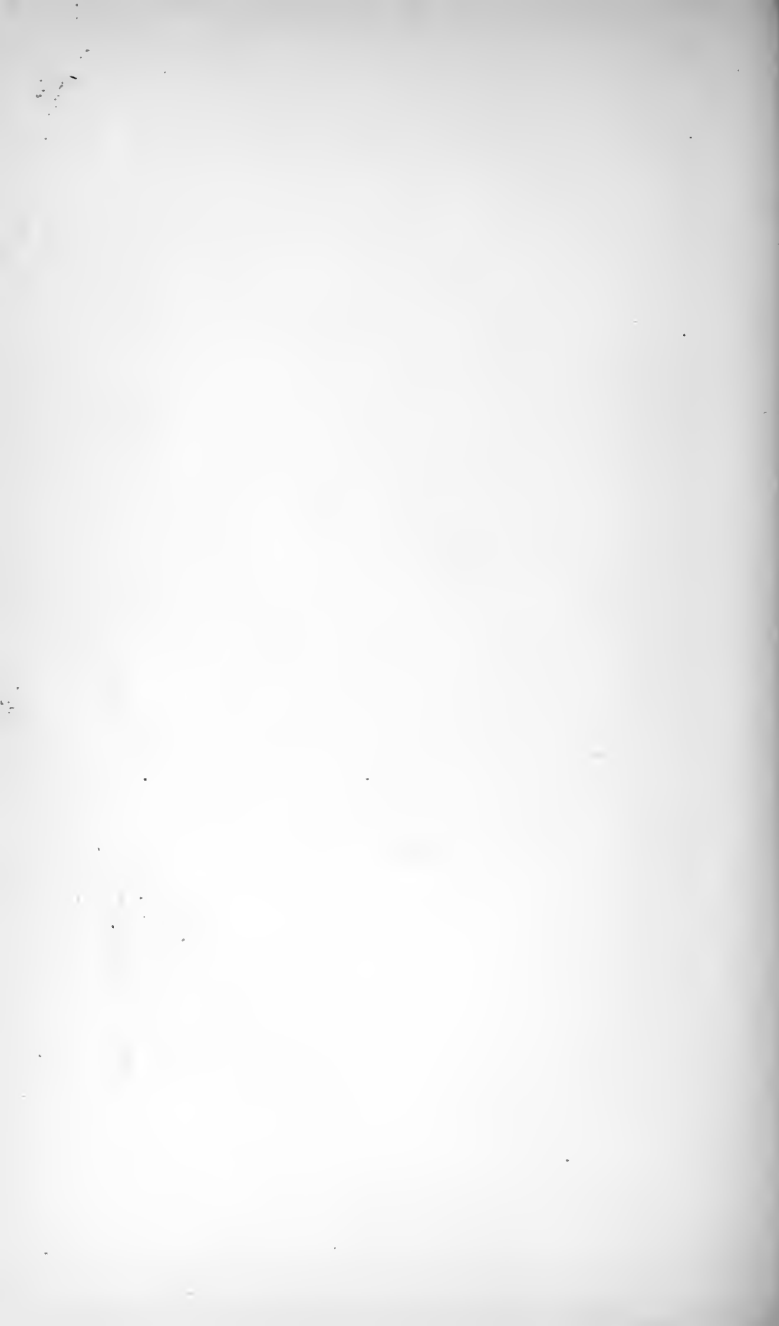
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1791-1852), actor, author, and poet, was born in New York, at No. 33 Pearl Street, the sixth of a family of nine children. His precocity was wonderful. At the age of fourteen, while a clerk in a counting-house,

* "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and other Learned Men," by Frederick S. Cozzens. New York, 1867.

he clandestinely edited the *Thespian Mirror*, a weekly journal. The following year he entered Union College, where he remained for two terms; and in 1809 he made a highly successful *début* at the Park Theatre as *Young Norval*. Before the war of 1812-14 Payne went to England, where he played at Drury Lane and other theatres in Great Britain, with a fair measure of success. While living in London and Paris, where he was intimate with Washington Irving, he wrote a host of dramas, chiefly adaptations from the French. In one of these, "Clari; or, The Maid of Milan," occurs his deathless song of "Home, Sweet Home," which made the fortunes of all concerned except the unfortunate author. By it Payne will be remembered long after his multitude of dramas are entirely forgotten, which, indeed, has very nearly happened already; and the melancholy fact will also be remembered that the poor poet never knew what it was to have a home after the age of thirteen, when his mother died. His father soon followed, and despite the tenderness of his heart, like Irving, he maintained his celibacy and homelessness, dying at Tunis, on the distant shores of the Mediterranean, where he was then living as the American Consul. A handsome monument has been erected there to his memory, which is to be seen in the Cemetery of St. George. But his ashes are no longer there. It is a curious circumstance

Home, home, - sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.



that Payne's restlessness did not end with his life, and that three decades after his death his dust should be borne across the ocean to find its final repose in the capital of his native land. At his re-interment in Washington (June, 1883), through the liberality of W. W. Corcoran, the benediction of the pathetic ceremony was the blending of a thousand voices and instruments in the immortal melody of "Home, Sweet Home." * Perhaps no single-song poet, living or dead, was ever so famous or so honoured as Payne. He made handsome sums by some of his plays, but nevertheless he was always in pecuniary perplexities. He speaks with bitter jocularity in one of his letters of the struggles he had to keep afloat since he grew too portly for the stage, and began "to *fatten* on trouble and starvation." Payne was a friend and correspondent of Coleridge and Charles Lamb, and intimate with many of the most eminent literary men of England. With Talma he was a great favourite. A sumptuous and limited octavo edition of his life and poems was published in 1883, in which a fine steel portrait appears, representing the poet as I remember him when I saw him at the age of sixty. A second edition of this work

* About the time of this pathetic tribute to his memory the writer was visiting the little apartment in the Palais Royal which Payne many years ago pointed out to Irving as the place where the poem was written.

has since been issued, and in 1885 there was published an interesting volume, entitled "John Howard Payne: a Biographical Sketch of the Author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' With a Narrative of the Removal of his Remains from Tunis to Washington. By Charles H. Brainard." There is a good painting of him by Jarvis in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, and a well-executed colossal bust of Payne in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, erected through the efforts of Gabriel Harrison, his first biographer, together with the Brooklyn Faust Club. A noble monument now marks his grave in Oak Hill Cemetery, and it is pleasanter to think of his lying where

" Of his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land,"

than as resting on the distant coast of Northern Africa.

"Many years ago," said Halleck to the writer, "a friend of mine was dining in London with an American lady, the wife of an opulent banker, a member of the house of Baring Brothers. During the evening Mr. Payne called and presented her with a copy of 'Home, Sweet Home,' set to music, and with two additional verses addressed to her, which I have never seen in print. The lines are as follows :

" ' To *us*, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of *home* still appears!

From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye.
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh,

“ Home, home, sweet, sweet home !

There’s no place like home !

There’s no place like home ! ”

“ ‘ *Your* exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
But *mine* has been checker’d with many a woe !
Yet though different our fortunes, our thoughts are the
same,

And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,

“ Home, home, sweet, sweet home !

There’s no place like home !

There’s no place like home ! ’ ”

WILLIAM LEETE STONE, the companion of Cooper and Halleck, was a native of Ulster County, New York (1792–1844). He removed with the family in 1809 to Cooperstown, where he assisted his father, the Rev. William Stone, in the care of his farm, but at the age of seventeen became an apprentice in a newspaper office. After editing papers at Herkimer and Hudson, he made his way to New York, and for twenty-three years he was the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. He also became a prolific author, his most important works being memoirs of Brandt and Red Jacket, a “History of Wyoming,” and “Border Wars of the American Revolution.” He had completed the collection and arrangement of the materials for an extended Memoir of Sir William Johnson at the time of his

death at Saratoga Springs, since completed and published by his son of the same name, a frequent contributor to the periodicals, and the compiler of several valuable historical works. Colonel Stone, as he was generally called, is said to have been an exceedingly amiable man, always ready to lend his aid to charitable and religious objects through the columns of the valuable daily journal of which he was so long the leading editor.

CHARLES P. CLINCH (1797-1880), a clever critic, dramatist, and poet of the Knickerbocker school, was a native of New York, where he received his education and spent his long life of eighty-three years, with the exception of a few winters passed in Albany as a member of the State Legislature. For nearly half a century he was the Deputy-Collector of the Port of New York, performing the important duties of that office, while the gentlemen of both parties appointed to the position of Collector wielded the political power and pocketed the emoluments. So sensitive was Mr. Clinch of even a suspicion of partiality in the performance of his public duties, that he never, under any circumstances, would give decisions in cases connected with the importations of his brother-in-law, Alexander T. Stewart. In early life Mr. Clinch was the Secretary of Henry Eckford, an eminent and wealthy ship-builder of New York, at whose country-seat, several miles from the

city, he first became acquainted, in 1815, with Halleck, Drake, and James E. DeKay, two of whom became sons-in-law of the opulent Scotch builder. Sixty years after Clinch stood with Halleck by the side of Drake's grave, he loved to speak of Drake and his spirited poems. He was the last survivor of Dr. Drake's friends, except Prof. William C. Fowler of Connecticut, the son-in-law of Noah Webster,* and the author of numerous educational and other works, who died in 1881, at the age of eighty-eight. For many years Mr. Clinch was an editorial writer for the press, and a literary and dramatic critic and author. His plays were respectively entitled "The Spy," "The Expelled Collegians," and "The First of May." In a rare little volume lying on my desk, entitled "Rejected Addresses: together with the Prize Address offered for the Opening of the Park Theatre in the City of New York," published in 1821, there is an address by Clinch, also one by Halleck. Neither gained the prize, which was won by Charles Sprague, the banker-poet of Boston. Only a few weeks before his death (December 16, 1880) my old friend said, "Drake was the handsomest man in New York. He had a fine figure,

* A dozen years ago a London journal spoke of Daniel Webster as "the distinguished chemist, lexicographer, and statesman, who was hanged for Dr. Parkman's murder"!

and was much larger than Halleck. I once described them in some lines beginning:

“ ‘ There comes big D—— and little H——.’

Referring to the delay of the erection in the Central Park or elsewhere of Bryant's bust, for the unveiling of which he wrote the thoughtful lines to be found on a previous page of this volume, he asked me to take charge of them, and in answer to some complimentary expressions about the poem, exclaimed, quoting Halleck's lines:

“ No ! if a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me have it now,
While I'm alive to wear it ,
And if in whispering my name
There's music in the voice of fame,
Like Garcia's, let me hear it !”

Was there ever a more beautiful compliment paid to a singer than Halleck here rendered to his friend Felicia Garcia ?

There was no circumstance in the career of this worthy Knickerbocker

“ Who bore without reproach
The grand old name of *Gentleman*,”

of which he was so proud as of having been the intimate and confidential friend of the literary partners Halleck and Drake. He was one of the five intrusted with the secret of the authorship

of "The Croakers," the others being Dr. James E. DeKay; William Langstaff, Drake's eccentric business partner, Benjamin R. Winthrop, a fellow-clerk with Halleck in the counting-room of Jacob Barker in Wall Street; and William Coleman, editor of the *Evening Post*, in which the witty *jeux d'esprit* appeared almost daily during the months of April and May, 1819. These good-natured verses were copied from the original by Dr. Langstaff or Mr. Clinch, that the handwriting should not divulge the secret of the authorship, and were either sent by post, or, more frequently, taken to the office by Clinch or Winthrop. Bryant and other friends and admirers of Halleck having soon after the poet's death set on foot a movement to erect a statue to his memory, I applied to Mr. Clinch for a subscription, which he afterward gave with a liberal hand, but at the time sent me in reply the following lines without name or date :

" But what to them the sculptor's art,
 In marble bust or urn metallic ?
 Wear they not, graven on the heart,
 The name of Fitz-Greene Halleck ?"

Many interesting and pleasant memories hovered around the name of this fine and exceedingly handsome old man, and in his removal from the world another important link between the Old and the New is severed.

MACDONALD CLARKE, familiarly called "the mad poet," was a native of New London, Conn. (1798-1842). Little is known of him beyond the fact that he and the poet Brainard were play-mates, till he appeared in New York in 1819, and soon afterwards married an actress. Clarke was for more than twenty years one of the features of Broadway; and was always celebrating in extravagant verse the beauties and charms of the belles of the town and the topics of the day. He was a lyrist of the order of Nathaniel Lee, one of those wits in whose heads, according to Dryden, genius is divided from madness by a thin partition. Clarke's oddities, as Halleck told the writer, were all amiable. He had no vices, always preserved a gentility of deportment, and was a regular attendant at Grace Church. He was a frequent contributor to the metropolitan press, and published in the course of a quarter of a century five volumes of verse. His last book of poems, entitled "A Cross and a Coronet," appeared in 1841. One of his couplets is often quoted :

" Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star."

It is also frequently used in the following form :

" Night dropped her sable curtain down and pinned it with
a star."

Clarke died at the age of forty-four, and was

buried in Greenwood Cemetery, at the Poet's Mound, Sylvan Water, where a modest monument marks his grave. Halleck made him the hero of a poem called "The Discarded;" and on his brother-poet Clarke could always rely for pecuniary aid when all other resources failed. He often said, "I would rather have a kind word from that noble man Fitz-Greene Halleck than from any emperor."

ROBERT CHARLES SANDS, essayist and poet, was graduated at Columbia College in 1815. He was the son of a Revolutionary patriot, and a prominent merchant of New York City, where he was born in the last year of the eighteenth century (1799-1832). Sands studied law, and in 1820 was admitted to the bar; but the profession proved uncongenial, and, like his friends Bryant and Dana, he left it to devote himself exclusively to literature. His most important poetical work, entitled "Yamoyden," was written by him and his classmate James W. Eastburn (1797-1819), and his last appeared about a week before his untimely death at Hoboken, where he resided for several years. It was there that Bryant, Sands, and Verplanck wrote the three volumes of "The Talisman," and it was also there that the members of "The Sketch Club" frequently met. Sands was also associated with Bryant in the brace of volumes called "Tales of Glauber Spa,"

to which Miss Sedgwick, Paulding, and Leggett were also contributors. He was from 1827 till his death one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*. Sands never married. His was a tender and loving nature, and few men were ever more sincerely mourned. Verplanck edited his prose and poetical writings, and wrote a memoir of his friend. His last poem, called "The Dead of 1832," was written under the very shadow of death. He, too, was numbered among those who departed in that year. There is a vein of sadness in his "Yamoyden," yet he exhibited occasional outbursts of wit which made him subsequently noted as a humourist. His sister, Miss Sands of New York, is one of the few survivors of "The Sketch Club," the others being the artists Durand, Prof. Weir, and John G. Chapman of Rome. The Club was sometimes known as "The XXI.," being originally limited to that number, and including Bryant, Verplanck, Halleck, Henry and John Inman, Morse, Hillhouse, Cole, and Ingham. It was at a meeting of "The XXI.," or "Sketch Club," held at Charles M. Leupp's, in Amity Street, that the "Century" was organized, with the name of Gulian C. Verplanck at the head of the list. The last meeting of the Sketch Club was held at Bryant's, in Sixteenth Street, in the winter of 1869, to meet his friend and former pastor, Dr. Orville Dewey, then residing at Sheffield, Mass., on which occa-

sion a few persons, not members, were invited to be present.

CAROLINE MATILDA KIRKLAND, *née* Stansbury, was a native of New York (1801-1864). After the death of her father, who was a bookseller, the family removed to Geneva, where she married Professor William Kirkland (1800-1846), who afterwards established a seminary at Seneca Lake. He was the author of a series of admirable "Letters from Abroad," written after a residence in Europe, and of numerous contributions to the periodicals. In 1846, the year of his death, he began, with the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., the *Christian Inquirer*, a weekly Unitarian journal. In 1835 the family emigrated to Michigan, from whence they removed to New York City in 1843. Mrs. Kirkland's first work, "A New Home: Who'll Follow?" appeared in 1839, "Forest Life" in 1842, and "Western Clearings" in 1846. After her husband's death, she undertook the education of young ladies, and in the following year resumed her pen, editing the *Union Magazine* for eighteen months. As the fruit of a visit to Europe, Mrs. Kirkland published in 1849 "Holidays Abroad," followed by numerous other volumes, including a well-written "Life of Washington." This successful teacher, charming conversationalist, and admirable author died suddenly, a victim to her pa-

triotic and disinterested efforts in behalf of the success of the great New York Sanitary Fair.

JAMES GORDON BROOKS (1801-1841), the son of a Revolutionary soldier, was born at Claverack-on-the-Hudson, and was graduated at Union College. He studied law at Poughkeepsie, but never engaged actively in the profession. It was at this place that he first became known as a poet. Removing to New York, he entered upon the publication of several short-lived periodicals, in one of which he was associated with James Lawson, a Scottish poet, lately a resident of Yonkers. In 1828 Brooks married Miss Mary Elizabeth Aiken of Poughkeepsie, and in the following year they published "The Rivals of Este, and other Poems, by James G. and Mary E. Brooks." In 1830 they removed to Virginia, where Mr. Brooks edited a paper for a few years, and again changed his residence to Albany, where he died. His widow survived him for many years. Half a century ago the now forgotten singer's was one of the brightest poetical names of the day, and always mentioned along with those of Bryant, Dana, Halleck, Percival, Pierpont, Pinckney, Sprague, and Woodworth. Leggett at that time wrote a series of biographies of the most prominent American poets, which included all of the above except Dana. As Byron well says, "There is a fortune in fame, as in almost everything else in this world."

The genial GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS (1802-1864), a well-known journalist, and the most admired of American song-writers, was a native of Philadelphia. In early life he removed to New York, and at fifteen was a contributor of verses to the newspapers of that city. At twenty-one with Woodworth for a partner, he established the *Mirror*, a literary weekly journal, which he continued until 1844, when, associated with Willis and Hiram Fuller, he began the publication of the daily *Evening Mirror*. At the close of 1845 he established the *National Press*, changed in November of the year following to the *Home Journal*, a highly successful society weekly, which he edited with Mr. Willis until a short period before his death, at the age of sixty-two. General Morris edited a number of works, including "The Song-Writers of America," and in conjunction with Willis "The Prose and Poetry of Europe and America." In 1825 he wrote a successful drama, called "Briar Cliff," founded upon events of the American Revolution, from which he derived the substantial reward of thirty-five hundred dollars royalty or copyright. He was the author of the libretto of Charles E. Horn's opera "The Maid of Saxony," and of a volume of prose sketches published in 1836. But it is chiefly as a song writer that Morris will be best remembered. Some of his lyrics, such as "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and

"Near the Lake where Drooped the Willow," are compositions of which any poet might be proud. A proof of the great popularity of Morris as a poet is the fact that for above a score of years he could, any day, exchange one of his songs unread for a fifty-dollar cheque, when none of the *literati* of New York could at that time sell one for the fifth part of that sum. Between 1838, the year that he published "The Deserted Bride, and other Poems," and 1860, when the last edition of his poetical writings appeared, several collections of his songs, ballads, and poems were issued by some of the best New York publishers. His military title, by which he was usually designated, comes from his connection with the State militia.

Morris said to the writer, in 1862, that he believed the three most popular American songs were Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," Sargent's "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and alluded to the pleasure he had received from hearing the elder Russell,* who composed the music to his own and Sargent's poems, sing them, and also Sir Henry Bishop's arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home." But, added the poet, "No one ever sang Payne's lines like Anna Bishop." "Is your song founded on fact?" "O yes, certainly," said Morris;

* Henry Russell is still living in England.

The star of Love now shines above,
Good Jephthah with the seer;
Among the leaves the wind-harp trembles
Its serenade for thee.

Geo. J. Morris.



and he then gave me substantially the same account that is contained in the following letter, dated New York, February 1, 1837 :

“ Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little, romantic woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale. ‘Your object?’ inquired I. ‘Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains.’ And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and tears came to his eyes. After a moment’s pause, he added: ‘Don’t think me foolish. I don’t know how it is: I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend.’ These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, ‘There it is!’ Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. ‘You’re not going to cut that tree down, surely?’ ‘Yes, but I am, though,’ said the woodman. ‘What for?’ inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. ‘What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you. I want the tree for firewood.’ ‘What is the tree worth to you for firewood?’ ‘Why, when down, about ten dollars.’ ‘Suppose I should give you that sum,’ said the old gentleman, ‘would you let it stand?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘You are sure of that?’ ‘Positive!’ ‘Then give me a bond to that effect.’ We went into the little cottage in which my

companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you."

To the statements contained in this interesting letter I will only add, that Morris said the tree was a grand old elm, and that it was then (1862) still standing.

Many years ago a member of the House of Commons concluded a long speech in favour of protection by quoting, "Woodman, spare that tree"; the "tree," according to the speaker from Yorkshire, being the "Constitution," and Sir Robert Peel the "Woodman," about to cut it down. What American poet could desire a more gratifying compliment to his genius? It greatly delighted Morris. He resided chiefly at Undercliff, on the banks of the Hudson, near Cold Spring, and it was when on his way to or from New York by the steamer Powell that the writer had the pleasure of frequently meeting the genial poet.

WILLIAM LEGGETT, an accomplished miscellaneous writer, and for many years one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, was a native of New

York City (1802-1839). After graduating at Georgetown College, at the age of twenty, he entered the navy as a midshipman. Resigning from the service in 1826, he began in his native city the career of a man of letters. His first publication was a volume of poems, and he was a constant contributor to the annuals and magazines of the day. In 1829 he became one of the editors of the *Post*, having previously married and settled at New Rochelle, where he died. In 1840 there appeared a collection of his political writings, selected and arranged, with a preface, by his friend Theodore Sedgwick, Jr. Bryant was one of Leggett's warmest admirers, and wrote tributes to his memory both in prose and verse. From the latter we take the following lines:

" The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the fervid page
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age."

It was the fiery Leggett that urged on Bryant to attack William L. Stone, a brother editor, in Broadway. He soon after fought a duel at Weehawken with Blake, the treasurer of the old Park Theatre. To the surprise of all New York, Leggett selected James Lawson, a peacefully-disposed Scottish-American poet, who was slightly lame, as his second; and when asked after the

bloodless duel for his reasons, he answered, "Blake's second, Berkeley, was lame, and I did not propose that the d——d Englishman should beat me in anything."

JOHN INMAN, a brother of Henry, the artist, and William, a distinguished commodore of the navy, was born at Utica (1805-1850). With little education, he went to the South, where he taught school for ten years, and then with the fruit of his labour visited Europe. On his return he studied and for a time practised law, but relinquished it to become the editor of the *New York Standard*. In 1833 he married Miss Fisher, a sister of Clara Fisher, Mrs. Vernon, and John Fisher, three of the comedians of the Park Theatre. In the same year Mr. Inman became associate editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and on the death of Colonel Stone, in 1844, he succeeded to the chief charge of the journal—a position which he retained until incapacitated by his last illness from performing its duties. He was also for several years the editor of the *Columbian Magazine*, and of various volumes of selections, and a contributor to the magazines where his essays, sketches, tales, and occasional poems were favourably received. His versatility as a writer may be estimated from the fact that on one occasion he wrote an entire number of the *Columbian Magazine* while under his charge. Halleck es-

teemed him highly as a genial companion and an accomplished *littérateur*, and after Inman's death was a faithful friend to his family.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN (1806-1884),—a brother of Ogden Hoffman, the distinguished lawyer,—born in New York City, and for thirty-four years, by reason of a mental disorder, living in complete retirement from the world, was perhaps the most generally admired of the group of Knickerbocker authors who flourished in his native city something less than half a century since, and of which he was the last survivor. As a song-writer he stands among Americans second only to Morris, and some writers have asserted that his lyric of "Sparkling and Bright" is unsurpassed by any similar production in the language.* No American martial poem, I think, produced even during the War of the Rebellion equals Hoffman's spirited lines in his stanzas on the Mexican battle of Monterey, which enjoyed the distinction of being admired by the "Iron Duke," and his eldest son the second Duke of Wellington:

" We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

* "We often hear that such or such a thing is 'not worth an old song.' Alas, how few things are!"—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

“ Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray;
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

“ And on, still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

“ The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped the flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

“ Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

“ We are not many,—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey ?”

Charles Fenno at the age of eleven was with some boyish companions one day seated on the Cortlandt Street dock, with his legs hanging over the wharf as the ferry-boat came in, which caught one of his limbs and crushed it so badly as to render amputation above the knee neces-

sary. At fifteen he entered Columbia College, having previously pursued his studies at the Poughkeepsie Academy, and six years later was admitted to the bar. Abandoning the law, he associated himself with Charles King in the editorship of the New York *American*, and three years later established the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. To its columns he contributed a series of letters descriptive of a tour in the Northwest, which were collected and published in 1834, entitled "A Winter in the West." This work was followed by "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," and in 1840 by the romance of "Grayslaer," founded on the celebrated criminal trial of Beauchampe for the murder of Colonel Sharpe of Kentucky, which also furnished the theme of Simms' novel of "Beauchampe." Mr. Hoffman also issued several volumes of poetry, and it is as a lyric poet that he is best known to the world. In this field he is unquestionably entitled to take very high rank. Among the favourites which made his name so widely known, may be mentioned, "Rosalie Clare," "'Tis Hard to Share her Smiles with Many," "The Myrtle and Steel," "Room, Boys, Room," and "Rio Bravo, a Mexican Lament."

Of the large number of literary men who were present at the famous dinner given to authors at the City Hotel, March 30, 1837, by the booksellers of New York, Hoffman was the last survivor.

During forty-seven years that he survived that memorable evening, he saw pass away, among others who were present, Chancellor Kent, Colonel Trumbull, Albert Gallatin, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, James K. Paulding, William Cullen Bryant, George P. Morris, William L. Stone, Edgar A. Poe, Dr. John W. Francis, Orville Dewey, Matthew L. Davis, Charles King, and Lewis Gaylord Clark.

Hoffman, said a leading London literary journal some twoscore years ago, "belongs to the front rank of American authors"; adding, "his plume waved above the heads of all the literary men of America a cubit clear." While filling a Government position at Washington, he was in 1850 attacked by a mental disorder, from which he unfortunately never recovered. He died in the Harrisburg Asylum, of which he had been an inmate for thirty-four years, June 7, 1884. He was not a graduate of Columbia College, which he left in his Junior year; but at the semi-centennial celebration of its incorporation he received the honorary degree of A.M., conferred on him in company with Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and William Cullen Bryant. According to my youthful recollection, Hoffman had a military bearing, was above the average height, with broad shoulders, on which was set a fine head, with dark-brown hair, and eyes hidden behind glasses made necessary by his near-sight.

He had about him the hearty, breezy atmosphere that characterized Christopher North, and he possessed all the Professor's love of manly sports.

LAUGHTON OSBORN (1808-1878), a literary recluse, was a native of New York City, where his father was a well-known and wealthy physician. Graduating at Columbia College in 1827, where, a classmate tells me, he was studious and popular, he in 1831 astonished the town with a rambling imitation of "Tristram Shandy," entitled "Sixty Years of the Life of Jeremy Lewis." At this time a favourite sister died, and the event appears to have tended fully to develop a latent eccentricity. On his return from a year of foreign travel, he lived for nearly half a century in retirement in his native city, writing books, and at war with publishers and critics ("who damned with faint praise" the productions of his pen), and indeed with the world in general. Osborn's eccentricities surpassed even those of Edgar A. Poe, who said of him, "He is undoubtedly one of nature's own noblemen, full of generosity, courage, honour, chivalrous in every respect, but unhappily carrying his idea of chivalry, or rather of independence, to the point of quixotism, if not of absolute insanity." Osborn was the author of numerous volumes, mostly issued at his own cost, and without his own

name as author, the best known of which are the metrical romance of "Arthur Carryl;" "Calvary," a most remarkable tragedy, now extremely rare; and "Rubeta, an epic story of the Island of Manhattan,"—a satirical poem in which he took his revenge on the critics of his "Confessions of a Poet." He was a noticeable and handsome man, and was pointed out to me some twenty years ago. As I recall him, he was at least six feet in height, with a fine physique and carriage. Laughton Osborn was not only an accomplished writer of prose and verse, but the master of many modern languages, a good painter and a skilled musician, who, but for his eccentricity or madness, might have excelled many names that now eclipse his. He has been called an American Crichton.

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET (1811-1881), the last of the poets to find a place in our gallery, was born at Poughkeepsie, December 18, 1811. He was educated at the Dutchess County Academy; studied law with his father, General Street; practised for a few years, and in 1839 settled in Albany, where he long occupied the post of State Librarian. He was one of our best descriptive poets, and among the most prolific. Between 1842, when he published "The Burning of Schenectady and other Poems," and 1878, when his latest poem appeared on the subject of the sur-

render of Burgoyne at Saratoga, Mr. Street issued a number of volumes in prose and verse. His most important work, entitled "Frontenac," a metrical romance, appeared in 1848, and has been highly praised by Bryant and Lord Beaconsfield, who said that it was characterized by originality and poetic fire. Some of Street's poems have been translated into German—a rare honour for American poets. No American singer, not even Bryant, made a closer or more devout study of Nature in all her multitudinous manifestations. To none had she revealed more of her mysteries, or taught more of her inspiring lessons. It may with truth be said of Street what Lowell in one of his essays says of Thoreau: "He had watched Nature like a detective who is to go upon the stand. As we read him it seems as if all out-doors had kept a diary and become its own Montaigne. We look on the landscape as in a Claude-Lorraine glass." Longfellow named him the best delineator of forest scenery in the New World; Whipple speaks of his "photographs" of American scenery; Bayard Taylor paid a tribute to the Flemish fidelity of his descriptions; while Bryant wrote:

"In looking over the poems of Alfred B. Street I have been more than ever impressed with the fidelity and vividness of the images newly drawn from nature. Many things which, although seen by the common eye, can hardly be said to be observed, here, in his verses,

have the effect and charm both of familiarity and novelty. I am not at all surprised to learn that many passages have been attributed to Thoreau as an exact and acute observer of Nature. I cannot refrain from bearing this testimony to the merit of writings from which I have received great pleasure."

The last time I saw Street was at the centennial celebration of the victory of Saratoga. As we rode together in company with Gov. Seymour and Geo. W. Curtis, he expressed his hearty admiration of Halleck, calling him our greatest lyric poet. No other American poet's productions affected him in the same manner. He kindly added, with some pleasant expressions, that he hoped he might have such a friend to preserve *his* memory when he was gone as Halleck had found.* On this occasion Street read a few hundred lines of his latest poem, on "The Field of the Grounded Arms." He died on the second of June, 1881, having nearly completed three-score and ten.

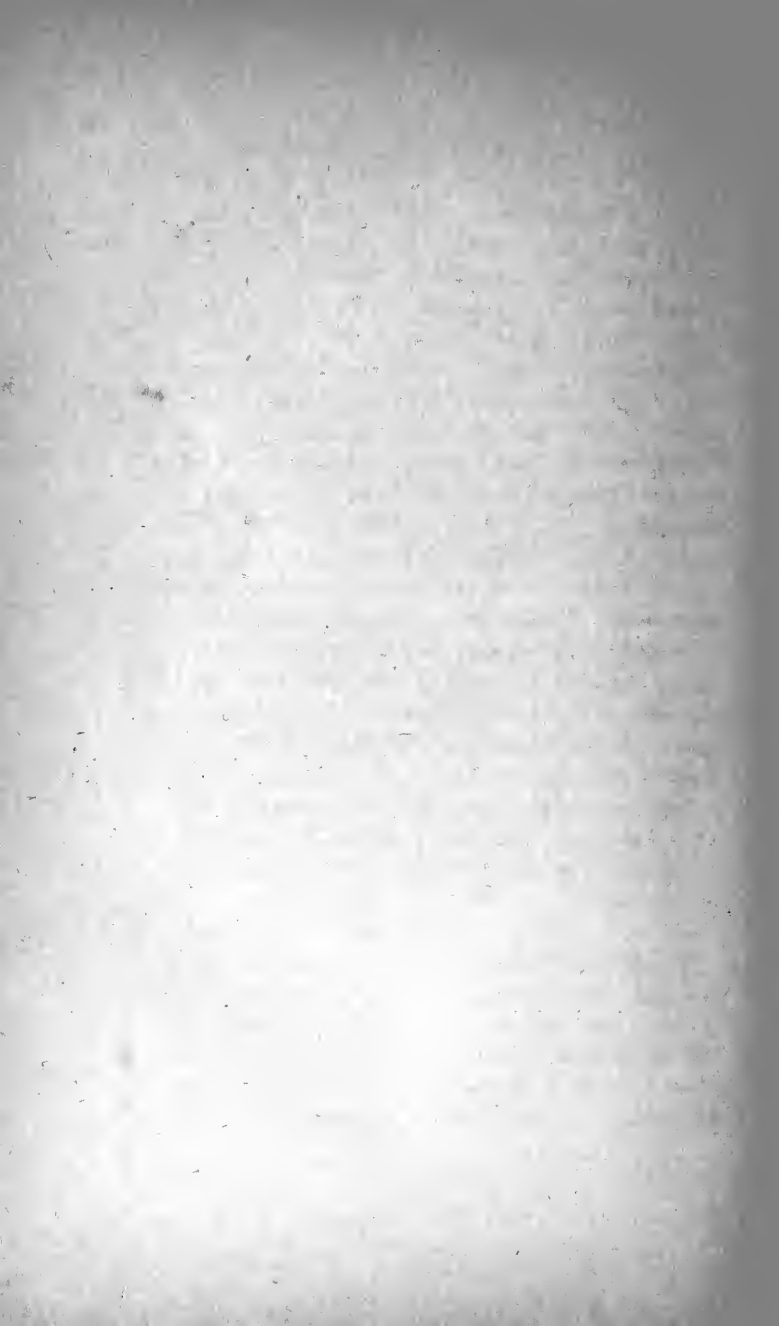
HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN (1813-1871), a miscellaneous writer, and not unknown as a poet, was a native of Boston, who spent a quarter of a century in New York engaged in literary pursuits. In 1833-34, and again in 1837-38, and in

* "Life and Letters of Fitz Greene Halleck." By James Grant Wilson.

An August day! a dreamy haze
glows on and mingles with the sky,
sweety the rich dark sunshine plays,
Banning each object where it lies.

Cultures are melted in the gaze
That Nature veils; the litful breeze
draws the thick pine low murmuring down
Then does in fluttering through the trees.

Alfred D. Stevens



1852, he went abroad, residing for some time in Italy, devoting himself to art-studies and writing for American periodicals, in which the bulk of his works originally appeared. He gave to the world "The Italian Sketch-Book," 1835; "Sicily: a Pilgrimage," 1839; "Rambles and Reveries," 1841; "Thoughts on the Poets," 1846; "Artists Life; or, Sketches of American Painters," 1847; "Characteristics of Literature," 1849; and other books, including two volumes of poems. His latest work, "The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy" (1795-1870), appeared in the same year that he died. In the Redwood Library at Newport, where Tuckerman, who never married, was in the habit for many years of spending his summers, there is an interesting memorial of the amiable and accomplished author, who was known in the best society of Newport and New York. It consists of his own copies of all his published works, inclosed in a beautiful casket of cedar and ebony, accompanied by his portrait, the whole a gift to the Library from Mr. Tuckerman's sister.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK (1816-1878), a scholar of singularly pure and stainless character, was the son of a New York publisher. He was educated in his native city, graduating from Columbia College in 1835. He studied law in the office of John Anthon, and was admitted to

the bar; but his tastes and associations inclined him to a literary life, and his fortune permitted him to pursue that calling which Sir Walter Scott said was "a good staff, but a poor crutch." After an extended tour in the Old World with James W. Beekman of New York, Mr. Duyckinck returned to his native city, and in 1840 commenced, with Cornelius Matthews, a new monthly called *Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinions*, which was continued through three volumes. To this work he contributed many admirable essays and reviews. In 1847 he established *The Literary World*, which, with the exception of an interval of about a year, when it was conducted by Charles Fenno Hoffman, was carried on to the close of 1853, by him and his brother, George Long Duyckinck (1823-1863). On the termination of this weekly literary journal (in the judgment of the poet Dana, the best ever published in this country), the brothers were again united in a work, to which their familiarity with the writings of living authors formed a useful preparation, "The Cyclopædia of American Literature." The first edition of this noble work appeared in 1856, and ten years later a supplement was added by the surviving brother. Duyckinck next edited a volume entitled "The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes," a work which passed through numerous editions. In 1862 he

wrote the letter-press to the "National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans," published in two quarto volumes, and edited a "Contemporary History of the War for the Union," which appeared in three volumes. He also edited a "History of the World" in four volumes, and many other books, including an edition of Shakespeare, in the editorship of which he was associated with William Cullen Bryant. His last literary labour was preparing a privately printed "Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck," descriptive of the proceedings at the dedication of the monument at Guilford, Conn., and the unveiling of the poet's statue in the Central Park. For the last forty years of his quiet and uneventful life, Mr. Duyckinck resided at No. 20 Clinton Place, New York, where he died on the 13th of August, 1878, and was buried at Tarrytown, near the grave of Washington Irving. He left a widow but no surviving children, and bequeathed his large and valuable collection of books to the Lenox Library. His friend William Allen Butler delivered an appreciative memorial sketch of his life and literary labours before the New York Historical Society, January 7, 1879.

WILLIAM ALFRED JONES, an "accomplished essayist," as Bryant once called him, and a member of an old and distinguished family, was born in the city of New York, June 26, 1817. He was

graduated from Columbia College in 1836, and read law in company with his classmate John Jay in the office of Daniel Lord. Mr. Jones never practised his profession, adding one more to the long list of literary aspirants who in early life left the law for literary pursuits. For nearly twenty years he was a constant contributor of essays and literary criticisms to New York periodicals, commencing in 1838 in Park Benjamin's (1809-1864) *American Monthly*, and continuing among others in *Arcturus*, the *Democratic Review*, and the *American Whig Review*. He was for a time associated with Dr. Hawks (1798-1866) in the editorship of the *New York Church Record*, and again with Charles Fenno Hoffman, the last survivor of the early contributors to the Knickerbocker Literature, in the *Literary World*, and also with his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Seabury, in editing the *Churchman*. Mr. Jones's first volume, entitled "The Analyst: a Collection of Miscellaneous Papers," appeared in 1840, followed by "Literary Studies," 1847; "Essays upon Authors and Books," 1849; memorial of his father, the Hon. David S. Jones, 1849; and his final collection of essays called "Characters and Criticisms," in two volumes, which appeared in 1857, and were highly commended by Irving, Halleck, Bryant, Dana, and Simms, of South Carolina, all personal friends of the accomplished writer. In 1851 Mr. Jones was ap-

pointed Librarian of Columbia College, and retained the position till 1865, when he relinquished it to retire to Norwich, Conn., where he still resides. While librarian he published several pamphlets, the most important of which are "The First Century of Columbia College and the Library of Columbia College," and an "Address on Long Island," read before the Long Island Historical Society. Mr. Jones has been twice married, but has no children. As a critic and essayist he belongs to the school of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, and is more of an eighteenth-century writer than of the nineteenth. As his various volumes are now entirely out of print, it is to be wished that he might give the public a collection of his most admired and valuable essays, together with some of the later fruit of his practised pen.

FREDERICK SWARTWOUT COZZENS (1818-1869), was a native of New York City, where he received his education and spent nearly all his days. He entered early on a mercantile career, and eventually became a prominent wine-merchant, publishing in connection with his business a monthly periodical entitled "The Wine-Press." For this as well as other periodicals he wrote interesting articles on grape culture and other topics. A series of papers originally contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* were collected and issued

in a volume in 1853, with the title of "Prismatics, by Richard Haywarde." It was tastefully illustrated by his artist-friends Darley, Elliot, Hicks, Kensett, and Rossiter. This volume was followed in 1854 by another, entitled "The Sparrowgrass Papers," illustrated by Darley, consisting of a series of sketches, which appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, humorously descriptive of a cockney residence in the country. These were in part exaggerated accounts of personal experiences in his summer retreat, near Yonkers on the Hudson, known as "Chestnut Cottage." In 1858 Mr. Cozzens attended the Copyright Congress of Brussels as a delegate of the New York Publishers' Association; and in the same year he issued his third volume called "Acadia; or, A Sojourn among the Blue Noses." Mr. Cozzens, who was intimate with Irving and Halleck, and the friend and correspondent of Thackeray, published a pleasant memorial of "Fitz-Greene Halleck," and also a *brochure*, "The Stone House on the Susquehanna." In 1864 he prepared an eloquent eulogy on his friend Colonel Peter A. Porter of Niagara, who lost his life at the battle of Cold Harbour. He was also the author of an occasional poem, one of which, entitled "Bunker Hill: An Old-Time Ballad," has found its way into various anthologies. His latest and perhaps his most important work, to which Verplanck contributed and to whom it was dedicated, was published in 1867,

and was entitled "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwacker and other Learned Men." Of this book the poet Halleck wrote to me as follows :

GUILFORD, September 11, 1867.

MY DEAR GENERAL : . . . I am very thankful for your kind offer to send me the "Old New York" of my old favourite, Dr. Francis ; but I have already the pleasure of possessing a copy, the gift of our friend Mr. Tuckerman. It is especially interesting to me, more so than it can ever be to you, a younger man, from my intimacy with him, and with many of the persons and events it memorializes. In connection with it, allow me to beg you to read Mr. Cozzens's recently published volume, "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwacker," etc., where you will see and hear the doctor (assuming that you have known him more or less intimately) alive and speaking before you. The "faculty divine," the power of invention, the wit, the wisdom, the stores of miscellaneous, literature, the doctor did not possess. Your admiration of all these belongs to Mr. Cozzens ; but the doctor dramatically represents them to your perfect delight.

I have long more than fancied, I have felt, that Mr. Cozzens, in that department of genius to which Mr. Irving's "Knickerbocker," a work superior, in my opinion, to the "Sketch-Book," belongs, is the best, or among the best, writers of our time in any language. Analyze his lines closely and critically, and I have but little doubt of your concurrence in my belief.

Mr. Verplanck's two articles included in the volume are also worthy of all praise. As what I take great pleasure in terming "American Specimens of English

Literature," etc., the writings of these two gentlemen do honour to our side of the Atlantic. As Addison says in his Cato,

"In them our Zama does not stoop to Rome"

We have others of whom we may also be and are fast becoming equally proud.

I have been emphatic in using the word *English* in place of *American* literature, because I have never been able to define what *American Literature* means. Must its author live at and speak the language of Canada or Cape Horn? Must he write in Portuguese in the Brazils? in Spanish at Havana? in French at Quebec? in Cherokee among our Indians? Does not the fact of his writing in English (good English) entitle him to a place among the noblest of English authors, no matter to what form of political government he may chance to owe allegiance? The "Court and Capital" of the English language is London. To the honours of that "Court and Capital" Mr. Irving's writings have long been admitted, and those of such writers of ours as I have named and could name will, sooner or later, be admitted as gratefully and gladly as his have been.

In thanking Mr. Cozzens for the present of his book, I told him it proved him to have drank of the waters of the "well of English undefiled," even if he had stolen the bottles in which they were imported! I hope you younger authors will profit, or rather continue to profit, by his example. . . .

RICHARD GRANT WHITE (1822-1885), the youngest member of the Knickerbocker school to receive mention in this volume, always enter-

tained a certain pleasant pride in his native city of New York, where he received his education, lived, died, and was buried. He was the son of a prosperous South Street merchant, and was born May 23, 1822, being graduated with honours at the University of New York. He studied medicine, and later was admitted to the bar; but the Muses had marked him for their own, and he early entered upon a literary career. He became a musical and art critic, and was soon a recognized authority on those subjects, of which there was much less knowledge then than at the present time. He next became known as a contributor to the magazines, his Shakespeare articles, appearing in the days of old *Putnam*, attracting much attention. In these he exposed the clumsy manuscript corrections of the Collier-Perkins Folio of 1632. This series of able papers was soon followed by his first volume, "Shakespeare's Scholar" (1853), which at once won for him, as Lowell said, his literary spurs, and which in turn led to the critical edition of the master's works.* Another special department of Mr. White's literary interest and activ-

* In a pleasant note complimenting the writer on an article concerning "The Autographs of Shakespeare," Mr. White made the curious confession, that although he had spent much time in London, he had never seen the Will at Somerset House, or the other documents which contain the only five absolutely authentic signatures of Shakespeare.

ity was philology. Of several volumes which he published on this subject, perhaps the best known is "Words and their Uses."

When the Civil War began in 1861, White rendered good service to the Union cause by contributing a series of able articles to the *London Spectator*, in which he furnished the information and argument best calculated to disillusionize the British people of their sentimental sympathy and attachment to the South. But his chief work at this period was "The New Gospel of Peace," which was issued anonymously, and was by far the most generally popular of all his writings. It was a broad and exceedingly pungent satire upon the Copperhead and peace-at-any-price factions, in the form of the Biblical annals. The *brochure* greatly amused Mr. Lincoln and his astute Secretary of State. The dedication to William H. Seward of the volume entitled "The Genius of Shakespeare," issued in 1863, is among the most interesting incidents of Mr. White's literary career. In early life he formed an unfavourable opinion of the Secretary's character, which in a careful and candid examination he found to be erroneous. He felt that he had been unjust to Mr. Seward and became one of his greatest admirers, the result of which was the dedication to him, although never asking or receiving any favour from him, or even making his acquaintance. White's "England Without and

Within" provoked much discussion and some exceedingly sharp criticism, but his main points were generally untouched. His last book, "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys," issued in 1884, also received some rough handling from the *Saturday Review* and other literary authorities of London. He contributed many elaborate and carefully-written articles to Appleton's and Johnson's Cyclopædias, on such subjects as Shakespeare, Art, Music, and Musical Instruments. His knowledge of violins was marvellous, and wonderful stories were current of his connoisseurship of that and other instruments. Although his favourite pursuit was music, and he had such a singularly thorough knowledge of the violin, he was not an expert player upon that or upon any other instrument.

Until within a few months of his death, he continued to contribute to the magazines, where his articles were always welcome. Among his latest papers were some pleasant illustrated pages of recollections of the early opera and operatic singers, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. White, while pursuing a literary career, filled a responsible Government position, like Sir Henry Taylor. For nearly a quarter of a century he held the office of Chief Clerk of the Revenue Bureau of the New York Custom-House, from which position he was not removed, but voluntarily resigned in 1878. His life was retired, and

his intimates were not numerous. At concerts and at the opera his tall, erect, and striking figure (he was six feet and three inches), resembling that of an English guardsman, was very familiar to *habitués*. He was a man of many accomplishments and achievements, but almost exclusively devoted to literary and artistic pursuits.

After suffering for several months from a complication of disorders, he died April 8th, and was buried from St. Mark's Church in the Bowery—Curtis and Stedman and many other literary comrades and contemporaries being present at his funeral services.

The following sonnet, written by White when only twenty-one, enjoyed the distinction of being attributed to Wordsworth and to Walter Savage Landor, and what was perhaps more to the purpose—served to make him known to Henry J. Raymond, then the managing editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, who soon after sought him out and offered him an engagement as musical and dramatic critic of that paper. And so began Richard Grant White's literary career of more than two-score years. The rather remarkable sonnet for a youth of twenty-one was entitled "Washington:"

" High over all whom might or mind made great,
Yielding the conqueror's crown to harder hearts,
Exalted not by politician's arts,
Yet with a will to meet and master fate,
And skill to rule a young, divided State;

Greater by what was not than what was done—
Alone on History's height stands Washington;
And teeming Time shall not bring forth his mate;
For only he, of men, on earth was sent,
In all the might of mind's integrity;
Ne'er as in him truth, strength, and wisdom blent;
And that his glory might eternal be,
A boundless country is his monument,
A mighty nation his posterity."

The writer does not pretend to have included in this paper all of the brilliant band of American authors who contributed more or less to the Knickerbocker Literature, but he believes that the names of nearly all the most prominent have been mentioned. Others would have been introduced did the limited space at the author's command permit, such as the travellers John L. Stephens and the learned Dr. Edward Robinson; the scholars Professors Francis Lieber, C. S. Henry, Charles Hodge, and Charles King; the dramatists William Dunlap, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, and M. M. Noah; the medical writers Doctors David Hosack and Samuel T. Mitchell; the miscellaneous writers William Henry Herbert, the sisters Susan and Anna B. Warner, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Susan Fenimore Cooper, daughter of the prose poet of the silent woods and stormy seas; the editors Park Benjamin, William Coleman, the brothers Lewis G. and Willis Gaylord Clark, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, Greeley,

the brothers Gerard and William A. Hallock,* R. Shelton Mackenzie, the Primes, Raymond, Ripley, Webb, and Thurlow Weed; the Scottish-American writers, Hew Ainslie, James Lawson, Grant Thorburn, and William Wilson; the *littérateurs*, Charles F. Briggs, Herman Melville, Robert Tomes, Richard B. Kimball, Maunsell B. Field, Theodore Sedgwick Fay, William S. Mayo, Capt. Slidell Mackenzie, and Charles Astor Bristed; the clerical authors Bethune, Bellows, the Abbotts, Chapin, Cheever, Coxe, Hawks, Headley, Muhlenberg, Osgood, Ray Palmer, Sheldon,

* The Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Hallock of New York, (1794-1880), who studied with Bryant under "Parson Hallock's" roof, at Plainfield, Mass., in 1810, received from the young poet of eighteen a scheme for a course of reading while in Williams College. The memoranda in Hallock's journal is as follows: "The following books were recommended to me by William Cullen Bryant, to be read while in college, viz.: Addison's Prose Writings; Bolingbroke's Reflections in Exile; Goldsmith's Writings; Johnson's Idler, Rambler, and Adventurer; Smith's Longinus; Johnson's Lives of the Poets; Alison on Taste; Johnson's Preface to Shakespeare; Burke's Writings; Pope's Prefaces to Shakespeare and Homer; Erskine's Speeches; Chapman's Select Speeches; Travels of Anacharsis; Langhorne's Plutarch; Fisher Ames' Speeches; Cumberland's Memoirs; Reid's Inquiry; Stewart's Philosophy; Aikin's Letters; Life of Sir William Jones." The chief interest of this list lies in the fact that when Bryant recommended them to Hallock, he had, as he stated, perused every page of each one of the solid volumes before he entered Williams College, at the age of sixteen.

Sprague, and Bishop Wainwright; the legal luminaries James Kent and Henry Wheaton; and finally the poets, Mrs. Botta (*née* Lynch), Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Sigourney, Isaac M'Lellan, Richard Henry Stoddard, William Allen Butler, W. P. Palmer, Wm. Ross Wallace, Hosmer, Ralph Hoyt, Granville Mellen, Rev. Dr. Clement C. Moore and others. Some of these, notably Stoddard, deserve detailed remark; but the more conspicuous of them did their real work after the half-century mark was passed, and that is the general line of limitation we laid down in the beginning.

A high English authority—perhaps the very highest—mentions Bryant as one of the most eminent of English-speaking poets, who has unquestionably written one of the noblest poems in the English language, far superior to anything ever imagined by Longfellow.* Dana, Halleck, and Longfellow looked up to Bryant as to a Master. Among living authorities, Whitman places Bryant at the head of American poets. Dickens admired Halleck † above all other Ameri-

* The "Encyclopædia Britannica."

† To the author of this volume Charles Dickens wrote in January, 1868: "I thank you cordially for your considerate kindness in sending me the enclosed note [from Halleck to Mrs. Rush of Philadelphia, describing the Dickens dinner

can authors except Irving. Samuel Rogers said two or three of Halleck's productions surpassed anything that he had seen from the New World, and Alfred B. Street asserted that he would rather have been the author of Halleck's six best poems than of any other half-dozen written by an American. Poe, the next of the Knickerbocker trio of poets, is placed by competent authorities among the six most popular of American singers, one of whom says, "in the regions of the strangely terrible, remotely fantastic, and ghastly, Poe reigns supreme."

It may be doubted whether the recent prediction will be verified, that few American writers of fifty years ago are destined to last another fifty years. We do not believe that the productions of Bryant and Cooper, of Halleck and Irving, of Drake and Edgar A. Poe, and the other principal Knickerbockers, will be forgotten in the year 1935. On the contrary, we have the faith to believe that at least a portion of their writings, together with those of Bancroft and Emerson, of Hawthorne and Holmes, of Longfellow and Lowell, of Prescott and Whittier, will suc-

at the City Hotel, New York, in 1842]. I have read it with the greatest interest, and have always retained a delightful recollection of its amiable and accomplished writer. I, too, had hoped to see *him*! My dear Irving being dead, there was scarcely any one in America whom I so looked forward to seeing again as our old friend often thought of."

cessfully endure the test of a much longer period,—that “upon the adamant of their fame time beats without injury.”

A few of the authors who in prose or verse contributed to the “Knickerbocker Literature” during the first half of the present century are still among us with their “locks of gray;” but the great majority, crowned with years and honours, have passed away to join the “dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule over our spirits from their urns.” These writers were the brilliant pioneers of American literature; for the only professional authors of the New World who preceded them were Joseph Dennie and Charles Brockden Brown. Many voices have followed Bryant and Cooper, Halleck and Irving, Paulding and Verplanck; but we shall not forget the forerunners who rose in advance of their welcome in what Bacon calls “the great ship of Time.” *

Whether the writers representing the “Knick-

* “Our second considerable crop of American authors, born (say) since 1825, has less force, less body, less breadth, than our first great crop, which included Cooper, Bryant, Irving, Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier. . . . It seems to me that we are refining now at the expense of strength. Our poets and critics, like our ‘buggies’ and pleasure vehicles, lack timber, lack mass. Our popular novelists are all point and no body.”—JOHN BURROUGHS, in *The Critic*, June 6, 1885.

erbocker Literature" that gathered round Washington Irving in his golden and palmy days at Sunnyside, half a century ago, or those that clustered around the loved poet of Cambridge some three decades later, in the era when it was called by competent authorities the "intellectual centre of the United States," were the strongest, the readers of this volume must judge for themselves. Notwithstanding the prevailing fashion among many recent writers to underrate and sneer at the "Knickerbocker Literature," it would seem, in the author's judgement, that Irving, Bryant, Poe, Cooper, and their comrades certainly contributed at least no less to the literary glory of their native land than have Prescott, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and their contemporaries.

When a very great man was asked by the writer for his opinion on this point, he answered, "They cannot be compared any more than you would compare the commerce of the city of Boston with that of your great metropolis."

Who will question the impartial judgement of so competent a critic as Benjamin Disraeli?

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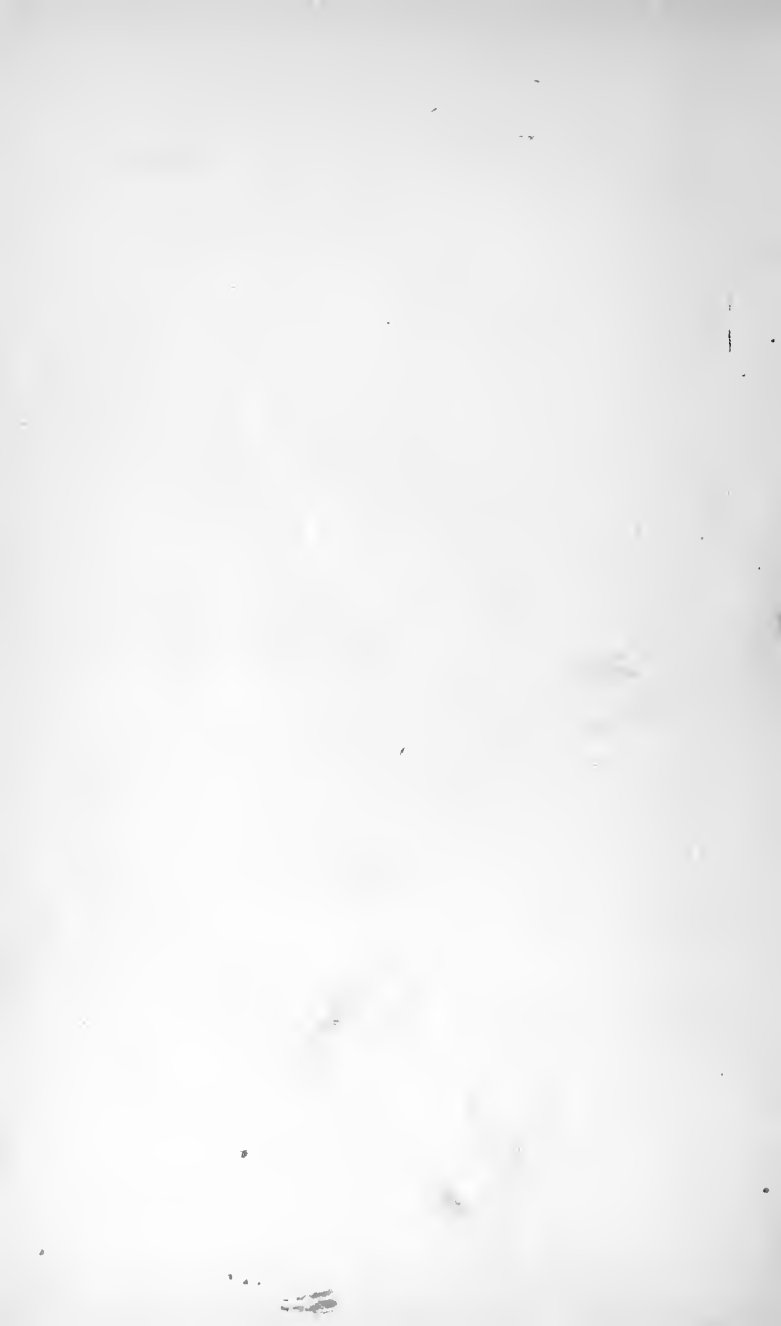
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